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BOOKS BY NEILL JAMES

PETTICOAT VAGABOND: *Up and Down the World*

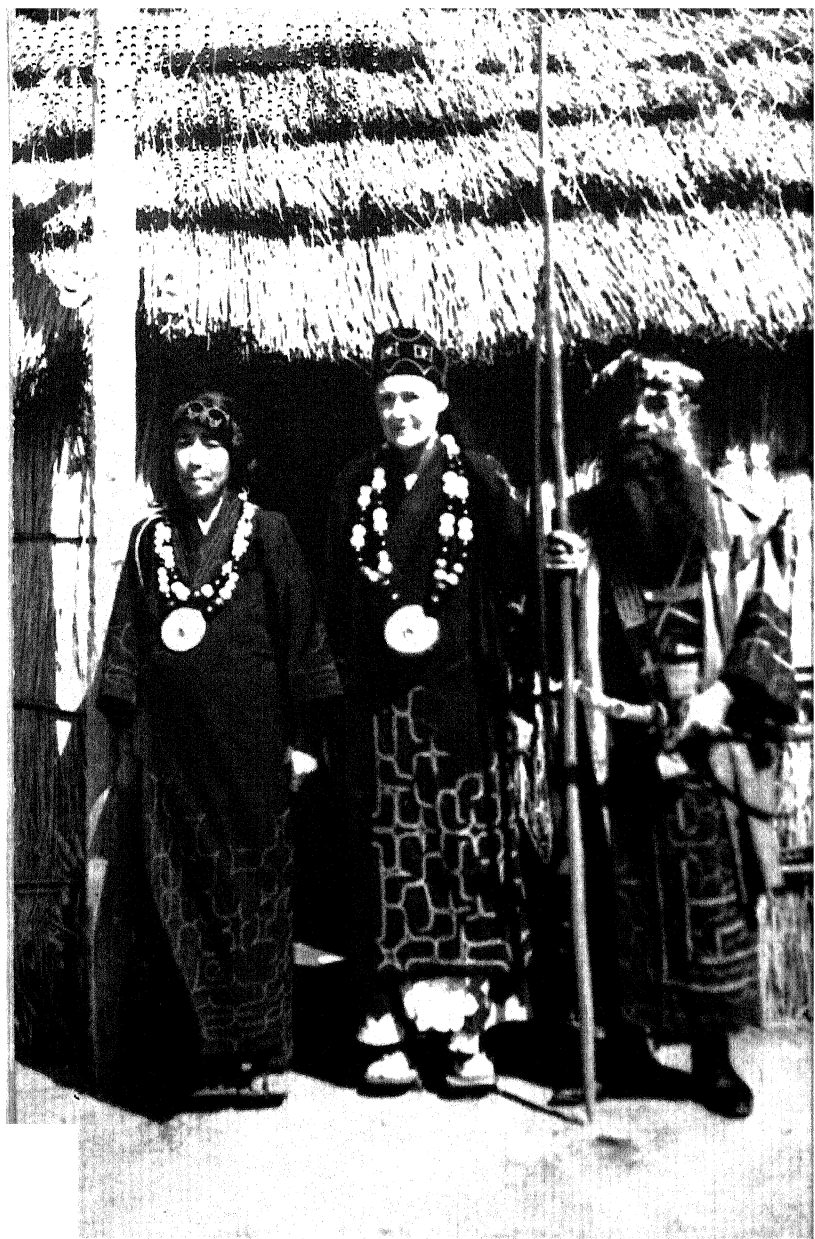
PETTICOAT VAGABOND: *Among the Nomads*

WHITE REINDEER

PETTICOAT VAGABOND: *In Ainu Land and Up and Down Eastern Asia*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PETTICOAT VAGABOND IN AINU LAND
AND
UP AND DOWN EASTERN ASIA



The Author with Chief and Chiefess of Siraoi standing before grass

NEILL JAMES

Petticoat Vagabond

IN AINU LAND

AND

UP AND DOWN EASTERN ASIA

New York

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1942

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PETTICOAT VAGABOND IN AINU LAND
AND
UP AND DOWN EASTERN ASIA

Chapter One

IN SEARCH OF THE HAIRY AINU

Perhaps I should confess that I am a vagabond and that I have earned my vitamins up and down—from the Arctic to Antipodes—and three times around the world. Sudden inspiration and hunches, impulses created by the still small voice from within, guide my life.

Was I not at the moment freshly arrived in Tokyo, striving for multiple permissions to travel to the remote northern frontier of a country at war? And all because years ago while living in Japan a scrap of conversation carelessly dropped by a tanned, weazened, anthropologist happened to drift across a tea table and lodge in my subconscious.

"Hairy men of the Far North" were the words uttered by this beetlelike man, as he, unconscious of my very existence, brushed past me and vanished out of my world. Hirsute, bristly or shaggy men would have pinged no sympathetic cord. It was the expression "hairy," so hideous and uncouth, which repulsed yet attracted me.

In New York City in 1940, with the manuscript on the current book completed, I studied the globe. This remembered word started me on what was to prove to be a thirty-thousand-mile journey destined to fill half a year's calendar, taking me to such enchanting places as the Island of Hokkaidō, northern outpost of the Japanese Empire, to the Province of Korea, to Manchuokuo, Mongolia and North China.

"Hairy men of the Far North . . . white aborigines of Japan . . . grass mansions." . . . These are words fit to set a vivid imagination aflame. They did. I was seized with the impulse to be off. But alas, I was at the moment immobilized by red tape, as neatly trussed by this imaginary binding as a Thanksgiving turkey.

The Orient is a philosophical, leisurely land. A hunch has no social standing. The foreigner, even a Petticoat Vagabond accustomed to travelling on impulse and with scant luggage, is expected to do her share in upholding the "mythical white man's burden."

But aside from this, under war-time conditions even a citizen cannot set out upon a long journey at a moment's notice. He, too, must make formal arrangements—book transportation and hotel or inn accommodations—weeks ahead.

And all this, because it really does "pay to advertise." Do not speak of advertising to the manager of the Japanese Government Railways.

"It is a boomerang" he will tell you. The tone of voice somehow suggests horns. For years the Railway distributed colorful pamphlets and erected attractive posters designed to lure kimono-clad, contented families from their comfortable homes by urging upon them the pleasures and educational advantages of travel. Finally the propaganda succeeded. The effects produced by that campaign were like my typhoid, smallpox and cholera inoculations. The first and second shots were apparently ineffective. Nothing happened. But the third "took" with such vigor it keeled me over. Just so with publicity. About the third year of the campaign, the idea of travel clicked. Businessmen, workers, housewives, entire families, began to travel for pleasure and discovered it really was. Traffic became a major problem. Every train, airplane, bus, tram, and subway was jammed with eager humanity going from where they were to somewhere else. It was like a migration. The boomerang had turned homeward.

In vain officially inspired writers for newspapers pleaded with the public to remain at home. In desperation the railways were forced to employ that insidious thing called publicity to undo the unexpected, successful, but unhappy results of advertising. Transportation companies launched a "Stay At Home" campaign. Large colorful posters depicting the simple joys of home life and urging Japanese not to travel just for pleasure were planted before the entrance to Grand Central Station in Tokyo in full view of every prospective traveller. But Ito-san, his head filled with visions of fun to be had at a spa or mountain resort, money jingling in his pocket, merely read the poster without prejudice and continued on to the ticket window. The railway tried another tack. They made a ruling that only as many passengers would be allowed to pass through the turnstile to the tracks as there were seats and standing room on the train. I have seen long trains pull out leaving Ueno Station half

filled with left-over passengers. With patience and forbearance they philosophically formed a new line and waited for the next train.

The *Japan Advertiser* performed its patriotic bit to help discourage the travel boom. The editor made a boxed announcement stating that because of the water shortage the railways could no longer supply nightgowns to Pullman passengers. Vacationists replied by packing their own personal sleeping kimono. They continued to travel.

My projected trip was north to Hokkaidō, home of the hairy Ainu, to Sakhalien—a long island shaped like a shark, its head pointed north in the Sea of Okhotsk which is gradually revolving like a sardine on a spit off the coast of Siberia—and to the Chishima or Kurile Islands which lie like stepping stones for a giant swinging out in a graceful curve from Hokkaidō up to Russia's Kamchatka Peninsula.

I was in search of adventure. But adventure, diluted, and properly refined, may be classified under the general heading of pleasure. Yes, mine was a pleasure trip.

Getting about off the tourist routes in a country at war is not easy. The Tourist Bureau volunteered to aid in as far as it could. The Gaimusho (Foreign Office) said, "Of course the Tourist Bureau will encourage you. They'd even send spies to Hokkaidō. What about the Navy, the Army, the Gendarmerie? Do they approve of such a trip?"

It was up to me to find out. Count Kabayama, a member of the House of Peers, whom I had met in the M.S. *Tatsuta Maru*, volunteered to write his friend the governor of Hokkaidō in my behalf. Railway officials who were graciously co-operating with me volunteered to take over the task of securing the necessary permits, warning me that travel to Saghalien and the Chichima Isles was definitely out of the question. With Oriental calm I wisely decided to accept any permits I could get and later struggle to accomplish the Saghalien and Chichima trips. Officialdom the world over is the same. It cannot be hurried. Days accumulated into weeks. My spirits ranged from that of lofty patience to hard-to-disguise irritation.

Chapter Two

WAR-TIME TOKYO

I set about re-discovering Tokyo while waiting, impatient to be off in quest of the hairy Ainu.

Japan was calm. There was little on the surface to indicate that the country was entering its fifth year of war. Polite people do not mention the war. On rare occasions they talk of the "China Affair." Occasionally newspapers write of the "Sacred War." Tactful visitors avoid the subject; foreigners with business interests wisely refuse to discuss their host-country's foreign policy.

The foreigners were there, some with roots two generations in the soil of Nippon, but their old arrogant, carefree spirit was gone.

Liquor retailed at 48 *Yen* a bottle, more than half a month's wages for the average office worker. Cocktail parties were fewer in number and a shade more important. With the drinks mixed by the host an almond-eyed maid in crisp kimono brings a huge tray tastefully arranged in colorful hors d'œuvres in the center of which is a large satsuma bowl filled with boiled soy beans in fuzzy green pods. There was the usual array of crisped curled celery, slithers of chilled golden carrot, raw red radishes, whole peeled white turnips, caviar, and a variety of fishes on triangles of toast. With the gin cocktails came a tray of pre-chilled thinly sliced raw tuna, arranged on a bed of sparkling ice. As I nibbled the raw fish in an experimental way my hostess confided to me that this was the last of a twenty-pound tuna, all of which had been eaten raw. Privately I considered my practice on her fish excellent training for my future travels in the North.

"There are plenty of cigarettes about. If you wish foreign ones

you will just have to smoke your own," she announced. I was so startled I wondered if I had heard aright. Half the guests followed her suggestion, reached into their pockets for cigarette cases and lighted up Chesterfields, Camels, or Gold Flakes. The other half borrowed from opened cases, and the native cigarettes stacked like petite logs in pretty little silver containers remained undisturbed.

Perhaps it is the foreigner's loss of immunity from the indignity of being clapped into prison which has caused his growing sense of insecurity.

Two sons of a wealthy and prominent family whose forbears for eighty years have called Japan home were at the moment viewing life through prison bars. Under a different set of circumstances the view would have been interesting. Lines of Japanese prisoners clad in loose prison kimonos, their heads concealed beneath baskets, marched past. The baskets were to obscure identity, to "save face" when in public. One of the youthful foreigners imprisoned, in speaking of the experience, said his guards were courteous and treated him well. He was lodged in a *tatami*-covered room not unfree from fleas. He had no knowledge of the charges nor length of incarceration. Neither had his guards. When he refused to wear the prison kimono because it was not freshly laundered, they said, "If you want to sit around naked, it's all right." It wasn't very pleasant lounging naked with fleas hopping about and the guard finally capitulated and furnished him a clean kimono. Endless days passed. The heat grew more unbearable. He was not allowed books, magazines or newspapers to read, but was offered whiskey if he wanted it. This he refused.

"What do other prisoners do to keep from going crazy?" he asked.

"They make envelopes."

"Then why can't I make envelopes?"

"You're a foreigner," replied the guard. "Only Japanese prisoners make envelopes."

The guard was persuaded to bring the material and the youth made envelopes. This soon grew monotonous. He conceived the idea of making a game of it, racing against the output of other prisoners. In three weeks he was the champion envelope-maker of

the jail. When six weeks later, no charges having been preferred against him, he was freed, he declared the envelopes had saved his sanity.

It wasn't a traffic problem nor a ruse to encourage tourists to move leisurely which caused vehicles along the four-lane boulevard before the medieval moated palace to creep at the pace of a sloth with a broken leg. The unique result achieved was that of silent travelling prayers.

"*Kyu jo mai*," the falsetto voice of the young woman who collected tickets on the street car rang out. "*Kyu jo mai*" means "in front of the Imperial Palace." At the sound of her voice the driver reduced speed to a crawl, passengers doffed hats and bowed in the direction of the Palace.

I urged the driver of my charcoal-burning taxi to give it some more wood. I was in a hurry. "*Kyu jo mai*," he replied, and continued to make haste slowly until past the length of the great stone palace wall.

Tokyo traffic was paying daily tribute to the Living God of Nippon.

The present Emperor Hirohito ascended the throne in 1926 as the one hundred and twenty-fourth sovereign in unbroken line, head of the oldest continuous dynasty in the world. His rule began under unprecedented economic depression. Then, in 1931, came the Manchurian Incident between Japan and China which resulted in some fighting. Japan got five of China's richest provinces, with a total area of more than 522,000 square miles, almost thrice the area of Japan proper. This success was followed by the Shanghai Incident and later came the China Affair. Today an estimated 1,000,000 Nipponese soldiers are on foreign soil endeavoring with blood and sweat to terminate the China Affair.

The new Hirohito Era is called *Showa* or Radiant Peace.

In spite of mounting tension, seaside and mountain resorts, theatres, motion-picture houses, cafés and restaurants do business as usual. In fact I was surprised to see that Japan in general was

experiencing a mild boom. This was especially noticeable in the better-class amusement and restaurant trade. The Imperial Hotel, social center for foreigners and tourists in Tokyo, was filled to capacity. Whereas formerly guests were almost exclusively foreigners and tourists, today 90 per cent of them are Japanese. The hotel roof-garden restaurant, where foreign motion pictures are shown, is more popular with Japanese than with foreigners.

But gone is the word "*fupii*" (Nipponese equivalent for *whoopie*) from the vocabulary. Frivolity is blacklisted. With whiskey at 48 *Yen* a bottle there is little drinking. A sober tone prevails in places of amusement. From the time I arrived at the beginning of June, I noted rapid changes taking place. The rationing system already in effect was gradually being extended to include many necessities. The man in the street was warned to prepare for further sacrifices. Imported luxuries such as cameras, foreign films, tobaccos, woollen yarns gradually disappeared from markets.

Japanese women have an excellent reason for wearing their beautiful silken kimonos daily. There just isn't any cotton; that is, not for them. The fresh, cool, starched cotton *yukata* worn by men and women alike during the summer is no more. In vain did I search the shops of Tokyo for enough cotton material for a summer kimono.

An ingenious substitute called *sufu* is the Japanese equivalent of the German *ersatz*. *Sufu* is a synthetic fabric composed of cotton fiber and woodpulp. Manufacturers began by using 70 per cent cotton and 30 per cent wood. When the process was further perfected they reversed the ratio. A bolt of *sufu* resembles cotton print, a bit on the stiffish side. It is a satisfactory covering and durable, but possesses no warmth and is non-absorbent. It also requires careful laundering.

My friend sent her husband's two new shirts, among other household articles, to the laundry. The shirts did not return. The laundryman endeavored to explain their loss.

"Madame, the shirts melted," he said with a dramatic gesture. "They were *sufu*. I watched your husband's shirts go down the drain."

Sufu disintegrates in hot water. Hot springs resorts do not attempt

to supply *tengu* (towels) to their guests. Overhead for meltage would be too great.

A choice between *sufu* and silk as clothing for young children leaves something to be desired. Any mother can appreciate the problem of a new-born baby obliged to wear non-absorbent diapers. Apparently the government heads could too, for on July first they enacted a law rationing six yards of pure cotton (*jun min*) diaper material to prospective mothers.

It was inevitable that the word *sufu* should assume a broader meaning. *Sufu-iri* was soon used to describe almost any article which was not 100 per cent pure, as coffee made from substitute beans.

I overheard two girls at a table near me in a restaurant on the Ginza:

"This coffee is terrible. It is *sufu*!" one said.

"Yes. And it's been a long time since I had coffee that was *jun min* (pure cotton)."

The first girl meant her java contained not a little Manchuria, and the second was sighing for coffee that was all coffee and not part soya bean.

Foreigners dub the *Yen* acquired by the bootleg route—where the rate is eight to one dollar instead of the official of approximately four to one—*sufu Yen*.

As in Russia, agents of the illegal Black Exchange haunt hotel corridors to negotiate with the unwary traveller. They willingly pay double the official bank rate for gold. In Moscow I boldly traded, receiving as much as forty-five times the government rate. In Tokyo I resisted temptation, for I preferred travel to life in jail. A Japanese official is usually a very serious man with a single-track mind. Assuming great risks, many Japanese citizens are said to have made fortunes manipulating the exchange. Shortly after my arrival in Japan I read an account of two foreigners convicted of dealing in the exchange. As punishment for receiving too many *Yen* for gold dollars, they were forced to join the growing colony of aliens now living Japanese style in Imperial prisons.

Even a small accident brings disaster. Witness the plight of the smuggler transporting a suitcase bulging with illegal currency.

When a porter inadvertently dropped it on the dock at Yokohama the lid flew open, spilling thousands of *Yen* at the feet of a surprised customs inspector. The terrified smuggler quietly committed suicide on the spot rather than attempt an explanation. Many exchange propositions were attractive, but I knew prisons were not.

The human animal the world over, regardless of race or creed, is fairly of a single breed. Present men in the mass with opportunities to profit by illegal methods with little likelihood of such acts being detected and temptation is irresistible. An unique but large group of petty racketeers who profiteer on articles on the Government's restriction list now flourish in Tokyo. They specialize in imported articles such as cameras, foreign films, cotton goods, and tobacco no longer allowed to be brought into the country, and in rationed domestic necessities such as sugar, matches, rice, charcoal, and gasoline.

The pass word is *yamatori hiki*, which translated literally means "dealings in the dark."

A customer enters a shop and asks, "Have you any charcoal?"

"No," replies the shopkeeper. He actually possesses a small supply but does not care to part with the charcoal for the regulated price.

"*Yamatori hiki*?" whispers the would-be purchaser.

"*Arimas*" (yes). The customer has in effect signified his willingness to pay double the fixed price. He pays and takes the charcoal.

An amusing story going the rounds concerns the Treasury Department. When the gasoline shortage became acute the Department, as a patriotic gesture, hastened to transform its gasoline-burning motor cars into charcoal burners. Shortly thereafter charcoal was added to the ever-lengthening list of supplies being rationed. This created an embarrassing situation. Charcoal dealers simply could not suggest *yamatori hiki* to the Government. The Treasury Department found itself unable to obtain sufficient fuel to operate its cars. The dilemma was of short duration, however—the Government simply assuming control of production and distribution of charcoal.

When a nation decides to point up its religion, increase the stature

of the race, change the diet, mode of dress, education and employment, I suppose it is only natural that the language should receive some attention. The Japanese language is so complex I know language students who have become insane trying to master it. Thus, it presented quite a problem to the bored government official who undertook to make it more difficult. But by reshuffling a few consonants, he made quite a success of the job. When he merely changed *ju* to *zyu* just see what would happen to the spelling of the familiar wrestling game, *jiujitsu*. Even an enthusiast would have had trouble recognizing it as *zyuzyutu*. *Sha* was changed to *sya*, *ch* to *ty*, *fu* to *hu* and confusion, for the foreigner at least, resulted. *Jinrickisha* became *zinrikisya*, which must be pronounced to be recognizable. Chosen, formerly Korea, was further disguised under Tyosen. I resented most of all the changing of the beautiful Mount Fuji to *Huzi* which looks suspiciously like "huzzy" in print.

Under the pretext of nationalism it was amusing to juggle the consonants, but the repercussions were astonishing. Maps of Japan and her possessions (printed in Latin script) immediately became obsolete. Books in Latin script were also out of date. Railway schedules had to be reprinted. Travellers in the land were hopelessly confused. Some employed guides to show them the way to such familiar places as Nikko and Miyanoshita.

If it really does, as asserted, require a Japanese student forty years completely to master his native tongue, the new change ought to keep a man busy during his entire lifetime.

Sin as depicted in the Bible and expounded and enhanced by Christian ministers has always intrigued me. However, it is my opinion some of our outstanding sinners would lose caste as sinners if their misdeeds were transferred to a different locale. Consider the Yoshiwara, Tokyo's gay quarter. Properly oriented, it is an essential slice of the life of the metropolis. It is Big Business, regulated and taxed by the Government—yet, seen through the moral spectacles of the alien tourist, the Yoshiwara possesses all the allure of sin underlined and printed in italics. Few tourists resist the temptation to "inspect" the Street of Endless Delight, where, through the sliding *shoji* of artistic paper and bamboo houses they glimpse svelt,

kimono-clad courtesans gracefully pouring tea or chatting with visitors. Their stimulated imaginations provide the only thrill emanating from such an excursion.

Tokyo is a large city of infinite variety. One's life is brief. Having visited the Yoshiwara and satisfied my curiosity concerning how professional ladies live, I had no interest in re-visiting the place. However, when a journalist chanced to invite me on a trip to the quarter one category lower in the social scale than the world-renowned Yoshiwara, I accepted.

Chapter Three

MADAME WISTERIA

The sub-Yoshiwara, a square block of highly inflammable little wooden houses in a thickly populated section of Tokyo, was an hour's ride by taxi from the Imperial Hotel. I was reminded of the Pilgrim's recipe for roast turkey which began with "first catch your turkey." It was an hour's journey *after* we caught the taxi. With gasoline and charcoal rationed, taxi-drivers cleverly avoid long trips, although once snared they cannot refuse to transport the passenger to his destination.

Nonaka, a Japanese born and educated in the United States—who possessed a Yankee point of view and a command of both English and Japanese—proved a perfect guide for our little party of five. A journalist, he knew his Tokyo and was also a specialist in the taxi game. At his suggestion we did not tarry at the hotel, but walked a half dozen blocks to a busy corner where he said we would be likely to pick up a taxi. Several empty cabs did pass. Two stopped. Upon learning our destination they drove off. We captured the third by a ruse. When he halted we piled in, slammed the door, then announced our destination. John, the other man in the party, was a tall, blond, puritanical young attaché of the U.S. Consulate who had no stomach for the trip but came along to please his girl friend. The two men argued with the driver, threatened to call the police, then pleaded with him. Kind words won out and he reluctantly drove off in the direction of the district.

The atmosphere became sultry, almost earthquake weather. Gathering low black clouds patterned with brilliant flashes of lightning warned that a thunder shower was in the offing. But no one complained. Tokyo was dry as powder. Not one of the 7,000,000 inhabitants but felt the pinch of water rationing.

The party was staged by Helma (a pretty, dark-eyed daughter of a British father and a Japanese mother) who was formerly a

successful dancer on the West Coast until driven to seek success elsewhere because of racial prejudice. She had made a success as a feature writer for a Tokyo English-language newspaper. Deeply interested in her own racial problem, she occupied her spare time with research on the *Nisei*, a group of Japanese born and educated abroad who return to Japan usually ignorant of the customs and language, and endeavor to fit into the life. Theirs is an unhappy lot. Her conclusion after much study was that it was better for youthful Japanese with foreign habits and culture not to return to their fatherland to make their homes. I agreed with her.

I have never seen a man so little interested in the words of a pretty girl as our taxi-driver when Helma told him we'd be returning to the hotel in about an hour. He just slammed the door and was gone.

Spring air raid manœuvres and blackouts were past and the fall air manœuvres were yet to come. At the moment the Machi—a broad thoroughfare—was ablaze with street lamps and a thousand hanging paper lanterns, colorful and gay. Little food carts and sidewalk pedlars cluttered up half the pavement. They displayed cheap toys, shoddy clothing, pots and pans, knives and razors, dried fish, thermometers and fripperies. Some sold lacquer ware, china, pearls, and little tubs of gold fish. Children in bright kimonos like gay butterflies clung to the hands of mothers with babies strapped to their backs, edging along on clogs among the crowds. Men in assorted garb, some in underwear, others in Romeo coolie pants, wrapped about the waist and held in place with a silken cummerbund, others in foreign style coats and trousers, or comfortable summer kimonos, patronized itinerant game boards where for the price of ten *sen* a customer pitted his skill at checkers, chess or *go* against that of the merchant-owner of the board. As many onlookers as could crowd in a small circle, peeping over each other's shoulders, silently watched. The crowd was always for the customer and nodded to one another with a show of satisfaction if he won and was rewarded with the return of his money. In a single block more than a dozen games were in full swing.

Like Oriental men, Nonaka and John walked ahead, warning us to beware of pickpockets among the humanity pressed against us

in the crowded street. We each clutched our purses tighter and wove in and out among the pedestrians. The lanterns, tinkling windbells, banners, and colorful and exotic dress of the people gave a holiday aspect to an ordinary evening. I stopped to observe the cooks at work in several little food stands. One of them turned out the most mouth-watering *tempura*. Assorted halves of raw fish, lengths of eels, lobster tails and prawns were lifted with chopsticks, dipped into batter, dropped into an iron pot of sizzling fat and cooked to a golden brown. Another specialized in rice cakes. There was a *sukiyaki* stand and a stand which sold cones of shaved ice doused with a poisonous green syrup.

Japanese esteem culture. Regardless of their place on the rung of the social ladder they regard eating while on the street as churlish, uncultured. I saw no one strolling along munching a crisp eel or even a ripe plum. Little food stalls no bigger than a hot-dog stand along the curb were equipped with a narrow scrubbed board counter hidden by a canopy cut in strips which reached to a customer's elbow when he tucked his head behind the cloth to eat in private. They also sold food to be taken away, and did a thriving business sending out little lacquer boxes of hot food to the adjacent gay quarter.

My mouth watered for some hot French-fried shrimp so temptingly arranged on a wooden platter. I regretted the day I learned about germs, a knowledge which has only cluttered up my life. If microbes only half lived up to their unsavory reputation, the Orient would long since have been depopulated. The old saw that "knowledge sets one free" is not true. In this instance it made a coward out of me, for I did not eat.

In preparation for an approaching Buddhist festival, the street was lit at intervals by glowing giant paper lanterns, four feet long stretched taut, suspended from the arm of a movable stand (like executed glowworms), each fragile lantern protected by a petite V-shaped shingled roof. Japanese do not chatter constantly in crowds, and the murmur of conversation was more than drowned by the clop-cloph-clop of wooden *geta* on the pavement. The sky above glowered; the menacing clouds became darker and bigger, but the atmosphere between sky and earth was unmoved by even a

small breeze. As I manoeuvred along slowed to the crowd's pace, keeping in sight of my four companions, I cut like a knife through areas of assorted aromas. Suspended in the still atmosphere was the tempting odor of frying food, the fragrance of ripe peaches, the heavy scent of roses in a flower stall, the pungent smoke of joss sticks floating into space from a tiny household temple on the back wall of a silk shop. The street was more colorful and lively than that of a country fair. Filled with crowds of common people taking the air, it was more like a fair than the main street in the bawdy district.

At the entrance to a narrow street to the left Nonaka waited for us to overtake him, then we proceeded along a narrow dirt way designed to accommodate the *ricksha* rather than the motor car. On either side were small houses crowded flush one with another. Lights glowed through opaque paper *shoji*. It was like a play village for children. The little crooked street was almost deserted. We passed but two men and one *ricksha*. Our own chatter mingled with that of the *cicadæ* in the petite gardens were the only sounds to shatter the silence.

"Where are the girls?" At the sound of her own voice, Helma lowered it to a whisper. "It's going to pour cats and dogs soon. We'd better hurry!"

"There are the houses," said Nonaka, spreading his hands to embrace both sides of the street.

"They look awfully respectable to me," I observed as we passed one with a tiny garden overhung with drooping bamboo.

Nonaka walked ahead, turning right along a street so narrow I could almost reach out and touch the houses on each side.

"Oh, this *is* the place," cried Helma. We strolled slowly past petite, artistic double-storied Japanese houses made of paper and wood, built flush with the ground and with the curb. They were like doll houses and the inmates were like life-sized products of the famous doll-maker of Japan. Before an open window we saw a very pretty girl, her face calcimined like a *geisha* with lower lip stained red and ebony chignon pierced with sparkling ornaments. I wanted to stop and talk to her but I saw that before each open window a pretty kimono-clad girl sat as if waiting for an important

caller. We walked slowly along the narrow, winding, lantern-lit street and watched them. One tucked an imaginary strand of ebony hair in place, her gaily patterned pagodalike sleeves fluttering like butterfly wings. She reminded me of a caged tropical bird with bright plumage.

Young blades, green at the game, bargain with the courtesans for an hour's entertainment. Even in so shoddy a profession as prostitution a certain etiquette prevailed. I noticed the men bartering with a girl did not stare rudely at her to see what manner of creature they were buying, but looked at her image reflected in the little mirror standing alongside as high as her head as she squatted on the *tatami*.

"Take your choice of any you wish to talk to," Nonaka said as airily as if he were handing us a bunch of grapes.

I was torn between a sense of justice and curiosity. It was hardly fair to engage a girl in conversation and perhaps cause her to lose customers, yet I was eager to learn the technique of operating a "house." Women visitors are not especially welcomed in this domain peculiarly man's. For a time we merely walked along, looked in windows and said "Hello." One inmate attracted us. We halted before her window. The girl inside the house was clad in foreign style clothing, a white blouse and dark blue skirt. The long black lashes of her narrow eyes lay against a coppery cheek as she gazed in an attitude of shyness at the floor. Her nose was straight, and her lips slightly thick, almost peasantlike, with pretty corners unrouged. Compared with the other highly made-up inmates of this preposterous village, this girl, devoid of makeup, appeared almost naked. Nonaka spoke to her in Japanese, and she seemed willing enough to talk to us as she continued wiping perspiration from her ochre brow. She painted some lipstick on her lower lip, tidied up her hair before the mirror. It was full-length for her as she sat Japanese-style, buttocks on heels. We looked at her reflection instead of at her as we talked. It was the polite thing to do.

"May we come in and see your house?" I asked through Nonaka. "I would like to interview you." She seemed to shy away at my words and I quickly added, "I wish to speak as one business woman to another."

Misinterpreting my meaning, she looked sharply at me. Her quizzical expression plainly said, "An American madame must be well paid indeed if she can travel abroad."

She hesitated, changed her mind, unlocked the door which opened into the little room where she sat on a raised platform. We entered. She locked the door behind us and led the way into an adjoining two-mat room (6' x 6') containing a throne chair. Our hostess, Murasaki or Madame Wisteria, said when it was very cold in winter she placed a *hibachi* beneath the chair and sat above to keep warm when business was slack.

The apartment upstairs was divided into two small two-mat rooms, the sole article of furnishing being a small foot-high table in one of the rooms, and a few square flat cushions. She suggested making tea, but the idea of drinking from cups used by her many callers was so revolting I hastily said we'd far rather talk to her while she rested.

We stood in our stockinged feet, having left our shoes at the entrance. Murasaki was barefoot and leaned against a wooden jamb, eyes cast down, and her hand held before her mouth when speaking. She did not appear reluctant to answer my questions about her career. Rather she appeared relieved and grateful that some one evinced even a passing interest in her poor little problems. Too, she chafed under a recent reprimand by her owner.

"How did you happen to choose this profession?" I asked. I spoke of prostitution as a business, thereby avoiding any embarrassment.

"When I was in school I had never even thought of such a thing. My parents needed money. When I was eighteen, they sold me to a brothel for a period of three years. I have been here two years. I have another whole year to serve." She covered her mouth with a soiled *tengu* and did not lift her eyes.

"Will you continue this profession when your three years are finished?"

"I do not know," she replied in a surprised voice, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. "I have a whole year to do yet. A year is a long time."

The subject was rather delicate but I wished to get an inkling of her hopes and ambitions.

"I am not so popular as some of the prettier girls," Murasaki volunteered. She honestly had no illusions about her beauty. Her frame was unusually large for a Japanese woman but her feet were small and she moved her hands with a certain grace. Her moon-shaped peasant face was rounder, browner and more vivacious than those of her doll-like sisters. Unable to compete with their languid beauty, as expressed in their long thoughtless faces thickly coated with liquid white powder, Murasaki with woman's cunning strove to be different. She used little makeup, dressed her hair foreign-style, parted in the middle and plaited on each side, the plaits coiled in a chignon at the nape of her neck. Certainly a man could not fail to notice her un-Japanese clothing. Hers was a job of salesmanship, and she admitted some men were attracted by her foreign appearance as expressed in dress and hair-do. Fiction pictures a prostitute as a gay, wanton, carefree woman. Murasaki was quite the reverse. She was but one of a number of girls owned by a Mr. Ito.

Her intake, depending upon the number of clients she entertained at from three to five *Yen* each, fluctuated between forty and seventy-five *Yen* per day. When her income was much lower than that of some of the more popular girls Mr. Ito was cross with her.

"What do you like to do when you have a free day?" I asked. Murasaki responded with animation, which almost amounted to enthusiasm.

"I love to go to the opera, but it lasts too long. The last time I went I was so interested I forgot the time. I was late getting back to work. Mr. Ito was very angry with me." She cringed and I wondered if he beat her.

"Did he threaten to discharge you?" I asked.

"Oh, no. He cannot do that. I must work out the money. He scolded. He fined me a week's allowance. He was *taihen okorimashita* [very angry]."

Her owner can reprove her, fine her, but he cannot discharge her. The excellence of a guild operates in an ironical manner for Murasaki.

The girl declared she held no resentment against her family. They were quite within their rights as parents to sell her to help

out the family budget. But subconsciously she was hurt. This was evidenced by the fact that she refuses to visit her home, but an hour's journey by bus from the brothel. She stared fixedly at the *tatami* while speaking of her family.

Prostitutes live in a restricted little world of their own, rarely venturing beyond the quarter. Rigid laws prohibit a brothel keeper from maintaining more than two girls in a house, although no limit is set upon the number of houses a man may own. Mr. Ito, Murasaki's owner, is no plutocrat. He owns but two houses. His four little white-washed slaves probably net him between three and four hundred *Yen* a day which totals up to a mere ten thousand gross a month.

Out of this he pays for food and clothing of the inmates and allows each girl pocket money. The four girls mess together. A housekeeper shops for food, cooks and serves it. Mr. Ito's generosity with pocket money is not sufficient to engender ideas of escape in the minds of his chattels. Murasaki gets fifty *sen* a week (less than thirteen cents). Her loving parents have doomed her to sell her soul for food, clothing and thirteen cents a week. She is not permitted to keep tips. Mursakai assured me that not one of Mr. Ito's girls would dare withhold a portion of her income although it fluctuates, depending upon the number of visitors entertained.

In the circumstances I felt justified in encouraging a degree of dishonesty. A girl should in fairness keep her tips.

"But I am not pretty," Murasaki reiterated. "My intake is not as much as some of the others. I wouldn't dare." She shuddered at the thought of Mr. Ito's wrath.

"If I give you five *Yen* will you give it to Mr. Ito?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I must."

"Don't you ever keep anything out for yourself . . . ever?" I urged, incredulous that a human could be so cowed, so spiritless and so dumb.

"Occasionally, when I have had an exceptional day and have collected quite a lot of money, I do keep a *Yen* for myself," she confessed. "But not often."

"We have kept you from your work. Here is five *Yen*. Don't you dare give it to Ito-san," I admonished with mock severity.

"I'm sorry," she said, dropping her eyelids, gazing at the floor, "I must. I have had a poor day . . . only twelve customers. Ito-san will be angry." The thin little note of resignation in her voice made me wish to shake her vigorously.

While we stood in a circle about Murasaki, asking questions through Nonaka, John remained aloof and rather indifferent to the whole proceedings.

"She's just a poor helpless girl caught like a moth in a spider's web," philosophized Helma.

"She has a certain amount of intelligence, too," I added.

"She's just dumb, cowlike dumb." His voice was weighted with such disgust Murasaki must have sensed criticism of herself. "Even a moron could answer questions about her daily life." He gave me a scornful look.

Downstairs, as we sat in a row along the little matted platform beside Murasaki who was reflected in the mirror before the open window, she at once resumed a stereotyped attitude designed to bewitch any passing male of like species. While we were putting on our shoes, a youth engaged the girl in conversation. He expressed surprise and interest at seeing foreign women preparing to leave a courtesan's quarters, and was so impressed that he closed a deal with Murasaki, entering the door unlocked for our exit. The street was somewhat livelier than earlier in the evening. A number of young men strolled up and down, stopping to exchange banter or to bargain with a girl. I watched one youth immobilized by indecision. Finally he stared again at the girl's reflection, cast a glance skyward. The gathering storm settled the question in his mind. He signalled for her to unlock the door.

The law, assuming that men who haunt the gay quarter are like moths attracted to a flame, casts a protecting net. According to Murasaki a courtesan may train her charm on a man, lure him before her window, chat and bargain with him, but if she coquetishly reaches out and attempts to pull him toward her door, or if she even so much as touches him, the law is upon her. For each offense there is a fixed fine of fifty-eight *Yen*. One such fine, unless paid by her owner, would require Murasaki's weekly allowance for twenty-nine months—a major disaster.

"We'd better get to the *Machi* and begin hunting a taxi," observed practical John. We hurried but we could not outrace the rain. It descended upon us in large, leisurely, damaging drops. We walked quickly, we trotted, we frankly ran, not even casting a glance at the lighted windows framing pretty girls. Before we reached the *Machi* the rain descended upon us in slanting sheets of water, striking the earth with such force it spattered knee-high. Street vendors vanished. In a twinkling crowds scurried to shelter. Men and women hurried along the sidewalk, clacking their stilted rain *geta* on the pavement. The *Machi* was deserted save for a few hurrying taxis and one lone *ricksha* drawn by a pair of naked legs running beneath a straw raincoat. The little lantern swinging from the axle cast a stream of light through the rain. In Japan, as in England, traffic travels left. After crossing the broad rain-spattered street, we ducked for the nearest awning. The awning was narrow and we entered the shop where Helma was delighted to discover several articles of groceries which had disappeared from shops in her district. Her womanly shopping instinct caused her to forget for the moment the downpour flooding the streets.

John and Nonaka disappeared in the dark, darting from one sheltering awning to another until they found a shop filled with large efficient oiled paper and bamboo umbrellas. They looked quite native each with a huge transparent paper umbrella resting almost on his head, trousers rolled up to calves, keeping a sharp lookout up and down the street. At last they cornered a taxi. Five dripping humans piled in and shut the door before Nonaka announced our destination. The ensuing argument was scarcely audible above the rumble and clap of thunder and the torrential downpour pounding the roof of the cab and the hissing of steam as rain struck the hot charcoal tank on the rear. Flashes of lightning added a dramatic touch. Finally the driver in a half-hearted manner set off in the direction of the Imperial Hotel.

Chapter Four

KARUIZAWA . . . TIME BATH . . . KUSATSU

Japan with its precise scenery, green hills, orderly little valleys and fairylike floating wooded islands is a traveller's dream of a beautiful land. I love the charming landscapes, the grace and symmetry of her famed Sacred Mountain which appears almost artificially perfect. Nippon is one of my favorite countries.

During the three years in which I lived in Tokyo, I enjoyed travelling up and down the island, spending week-ends at near-by seaside resorts, and vacations in the more remote villages. The Embassy to which I was attached transferred headquarters for the summer to Karuizawa, a cool mountain resort, and I spent many pleasant afternoons swimming in the lake, playing golf on the village fairways, and riding horseback along the mountain trails. On one occasion I toiled all night, stumbling in the darkness up the steep cindery slopes of Asama-yama—the intermittently active volcano which towers 8000 feet above Karuizawa—to see the dawn from the summit. I have had tennis games interrupted when the volcano seemingly drew a deep breath and spewed out hot showers of fine ashes which fell like a gentle mist, coating the house roofs an ashen gray. Pedestrians carried raised paper umbrellas as protection against the excreta of the volcano. It hurt like sand in their eyes.

Karuizawa in 1940 had changed little. Perhaps there were a few more clearings where houses had been built for a growing colony. Since my arrival in Japan, I had been trying to locate a Doctor Munro, a British physician who had lived among and ministered to the Ainu. Upon learning, via the grapevine line, that he would pass through Tokyo en route to Karuizawa to open his sanitarium, I waylaid him in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel. He invited me to call upon him there, saying he would be glad to give me any helpful information.

Matsuishi, a Japanese educated for the ministry, with a B.A. from Columbia University, had been assigned to me by the railway authorities as companion, interpreter, secretary, guide and mentor. He insisted upon accompanying me to Karuizawa.

"But I have *lived* in Karuizawa. I know every foot of the countryside," I protested.

"It is better for you to have an interpreter," he insisted.

"People will laugh at me, a vagabond, a world traveller, going with a guide to Karuizawa! Besides, Doctor Munro speaks English. He is an Englishman!"

Nevertheless Matsuishi made arrangements, secured a taxi, looked after the luggage, and found seats on the crowded train and we were off to Karuizawa. The express was packed with humanity. Passengers stood during the entire journey.

Off-season events in a mountain village are few. I arrived at the Mampei Hotel a good ten minutes ahead of two local reporters. The chief of the gendarmerie arrived close upon their heels and the interview began.

"What do you think of the China Affair?" they asked. Even newsmen did not call it war. "What do you think of our new Foreign Minister Matsuoka? He was educated in your country."

I replied expressing a complete disinterest in the war and politics. I praised the beauties of Karuizawa, the growth of the town, and said how happy I was to return. I do not know what the reporters wrote. Matsuishi commended my diplomacy.

I was somewhat surprised to have the gendarme, handsomely clad in civilian clothing, visit me each day. After several visits, I said to Matsuishi, "Let us return the chief's call." An expression of horror spread over his bland face. When I mischievously insisted, his patience became exhausted.

"In America it's all right to be familiar with the police. You even say 'Hello cop.'" He winced at the idea. "You can't do that here. Police in Japan are different. You have to respect them." He became excited about it.

Each time we passed near the police station, I teased him by suggesting that we return the gendarme's call. He was serious. We did not call. Yet the gendarme continued to come daily to see me.

When I speculated aloud upon the unusual attention being paid to me, Matsuishi was on the spot.

"Policemen in a small town haven't much to do," he said, in an attempt to allay my suspicions.

One day we bicycled to the railway station to meet a newly arrived young American, a friend of Matsuishi's. He was a language student still enjoying that enviable state of first enthusiasms for the language, the country and the people. Summer residents had not yet arrived, and we were two English-speaking Yankees in a desert of foreign tongues. We became friends. We bicycled Indian fashion along the trails. Our friend, with slightly turned head, related in a voice loud enough for the third pedlar to hear his discoveries in delving into the language—the double meaning of nouns and intricacies of the grammar.

Our conversation was animated. Matsuishi was eager to tell our host every one of his five-year-old American jokes. In turn he had to listen to an explanation of the construction of his native language.

In the beginning I found it unpleasant to be always accompanied whenever I set foot out of the hotel garden, for I am naturally given to travelling alone. It rained the afternoon I went to tea with the Munros. Selecting a transparent oiled-paper umbrella provided by the hotel for use of guests, I was surprised to find Matsuishi waiting on the porch. Despite my protests that the lane was short and that I knew exactly where the Doctor lived, he came along, taking his departure only after he had been introduced to the Doctor. The sanitarium was being readied for incoming patients and our footsteps echoed through empty corridors as we passed through to the reception room which had been tidied up. I spent an hour with the erudite Doctor and Chiyo-san, his charming but shy Japanese wife. A quarter of a century ago her romance with the dashing young doctor created a small sensation in the foreign colony. Her utter devotion to the now famous man and her acts of charity formed the conversation piece for less energetic foreign wives a little jealous of the Christian example set by a Buddhist woman.

Doctor Munro, with the philosophy of a scientist, told me of the destruction of his life's work when a fire of mysterious origin recently destroyed his writings, plates, films, and expensive micro-

scopes which had been removed from his dwelling for examination by the authorities. A naturalized citizen, Doctor Munro has lived for the past forty years in Japan.

Unlike men with a different turn of mind, a scientist willingly places his facts on the table. After telling me about life on Hokkaidō, his experiences with the Ainu, diseases he had treated them for, Doctor Munro gave me names of Ainu and Japanese friends of his on the big island. "If you get to Nibutani, be sure to go to my place and tell Fumi my Ainu servant to give you some strawberries." Chiyo-san brought out a large box filled with invaluable photographs of the aborigines for me to look at.

"Help yourself to any you wish," he said, adding, "you have my permission to publish them."

"Come again another day," urged the Doctor as I took my leave.

Scarcely half an hour after my departure the gendarme casually appeared at the sanitarium to grill the Doctor about the American visitor. The good Doctor, having just met me, had so little to report the officer's suspicions were aroused.

The pre-season guests at the Mampei represented many nationalities. There were foreign residents arrived early to open their summer homes, a few businessmen, a middle-aged Italian, a golf instructor accompanied by his youthful bride, Cappy Holt, the young widow from Shanghai with her child and amah, and a few wealthy Japanese travellers.

Rain or no, I was determined to get out and see the country. I was especially eager to visit Kusatsu, hot springs resort famed for its Time Baths. A missionary resort is a very tame place for a dashing young widow, and Cappy Holt was ready to share my adventure. A visiting Japanese student, a handsome lad whose very size bespoke wealth—he was six feet two inches—accepted Matsuishi's invitation to join the party for an early start the following morning.

A dreary cold rain and fog shrouded the mountainside. Matsuishi's role was not flexible. He would be waiting. But I did not expect Cappy or Tamekichi to show up. To my surprise the rain deterred no one. We taxied to the station, the starting point of an excursion

bus to Kusatsu by way of the lava beds and fields of wild azaleas high on the shoulder of the volcano.

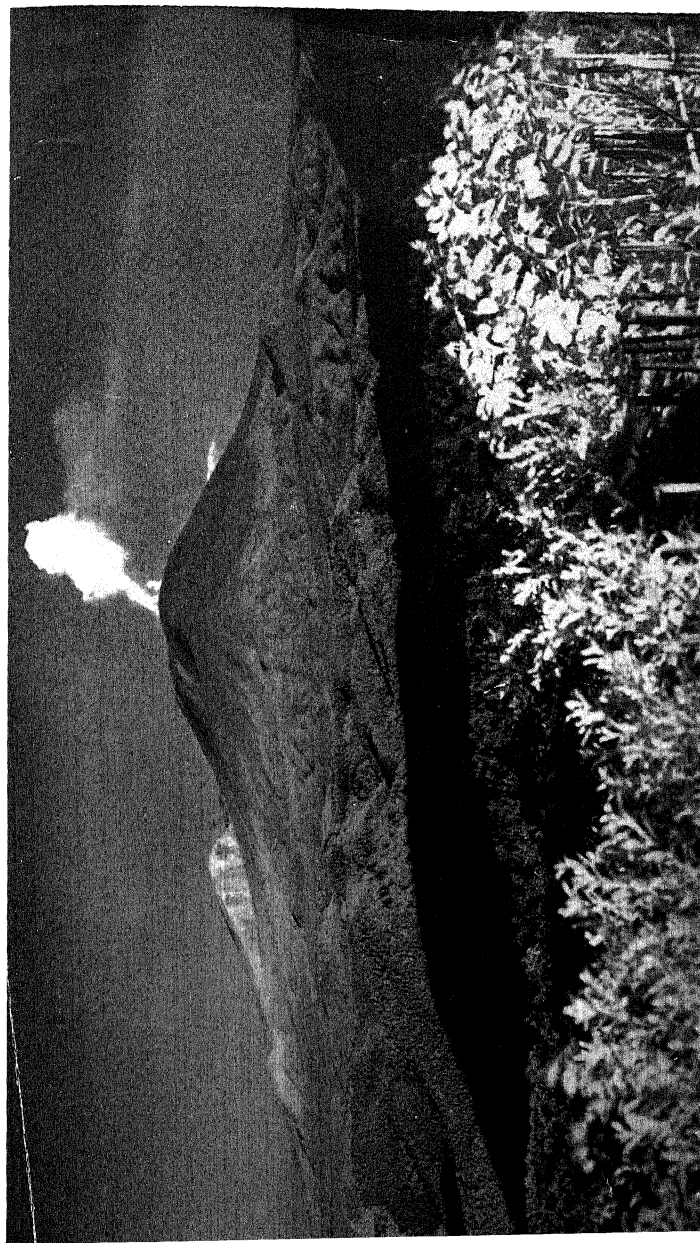
Although the hour was early, crowds of people stood as if drawn by a magnet, facing the railway station. There were soldiers, men in a variety of costumes, and women with white aprons over their kimono, a narrow band decorated with Japanese characters stretched diagonally across their chests. A couple of hundred grade-school children in foreign-style clothing, each wearing flat booksacks, stood in a group behind the women. It wasn't a revolution. Local citizens were merely participating in a going-away ceremony honoring two local farm boys caught in the web of the military draft. Wearing their blue school uniforms, and looking very small and scared standing between two military men, the boys listened stoically to speeches, songs and *Banzais*. It was a solemn occasion. Each boy knew that when he had done his supreme bit on the muddy battlefields of China his ashes would be returned in a little white box to this same station and these people, farmers, merchants, rich and poor, would gather to pay homage to his spirit. The knowledge was small comfort.

The train pulled out. Housewives, businessmen, farmers and students scattered each to re-shape the day as closely as possible to routine following the interruption.

Our bus came to a grating halt before the station. There was not even standing room. We waited for the next bus. It was crowded but we succeeded in wedging in. After passengers got out at the next village we found seats.

The holiday spirit began to express itself in my fellow passengers as the bus gained elevation, and the road passed beneath branches of elm and cherry trees. Several young girls on seats behind me began singing. The tune was strangely familiar. I listened. It was "Old Black Joe." The words were Japanese. The day was neither a holiday nor a Sunday (which has no prestige in a Buddhist land). It was Wednesday. With more citizens travel-minded and able to enjoy holidays than there are available accommodations at resorts, firms stagger leaves. Our companions were bound for Kusatsu.

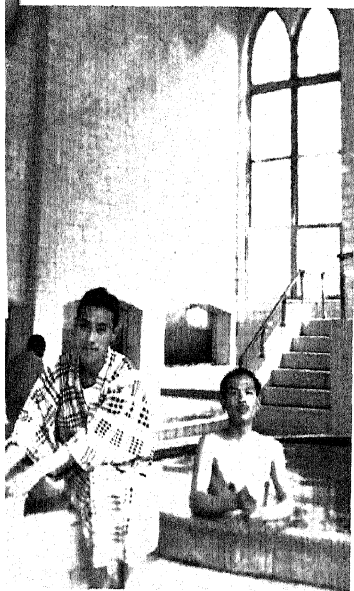
The young bus girl with poker mien called out in a high girlish voice the beauty spots as we passed. When we came up and out on the plateau suddenly we were passing through fields of wild azaleas,



Asama-yama in eruption. While living in Japan the Author climbed all night to see the dawn from this 8,000-foot volcano shortly before it erupted



A Suki-yaki Party on board the M.S. *Tatsuta Maru* en route to Japan. *Left to right:* Capt. S. Ito, Master of the *Tatsuta Maru*, Baroness von Reznicek of Berlin, Count A. Kabayama, Member of the House of Peers of Japan and the Author.



Left: My travelling companions, Nagata and Matsuishi in the hot pools at Jozankei Inn.
Right: The Author in one of the hot sulphur pools in the river gushing from the crater.

the brilliant red and salmon-pink blossoms growing lush among the dark-green scrub pine. Here and there an orchid rhododendron was in full flower alongside a blossoming white dogwood. June is late for flowering dogwood but we were at an elevation of nearly five thousand feet. As we came near the lava beds, the azaleas grew smaller until the dwarfed ones petered out with but an occasional bush struggling for existence between black lava shining ebony in the steady drizzle.

Unlike Kileaua in Hawaii Asama-yama is not a "safe" volcano. It was just fifty years ago that the farmers and their families living in this district found this out for themselves. They awoke one night to discover a river of fire tumbling down the slopes of the volcano. On it came. It crushed their fragile homes. So quickly was the village submerged that almost a third of the three hundred inhabitants, overcome by fumes, perished beneath the wall of lava.

I watched a small plume of white smoke drifting heavenward from the crater of Asama-yama. Surrounding boulders were as big as houses, the black surface as sharp as broken glass and as rough as giant sandpaper. Fortunately eruptions occur only about once every century. We still had a fifty-year leeway.

After a brief stop at a small pagoda-shaped rest house for coffee and sandwiches, we squeezed into the bus, tight as crowded sardines, and rattled on across the desolate lava waste, down the steep rain-drenched wooded slopes to the floor of a valley. In the distance Kusatsu resembled a devil's cauldron. Steam rose from a dozen vents and hovered over the valley. Kusatsu was a thermal village serving as a dam to a steaming shallow sulphur river which flowed down the mountain.

In place of the customary little green park which marks the hub of many of our New England towns, Kusatsu's center was a pool of boiling and bubbling sulphur water. It was a reservoir which supplied homes and inns which clogged the little valley. A steady chill rain spattered my paper umbrella, condensing the hot vapor beneath. It was a two-way wetness, and when I became thoroughly soaked I ceased to care.

Of the thousand hot mineral springs in Japan, only two are known as *jikanyu*, or Time Baths. Of these two, Kusatsu is by far the more famous. It is also the hottest. It is a Time Bath in the literal sense of

the word. Hours and duration of the bath are fixed. Were this not so, Kusatsu would be a deserted village instead of the thriving spa that it is. The average Japanese prefers his bath at a temperature of from 104 to 110 degrees. The Time Bath was hotter. Under ordinary circumstances it would be humanly impossible for the bathers to endure the three-minute ordeal submerged in boiling sulphur water through which they are compelled to go four times a day. It would also be impossible to get them into the tub! An army can regiment a soldier and order him into the firing line and he will go. If merely invited, the man would decline with thanks. It's the same with the Time Bath. The guests, or patients, are subjected to a discipline almost military in its strictness.

The elephant's child was rewarded for his curiosity by getting his snout injured. Curiosity cost me my skin. When I emerged from the Time Bath my epidermis peeled off just like the skin of a ripe tomato dipped in hot water. It happened this way. Cappy and I walked from the Inn to the famous Time Bath with the idea of watching the victims boil. Promptly at eleven o'clock an Oriental Gabriel blew his trumpet. Villagers assembled at the Bath. We arrived early, left our clogs at the entrance and entered the balcony overlooking the Bath which served as a ladies' dressing room. The matted floor was littered with shallow baskets containing folded garments. Flat-chested women in various stages of nudity stood about waiting for the signal to enter the bath. I watched a late arrival cast off her kimono, fold it neatly and place it in a basket. Honesty certainly simplifies life. No lockers were necessary in this public room.

Upon sensing that two foreign women had come to watch instead of to participate, the ladies became nervous. They grew modest and blushed all over. Preparation of the bath is a rigid ceremony and Cappy and I stood watching, unaware of the growing resentment against us. The sulphur water, heated by a live volcano, enters the oblong pool at a temperature of 160 degrees F. It must be cooled. At the command of the Bath Master as many bathers as can surround the tub (about fifty). Each, armed with a six-foot plank, began to churn the water, chanting in unison. South Sea island fashion prevailed in the steam-filled room below. Men and women, each with a simple towel twisted about loins, sweat trickling down

naked upper portion of their bodies, continued to beat the water and sing.

Alas our enjoyment of the scene was interrupted by the manager who tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the door. The only way I could convince him that we intended to bathe was by beginning to disrobe. The sight of a couple of dozen nude Japanese women left him unmoved, but when I started to pull off my sweater he fled. Cappy went down to the *kassa* for tickets. Three *sen* (three fourths of a cent) covered the price of bath and towel. Little wonder it is said in Japan that the "hot spring is everyman's bathtub." Spas are not reserved for the wealthy, gouty few as in other lands.

We disrobed as slowly as possible. It took a lot more nerve than I thought to step out before God and the Japanese clad in nothing but my skin. To plunge into a pool of boiling water with fifty or sixty assorted men, women and children required a quality I was only sure I possessed after I proved it. Imitating others, we soaped up, rinsed off, soaped up again, and using a small wooden tub, doused ourselves with hot water from a small pool against the wall. I remember this vaguely. Overcome with modesty we each ran toward an open space in the pool which by now was filled with submerged bathers arranged in rows, chins resting on planks placed across the tank. I plunged into an opening beside a Japanese woman.

Though the bath lasted but three minutes by the clock, the effects were permanent. I have greater admiration for the qualities of endurance of the Japanese as a race. And I'll never again boil a lobster or a crab.

The Bath Master, distinguished by the quantity of his clothing—he wore a shirt *and* loin cloth—stood at one end of the pool and shouted words of encouragement to his parboiling patrons.

"One minute, one minute. It's not as hot as you think. . . . One minute and a half. . . . You can stand it. . . . Time is half up . . . you can stand it. . . . Only one more minute to go. . . . Three quarters. . . . Half a minute. . . . Time's up!"

At the words "Time's up!" each bather popped out of that pool like a cork out of a bottle of good champagne. Cappy along with them. The Time Bath is accurately timed. The few seconds I overstayed caused me to peel for days.

Being skinless was nothing to what I felt when I learned I had

been submerged in a pool with patients suffering from chronic skin diseases, syphilis, and nervous prostration. However, it is my opinion that even a very healthy syphilis germ could not have survived that heat.

Matsuishi and Tamekichi were enormously surprised when we related the "delights" of the Time Bath. They had bathed in a private tub at a very much lowered temperature.

We brought sandwiches from the Mampei and now looked for an inn where we could eat in comfort and supplement our lunch with little cups of hot green tea. The inns were so crowded we finally chose to dine picnic style beneath our umbrellas in the rain. A shelter-seeker would scarcely expect to find a pagoda in the middle of a river, but there it was, built there for picnickers such as ourselves. Immediately it was our destination. I didn't expect to find a bath tub in a river, either. Evidently the two men did, for they veered to one side, cast aside kimono and squatted contentedly neck deep in a little oblong concrete pool half hidden by steam. There were several pools in a row, connected by clear canals edged with sulphur sediment. They were fed by a rippling waterfall which splashed into a pool above the chain of tubs, the water finally entering the almost dry river. Bathing in the open was the fashion. Other kimono-clad figures strolling in the rain stopped for a hot bath, emerging clean and refreshed.

We built a bonfire of the boxes and paper wrappings which had contained our luncheons. We heard the distant sound of a bugle—Gabriel calling one and all to the Bath. We quickened our pace. We had just time to catch the train for Karuizawa. In the *rickshaless* spa, we walked uphill in the rain. Cappy and I skidding in the mud on our unaccustomed clogs.

We parked them at the entrance to the railway station, which we shouldn't have done. These honest citizens would not dream of moving them. Naturally the station man expects the owners to return for their clogs. There they will remain, side by side for years and years until they finally disintegrate from exposure to rain, and, I hope, sunshine.

Chapter Five

NORTH TO HOKKAIDŌ

Returning from Karuizawa to Tokyo I re-visited Nikko and its famous Garden of Temples. I was contemplating the possibilities of travel to the north without official sanction when, at the end of June, permissions were granted. Thrilled, I was busily packing preparing to depart when a delegation of six—representatives of the railway and tourist bureau, including Matsuishi, Paul Nagata and the latter's chief—called upon me. We had a jolly party until I discovered the object of their visit. It was to dissuade me from going to Hokkaidō. The gist of the conversation was as follows:

"Of course we know that you are not a spy, that you are accustomed to travel alone, that you are interested only in the Ainu and in gathering material for a book, but it is a rough trip. Even a Japanese could not live Ainu style. Now, here's what we propose. You remain here in the Imperial Hotel, live in comfort, and write your book. We will supply you with all the information you need."

My enthusiasm dropped to zero. I protested. They argued. Realizing their inability to dissuade me, they conferred.

"Very well, then you must have a guide to accompany you to Hokkaidō."

"A guide?" I was taken by surprise. A new and unpleasant situation was developing. "But you don't understand. I am a vagabond. I travel alone. My books are all about a woman who travels alone. My readers would laugh at me. Can't you see that the very idea of the Petticoat Vagabond having a guide is humorous?"

It was not funny to them. They had prepared lines of defense and stuck to their second trenches. Matsuishi, they said, would not only guide me but would act as interpreter and secretary as well.

I was stymied. The whole idea was foreign to my notions of an interesting jaunt to become personally acquainted with the Ainu, a subject race of Japan for the past one thousand years.

I went to Hokkaidō, but not alone. On July third Matsuishi, Paul Nagata, a likable young chap (who had acted as interpreter for me when I visited the Tokyo public schools) an employee of the Railway, left Ueno Station in Tokyo and travelled north to the Island of Hokkaidō.

Many passengers stood. From the quantity of luggage stowed in racks behind and beneath seats, one would have been justified in concluding a population movement was in progress. The passengers included men and children, clad foreign style, women in kimono, soldiers and officers. I admired the women. With half a dozen yards of two-ply *obi* wrapped about their middles, they still managed to look dainty as butterflies and as cool as a sea breeze. Two men in white kimonos with red crosses pinned to their sleeves sat opposite me. Matsuishi said they were engaged in collecting funds for men at the battle front.

Japanese railways are narrow gauge and the system has not kept pace with the population. With extra demands caused by the China Incident, rolling stock is insufficient. However, the lines are profitable. The Pullman passenger is treated as a guest. Without charge the Company provides him with soft slippers and a kimono to relax in and to sleep in at night.

It was a hot day. Whenever the train halted at a large station, we got out, walked up and down the crowded platform and refreshed ourselves by washing our hands and faces at one of the long rows of faucets in the center of the platform.

Every one wanted to dine at the same time. I was surprised to find the menu printed in both Japanese and English. Foreign style and Japanese food was served. Fully a third of the male passengers ordered foreign style luncheons and beer. I chose Japanese and my two companions followed my example. Nipponese food is designed to please the eye and it certainly does. My luncheon arrived on a lacquer tray, with individual items in attractive black lacquer bowls accompanied by a pair of wooden chopsticks done up in a waxed sanitary package, and a tub of rice. There were soup, fresh ginger, sliced *daijōkon*, half-cooked spinach pressed and served with shredded dried bonito, smoked tuna, cake and tea. The food was good and the cost less than twenty-four cents.

Having eaten, there was nothing to do but observe the scenery. I watched a farmer at work. Clad in blue denim and yellow conical straw hat, he operated a plough drawn by a water buffalo up to its belly in muck. He waded along behind this zoological specimen, halting at intervals to rest his elbows on the plough handle and observe his work. Instead of rows of newly turned black loam he saw only the glassy surface of water. A streak of muddied water was the line of demarcation between tilled and untilled land. His farm was divided into neat squares like a chessboard. The low area surrounded by foot-high bunds was planted to rice. Flax, beans, and *daikkon* grew on higher ground. Helpers worked harvesting acre plots of golden summer wheat, holding the wheat in one hand and snipping it with a curved scythe. As if by magic his field changed from golden to a delicate green as the young stalks of flax, planted between wheat rows already a foot high, stood revealed. The grain was tied into bundles and stacked around seven-foot poles. I saw one farm "besieged" by a company of giant coolies clad in straw raincoats—the wheat ricks. Again I saw bundles of wheat hanging from clothes lines like a hula maid's washday in Hawaii. Frequently trees were draped with the precious yellow straw, but generally it was stacked in tall, slim circular piles supported by a stake.

Japanese have a nice sense of balance. They excel in dwarfing plants, and their feeling for scale makes all Japan a delight to the eye. Even mulberry trees judiciously planted around a farmhouse are so tailored and trimmed that a husky silkworm would hardly need a stepladder to reach the tender edible leaves. Shade trees planted about the premises as wind brakes, however, got out of hand and completely dwarfed the thatched farm buildings. They appeared no more than straw-covered ant hills. I can quite picture the consternation of the kimono-clad farmer when the few twigs stuck at random in the earth grew and continued to grow until they reached a height beyond all reason. Tall poplars and elms with an occasional cryptomeria reaching their green arms skyward towered above *petite* thatched roofs, and level rice paddies looked like a genuine oasis.

From mid-June until early July stooping figures dot the flooded fields of Japan, transplanting the tender green stalks of rice. They

toil knee deep in mud, handling the fragile plants with loving care. No race is more dependent upon rice for daily nourishment than the Japanese, and in no other country is rice held in greater esteem. It is truly the staff of life. The household shrine found in the humblest home receives a daily bowl of rice as an offering. The average individual consumes a quart of rice daily. With an annual crop of a million babies, farmers are forced to increase their yearly yield by 365,000,000 quarts of rice if they are to keep pace with the population growth. There is no more available land, therefore the yield must be made more fruitful. The humble, hard-working Nippon farmer, leaning on his plough handles, may well wonder at the clamor of politicians for more and more babies. Many a farmer who toils from dawn to dusk cannot afford to eat the rice which he grows.

When working in the fields the women wore *mompei*, blue peg-top trousers tightly fitted about the ankles. Knee deep in muck they wade between the narrow rows and pull the grass by hand. Sometimes they push a small plough up and down, destroying unwanted grass. In one paddy the rows ran perpendicular to the railway, and when the women bent over their work their figures were completely hidden by the large conical straw hats which looked like phantoms floating on the water.

The scenery was beautiful and increased in scale the farther north we travelled. Rivers were dry. A tiny stream meandered about a broad pebbly bed and ran beneath an impressive bridge. Thatched homes of farmers surrounded by out-of-proportion trees broke the level foreground of broad cultivated plains, with blue mountains outlined against a distant gray horizon.

It was a long, hot, sticky journey on the overcrowded express, but the day passed surprisingly fast. Very few passengers left the train before we reached the terminus at Aomori just before midnight.

At one large station I saw a soldier's farewell. Committees of women, school children, and a few men stood on the platform and waved flags. When the train started to move, going south, they shouted, "*Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!*"

My two travelling companions, lulled by the steady noise of the train, fell asleep. By the time I had found a seat in the refreshment car and finished off tea it was dusk. Through the window I watched

tired farm workers trudging homeward in the rain, bearing such huge piles of golden grain that they looked like moving haystacks.

At dinner we ate Japanese style from lacquered trays containing bowls of the most exotic food—seaweed soup, opaque cuttlefish, broiled trout, raw ginger roots dyed a brilliant red, and steaming tubs of rice. Men at near-by tables ate pork cutlets sauted, fried steaks and stews in preference to their own native food.

There just isn't any finer rice grown on earth than that produced with loving care in Japan. But there is not enough to go around. Under the present system the law takes care that the rich are not permitted to corner the fine rice by ordering that all Japanese rice sold must be mixed with foreign rice. Korea having suffered a rice shortage because of drought, Japan turned to Siam and Indo China to make up the deficit. There is great dissatisfaction with the quality of Siamese rice. Having eaten the imported rice, I have a greater sympathy and understanding of the problem. The trouble arises in the method of handling. To protect rice from damage in rat-infested ships in transit from Siam, the bags of grain are doused with kerosene. The flavor is accented in the cooking. But this is not the entire cause of complaint. This hybrid rice must be cooked with 20 per cent by volume of either potatoes, soy beans, wheat or barley. This law, designed to conserve rice, proved to be an unexpected health measure. One Japanese young woman told me she never gave thought to her slender figure until the war-time rice bowl made its appearance on her tray.

Aomori, a bustling industrial city in a fairylike setting at the end of the line, sprawled around a curving sparkling bay at the end of the mountain range. The station platform seemed a half mile long. But it was covered and we did not have to go out in the rain to transfer from the train to the ferry connecting with Hakodate on Hokkaidō Island.

Accommodations for three had been reserved two weeks in advance. The porter carried our luggage up the gangway and deposited it in a large airy three-berth stateroom. A transportation company has enough worries without troubling about the sex of passengers. They don't care. They just mix them all together.

I probably should have been embarrassed at the prospect of shar-

ing my stateroom with Matsuishi and Nagata. Having determined to travel off the beaten track, I was prepared to accept and adopt the customs of the country. It was the two men who balked. With true Japanese courtesy they were intent upon following the customs of my country. I traded the two men for a small, middle-class kimono-clad young woman whose luggage was tied in a *furoshiki*. She had thoughtfully brought with her a box of roasted water chestnuts, a box of sweets from the Ginza in Tokyo, and a basket of fragrant golden loquats. The steward brought a pot of green tea and my cabin-mate shared her loquats with me.

The cabin was in the prow and we placed our luggage flat on the floor, prepared for a rough trip across the Tsuguru Straits.

Had we a common language, Tsuneo and I could have enjoyed a lively and enlightening feminine discussion on clothes. As it was we could only watch each other disrobe and draw private conclusions about the practicability of the other's garments. Japanese women do not wear girdles or panties, and I saw that Tsuneo thought it a rather silly custom. I watched her untie the bow at the back and unwind five yards of doubled silk *obi*. Half way through the process she held the sash in one hand and revolved herself. By the time she had removed two kimonos and a petticoat, which was a straight piece of material fastened below her bust, I had silently counted eight different sashes and cords plus a padded bustle worn between her shoulder blades to hold the *obi* bow tidily in place. She slept in kimono. I'd certainly hate to be drowning and have to wait for Tsuneo to toss off her garments and leap to my rescue.

Promptly at five A.M. the steward brought in a pot of hot green tea and warned us it was time to get up. As in Aomori the train connected directly with the boat and we transferred at six o'clock. A woman's voice broadcast a warning to passengers about schedules, and urged them not to forget luggage and packages. We went directly to the diner which was already crowded.

The harbor at Hakodate was like a tropical seascape without the fringe of palms. I had already sensed that it was not well for a foreigner to evince interest in ports, waterways, harbors or mountains, regardless of how downright breathtakingly beautiful they were. It was best to pretend not to notice them. With permission to carry

a camera, it was just as well to keep it out of sight. As for Hakodate all I saw of it was the incomparable harbor, and the railway station.

Here I was on Hokkaidō. I enjoyed all the thrills of a Columbus sighting land in the new world.

We took our seats at a table reserved in advance and the waitress brought breakfast. There were bowls of hot porridge, bacon and eggs, pancakes and coffee. I would not have remembered the food except that I was astonished at the quantity. We were in a new world, a world of pioneers. Matsuishi, who combined the qualities of an artist with those of a realist, ever mindful of his rice bowl and his necktie, could not bear to wait until luncheon to discover whether Hokkaidō rice was served pure. He ordered a tubful. When it arrived, he lifted the lid, hoping the rice bowl of the remote island had not been tampered with. We three peered eagerly at the contents. It was palatable enough, but it was not pure rice. The addition of millet produced a more flavorful product. However, I have yet to discover a single Japanese who agrees with me on this point.

As soon as the train actually started to move I felt more secure. I was enroute to Sapporo, the capital city of Hokkaidō. The railway cut across a neck of land and followed along the coastline of the curving peninsula within sight of the black sandy beaches washed by the waters of Volcano Bay, an arm of the Pacific Ocean. A dam thirty miles long, built from Mori on the south shore to Muroran on the north, would have transformed Volcano Bay into an almost circular lake. Hokkaidō was as entrancing as a South Sea island floated up and anchored off the coast of Siberia. Along the beach fisherman were busily stretching nets to dry. Smaller squares of brown mesh lay spread out on the grass. Women and children stood in circles around wheat piled on mats and beat it with hinged flat flails. They tossed the grain into the air and the lighter chaff was carried away by the breezes. Their humble homes were thatched. Here and there a new tin roof reflected the sun's heat. The odor of fish permeated the atmosphere not unpleasantly until we sped past an area where the beach appeared to be of golden sand. Then the ocean breezes wafted a stench so horrible we had to close the car windows. The golden beach was an illusion; the odor was not. In reality the black sand was covered with yellow straw mats upon

which the fish fertilizer was spread to dry. It was good old Indian-style fertilizer, but what a smell!

Hokkaidō spelled adventure to me, and I gazed upon the broad sweeping valleys and high mountains and smoking volcanos with an unprejudiced eye. It was fresh and beautiful, and the wide open spaces fairly overwhelmed Japanese, accustomed to the exquisite miniature scenery of their island home, who were making their first trip to the North. Time and again we hastily closed the windows when the train plunged into a tunnel, and scarcely had the coal smoke cleared from the car when we entered yet another tunnel. In Japan proper only the slopes of mountains too steep for cultivation were forested, but on Hokkaidō sizable wooded areas and tangled forests occupied level ground. Fields of tiger lilies blossomed along the railway and in marshy places beautiful flags looked like huge orchids. Matsushita and Nagata both gasped when we sped past the end of a valley carved into rice paddies fully ten times the usual size. Wheatfields occupied ten-acre plots instead of the pocket handkerchief acre patch seen in the South. Hokkaidō was a full month late as compared with the main island and the July climate was like early June, with patches of snow still on the mountains. A few of the houses were hybrid, semi-foreign in architecture, though the majority of them bore thatched roofs. The men fairly gasped when we passed a village where the houses were equipped with chimneys. A chimney pot is indeed a rare sight in Nippon. These were the first I had seen. From time immemorial Japanese have used a *hibachi* with a few live coals buried in a bed of ashes as a heating system. They still do.

The six-and-a-half-hour journey from Hakodate to Sapporo was interesting, and the Japanese were just as excited as I at their first glimpse of Hokkaidō. They were astonished at the large-scale scenery and large farms, and herds of horses and cows. In travelling due north from Hakodate we crossed the peninsula two and a half times, veering around to Otaru on the Isikari Bay, an arm of the Sea of Japan. This old town is the most prosperous seaport on Hokkaidō and maintains direct steamer service with mainland Asia as well as with Japan proper. Fate had up her sleeve an earthquake and tidal wave to be delivered to Otaru a month hence so severe as to shake

the town to its foundations. A wall of water six feet high swept over the breakwater and floated many homes out to sea. Twelve hundred small fishing craft went to the bottom. Otaru had no inkling of the horror in store for her as she basked in the sunshine, conscious of her importance as a port.

Forty minutes after leaving Otaru we arrived at Sapporo, our immediate destination, the jumping-off place to Adventure.

Chapter Six

YANKEE IMPRINTS

I was impatient to meet the mysterious Ainu—a primitive uncultured race as hairy as Esau—who for unnumbered centuries had hunted in the tangled jungles of Hokkaidō. Six thousand wild bear roam the island. What should I do if on a trail I unexpectedly came face to face with a hungry four-hundred-pound brown bear? I came out of the imagined jungles when the train drew into the station and was astonished at what I saw.

Sapporo was not a primitive village. It was a modern city, not Oriental but an *American* city with characteristic broad avenues, tree-shaded boulevards, parks, tram cars, and buses. The architecture had a New England flavor. In its larger aspects Sapporo, like many of its trees, could have been transplanted from the United States of America to the Island of Hokkaidō to continue growth on an alien soil.

For a moment I was pleased with my disappointment, then (like a woman) thoughts turned toward my wardrobe. I had planned a "roughing it" trip—sleeping under the stars, hiking, climbing, and living in grass huts with the wild hairy people. My clothing consisted mainly of shorts and slacks to which I had hoped to add some of the famous bark *attush* (Ainu robes), but now, in this streamlined, modern city it appeared requirements would be more along the lines of dressing for a week in New York City or some fashionable resort. I wished for the good fairy of Cinderella or Aladdin and his magic lamp. But, I reasoned, perhaps even young Aladdin had his surprises when he polished his wonderful lamp. And so, I marvelled—how had this town off the trade routes and on a remote frontier island achieved this startling transformation? I inquired into the paradox. The answer involved a bit of history and adventure.

A thousand years before the birth of Christ on the opposite side of the globe, the Japanese, who claim direct descent from the Sun

Goddess, rowed over to what is now the Japanese archipelago. They found a group of incredibly beautiful islands anchored in a sapphire sea, but a surprise awaited them. The islands were already inhabited. The Ainu, a sturdy, hirsute race comfortably clad in skins of animals, expert bow-men versed in the use of poisoned arrows, disputed their coming. For centuries they clashed in battle. When the newcomers advanced in the scale of civilization and began to record their thoughts, their early history proved to be as replete with tales of bloody clashes with the hairy Ainu as the text of the Bible is with begats. Centuries drifted by. Warfare changed. The sword replaced the bow and arrow. Still the Ainu defended their land. They became excellent and fearless swordsmen. But—for the aborigines swords were hard to come by. They retreated gradually to the north until finally their last stronghold was Watarishima, present day Hokkaidō. The task of conquering the Ainu, which required six hundred years, was completed toward the end of the ninth century A.D.

It is a remarkable fact that the Ainu, a subject race for a thousand years, have stubbornly maintained their ancient religion, their distinctive language and mode of dress while surrounded and ruled by an alien race.

Japanese had trouble with Ainu place-names then as they do today. They changed Watarishima to Yezo or Ezo in the beginning of their adventure in the north. Some fourteen centuries later, for political reasons Yezo was changed to Hokkaidō, and Hokkaidō it is today.

As Yezo, the Island made its debut in written history in the year 662 A.D. when Abe no Hirafu, an adventurer, explored it and established a garrison in what is now the province of Siribesi on the goose-neck peninsula in the south. Nothing came of his efforts. Emperor after Emperor lived and ascended to Heaven without taking interest in the island in the north. In 1600 Iyeyasu Tokugawa became the ruler of Japan. Except for a small portion allotted to the Imperial House and various religious bodies, over 90 per cent of the entire country was divided among the Tokugawas, their relatives, and favorite generals and lords. This feudal system lasted over 260 years, being quite unparalleled in the history of the world.

During the reign of the Tokuwaga Shogunate, one, Lord Matsumae (a shrewd *diamyo* of noble birth), saw a chance for personal profit in the north. With a swish of a writing brush the Shogun turned the entire island (about the size of Ireland) over to him. His strong coffers soon bulged with gold received from the sale of fishing rights. Thoughts of developing the rich natural resources or of cultivating the level fertile plains did not occur to him.

During the era of feudalism, by a strict adherence to the closed-door policy, the upper classes of the tight little island group enjoyed a period of tranquillity. The common man existed only for exploitation by his betters. Change was undesirable. No person other than a subject of a *diamyo* (lord) was allowed to live in his territory. The penalty for the expression of a new idea or an invention was death. No person was permitted to leave Japan and no Japanese was allowed to return from other countries. This was the situation when Neighbor Russia during a spring cleaning decided to remodel her abode and have a window facing east opening on the Orient. Thoroughly alarmed about the safety of Yezo, the Shogunate took the island from Matsumae and persuaded a number of lords to establish themselves there and maintain an army for the protection of the Island. Half-hearted efforts were made toward colonization. "Fortify the Chain-key to the Northern Gate" became the Government's watchword.

No foregin aggression developed. Russia changed her mind and decided not to bother with that east window after all. The Shogun relented his hasty act and returned the control of Yezo (Hokkaidō) to the selfish Matsumae.

Regarding Yezo, two Americans have cast the fear of the Devil into the Japanese. The first was Commodore Perry. After calling at Uraga, which unwelcomed visit had the effect of ushering in the dawn of a new era in Japan, Perry travelled north and the following year (1854) anchored his fleet of four battleships at Hakodate, the gateway to Yezo Island.

The second American to create a scare was Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, the American aviator who flew north to the Orient by way of Alaska, with the Aleutian Islands serving as stepping stones down to Kamchatka and thence by way of the Japan-owned Kurile

(Chichima) Islands which swing southwestward down to Hokkaidō and Japan proper. His flight clearly demonstrated the possibilities of an air invasion from the north and nobody in Japan was happy about it.

After Perry's visit, Hakodate, at the southern tip of Hokkaidō, was selected as one of two trading ports of Japan, and became the meeting ground for East and West engaged in commerce and trade. The port was barely opened when a reaction set in. An anti-foreign movement developed, bitterly opposed to the opening of trading ports. However, a nation cannot postpone progress forever and far-sighted Japanese statesmen realized Japan's isolation was at an end. It was time to seek for scientific and technical knowledge from the West, especially for the development of the natural resources of Hokkaidō.

This island was to Japan proper what the Far West was to the young American republic—a pioneer land. The sheer size of the Island was frightening to a race devoid of the pioneering spirit, with no knowledge of farming on a scale much larger than a good-sized bed quilt.

The Government evolved a definite plan. It resolved to invite expert advisers from overseas. An Englishman, E. Gaware, advised the adoption of the Western system of mining. Two men from the United States of America were asked to Hokkaidō to study the soil and mining possibilities. Because of anti-foreign agitation the two Americans were forced to withdraw, leaving behind a record of their scholarly investigations. A German merchant managed by a shady contract to secure 2500 acres of land in the suburbs of Hakodate which he cultivated, introducing Western methods. His false contract created an international incident which was settled by the Government confiscating his newly developed land.

Hokkaidō was in the position of a good horse being ridden by some one who knew nothing about horses. The Government muddled along, encountering many problems and suffering hardships. It was not until the fall of the Tokugawa government and the advent of the Meiji Restoration that the plan for opening up the Hokkaidō was looked upon as one of the great undertakings of the new Government. The year 1871 brought about events which

shook the Empire to its foundations with the abolition of the feudal clans, and the establishment of prefectures which ushered in new laws and improvements throughout the mainland of Japan. Serfdom in Japan was abolished just six years after Lincoln proclaimed the slaves free men in America.

On Hokkaidō all the fiefs under the feudal clans were confiscated and the entire island placed under the *Kaitakushi* (office of governor), which had been created in the second year of Meiji (1869). Once again Russia was seen as encroaching. Perhaps she would add that east window facing on the Orient after all. Japan saw the urgent necessity of developing and peopling the virgin soil of Hokkaidō, thus forming a buffer state against an unpredictable neighbor.

Again Japan invited foreign experts to Hokkaidō. Among the outsanding was Horace Capron, descendant of pious puritans and hero of the American Civil War. The invitation came when Capron was at the height of his popularity, occupying the chair of Agriculture in the United States Government under President Grant. Capron was sixty years of age, but the idea of coming to Hokkaidō to establish an ideal community so strongly appealed to his imagination that he resigned his position with the Washington government and sailed for Japan.

His first act was to establish in Tokyo a garden where imported plants and animals to be transplanted or domesticated were examined and tested before being introduced into the Hokkaidō. Capron then sent two assistants to Hokkaidō for provisional investigation. They reported that the "climate and soil might be compared with those of the richest in the United States." Their only fear was of insufficient heat during the summer for growth of agricultural products.

It was a tremendous undertaking. Railways had to be built, mining developed, public lands distributed, homestead laws established, cities laid out, schools built, machinery, stock, and plants introduced. The scheme progressed. Of the seventy-six foreigners employed since the appointment of Capron, forty-six were from the United States. Capron and his group accomplished pioneer work. Unfortunately, during the second year after the opening of the Hokkaidō (1873), Japan had affairs more pressing than colonization. It was

discontinued. At the end of the fourth year (1875) Capron returned to his homeland.

This was the beginning of the colonization, which has progressed intermittently during the ensuing seventy years.

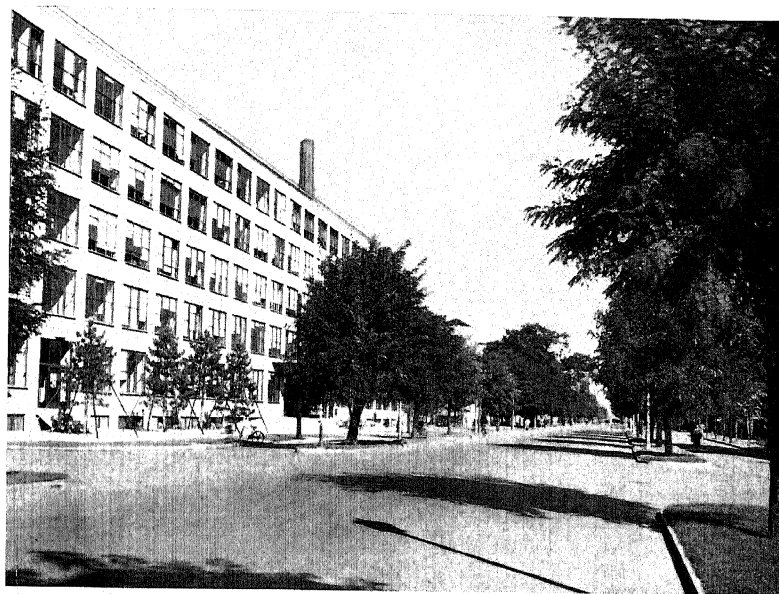
The Sapporo which so surprised me was just one of the many imprints left by the Yankees. Like New Delhi in India, the chosen site for the capital was situated on a broad fertile plateau. Like Delhi, Sapporo had been planned and built from scratch. The city planner (an American engineer using Washington, D. C. as his model) laid out the city with streets running north and south and east and west, intersecting at right angles. Avenues cut diagonally across them. The Ginza of Sapporo was a four-lane street shaded by trees planted in parking strips. There were delightful little tree-shaded parks and circles, gay with blossoming flowers.

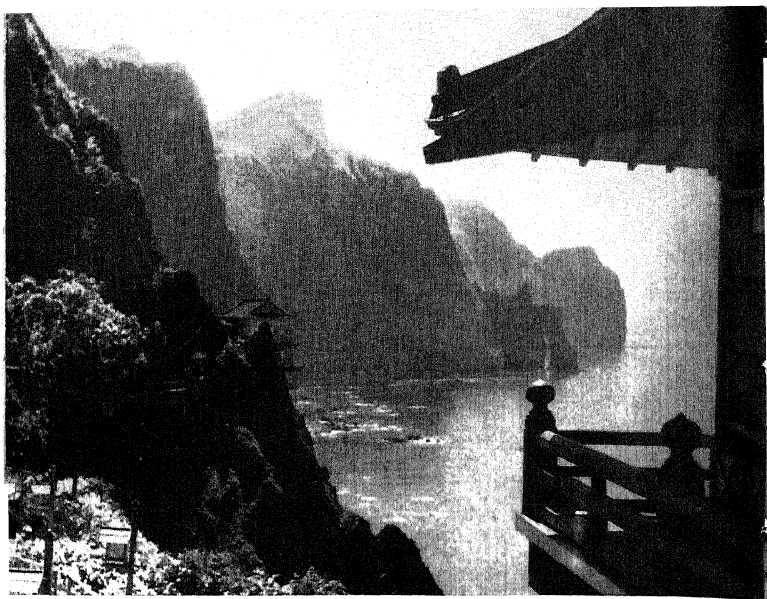
The many large foreign-style buildings made of cement, brick, or stone added a note of prosperity. The Sapporo Hotel, a fine five-story hostelry, catered to a hybrid clientele. There were both Japanese and foreign-style rooms and food. An American grill served foreign food turned out by a quality chef. Large buildings housing the government offices reminded me of our own national capital. The handsome buildings of the Agricultural College and the stately elm trees added a New England flavor. Indeed the college, established in 1876, was actually modelled after the Massachusetts Agricultural College. In seeking a foreign expert to set up the college, the *Kaitakushi* selected Doctor W. S. Clark, president of the Massachusetts institution. Doctor Clark came to Japan on a leave of absence, with high hopes of accomplishing in one year what ordinary men might require two years to do. His actual service lasted only eight months (1876) but his lofty ideals, dynamic personality and zeal in the undertaking left a lasting impression in the minds of those young men and women who came in contact with him. He taught that spirit was more important than matter in starting a new life in this far northern island. Twice while travelling on Hokkaidō I heard Doctor Clark's famous words in his farewell speech quoted.

"Boys, be ambitious!" These were radical words in the ears of



The Agricultural College, Sapporo, Hokkaidō.





Scenic West Coast of Hokkaidō near Otaru lies just two hundred miles off the coast of Siberia, north of Vladivostok.



commoners so recently serfs. Doctor Clark saw the need of reforming the mode of living among the colonists. Hokkaidō with its Siberian winters was no place for silken kimonos and unheated paper and matchwood houses. He urged the equipping of dwellings as well as military camps with fire-heating systems and glass windows. He suggested the adoption of a meat diet and woollen clothing. The governor himself, after a visit to Saghalien and Siberia, admitted the necessity for introducing among the colonists "cold proof houses with heating systems, and the use of snow sleighs for transportation," as suggested by Capron and Clark.

It was the influence of these Yankees who came to Hokkaidō three quarters of a century ago which gave to Sapporo as well as to other towns of Hokkaidō a distinctive type of architecture, plan of streets and parks, method of farming and mining so unlike the Oriental.

Hokkaidō is to the Japanese of today what Alaska is to an American—a vast, remote, sparsely-settled land of forests and mountains, unspeakably cold in winter. Everything considered, he hasn't any business there and very little desire to learn about the land. To him Hokkaidō connotes butter for the simple reason that 90 per cent of the butter produced in Japan is churned on Hokkaidō. His share of the five million pounds of butter fat shipped from the Island is something tangible. If he hears of a friend making a trip to the north, he thinks of butter.

"Please bring me five kilos of butter," he requests.

The tourist thinks of Hokkaidō in terms of cheese. Hokkaidō cheese labelled as such appears regularly on the menus of resort hotels throughout the Empire. Not knowing exactly what "Hokkaidō" means, the traveller samples the cheese and finds it delicious. He inquires about Hokkaidō and learns that it is an island. Knowledge stops there.

When I stepped out of the railway station, I was pleasantly impressed with the vista before me. I instinctively filled my lungs with the tangy air. Hokkaidō atmosphere was energizing. However, Japanese travellers look upon Sapporo as a "white elephant," its

face is alien, its character un-Japanese. They prefer the Oriental impress.

"My, this is an American town!" exclaimed Matsuishi, a graduate of a university in the U. S. A., glancing about him. He did not mean to imply that he thought it good.

A *jidoshi* (taxi) took us to the hotel where a half-pint page boy opened the door smartly and two uniformed girls took possession of my camera and bag. By the time I registered my name, age, occupation, address, purpose of being in the country and length of proposed visit, the police had arrived and were waiting in the lobby to question me. I found it so annoying to have to write details of my personal history on a hotel register for all and sundry to read, I solaced myself by varying my reports. I had developed quite an interesting and chequered past by the time I left. Any one examining the hotel registers in Japan can trace not only my travels but the barometer of my energy level.

My hotel room was orthodox foreign style, with the usual bed, dresser, wardrobe, table, and chair. The bath was modified Japanese. A white tiled tub was just long enough to sit in with my knees tucked beneath my chin, just wide enough for the body and deep enough to allow the hot water to slosh over into my ears when I sat in the position of a mummy in a jar, soaking myself. The tub rested upon a slatted platform and there were small wooden tubs for dousing the body after soaping and scrubbing before entering the tub. In Japan the hotel supplies guests with kimonos and soft slippers. For wear in the bathroom there was a pair of stilted wooden clogs. I followed the custom and changed to slippers upon entering my room, and to clogs upon entering the bath.

Elevator service was speedy, there was a key desk on each floor and valet service. My room with bath was *Yen* 5 (\$1.20), valet service for pressing a frock, \$0.08—prices to delight the heart of a vagabond. At lunch in the grill I noticed that the majority of the guests were well-dressed Japanese men in foreign-style clothing. Most of them ate foreign food, using knives and forks and plates instead of chopsticks and bowls. New ideas thrive best in a pioneer land.

Immediately following luncheon, reporters came to interview me.

I expressed genuine enthusiasm for Hokkaidō, disclaimed any interest in political matters, international relations or the China Affair. Matsuishi interpreted. The papers came out with the statement that I was sure the Japanese would win in China. One youth whom I mistook for a reporter was a gendarme. I was eager to see the town and when the reporters left the gendarme remained. We set out to see the University. Through a broad gate we entered a grassy park with a small lake with ducks peacefully swimming among the water-lilies. A group of men seated on the grass in the shade of a tree appeared to be an outdoor botany class. When we came before the building, three of my companions went inside. The fourth remained with me. We walked about the park. We walked up and down the street until the group of men who were not botanists but policemen became suspicious of our actions. Still Matsuishi, Nagata and the gendarme did not return.

After waiting an hour, and hoping they'd all been arrested and thrown in prison, I went for a look at the shops and later to call upon the English missionary, the erudite Doctor John Batchelor, an authority on the Ainu language.

During their visit to the police station (which I thought was the university) the Chief outlined to Matsuishi, Nagata and the gendarme the restrictions that were to be imposed upon me during my meanderings around Hokkaidō, which they had no intention of permitting to be meanderings. No one told me what they were.

Nagata, a nice-looking pleasant youth two years out of school, was a representative of the railway. On behalf of his company he gave a Chinese dinner party of welcome for me in the evening. It was a dinner to my liking—fifteen courses served Chinese style in bowls. We sat on square cushions on the floor around a foot-high circular red lacquered table in a room in the Japanese section of the Sapporo Grand Hotel.

In explaining the presence of two police, Nagata said, "I thought it best to invite the local gendarmerie. It is safer."

Of course I believe in taking no unnecessary risks myself. I remember the Corporal, a tall man with sullen face, thick lips, and cropped coarse black hair which stood up like stubble above a high

dark forehead, because he was a perfect Hollywood version of a gangster. He fanned himself gently with a collapsible pink fan which he carried in his vest pocket when he needed a free hand for action with his sword. His name was Tall Willow.

Keita, a handsome college-bred youth attached to the local Bureau who had to leave the party early to catch a last train for Otaru, told me the following day of being caught in a downpour and suffering a tragedy. The dampness transformed his *sufu* trousers into knee breeches. I liked Keita, a young man timid about speaking English. We always started off in the pleasantest sort of manner, but invariably our meeting ended violently. To him a feminine vagabond was a wild animal. I planned to travel throughout Hokkaidō and the railway suggested that I enlist his aid in mapping my trip. In the meantime he had been confidentially instructed to prevent my travelling off the orthodox route.

All my suggestions met with the simple statement, "Ah it is difficult."

I gained the impression that he knew little or nothing about Hokkaidō. Nothing was too difficult for me to at least attempt. I decided the less I saw of this charming young man the farther I would go. My intuition was correct. But a Government Tourist Bureau and a Police Department are like a bad reputation. You cannot shake them at will.

Chapter Seven

AN ERUDITE MISSIONARY

I was not in a very reverent mood when I left Keita near the police station and walked several blocks to the home of the Venerable Doctor John Batchelor in the heart of the city. His was a double-story foreign house set in a garden, the windows half hidden by red rambler roses. Inside it was pure Victorian.

A kindly middle-aged woman with English accent to match the interior greeted me. Her uncle, the Venerable Doctor, would be down presently.

"He is getting on in years and finds it necessary to sleep a lot," she explained. She herself had come out from England to be with him after his wife had passed away, and the European War held them both on Hokkaidō where she had been engaged in assisting her uncle in the writing of his autobiography.

Presently her uncle, leaning on his cane, came downstairs and entered the Victorian parlor. Clad in gray he looked his eighty-seven years of age, although he appeared spry and healthy. He shook hands and sat down next me. The Ainu servant brought in a tray containing tea and an English tea service.

I knew that Doctor Batchelor had received the very high distinction of being made an honorary member of the government of Hokkaidō, and had been rewarded with a pension in recognition of his work in compiling an Ainu dictionary. He first came in contact with the Ainu as a young layman in the year 1877. A gentleman of the old school, he wore a white beard which reached beyond his chest, the hair growing sparsely on his cheeks but more vigorously on his chin. Weary, faded blue eyes lighted with a twinkle when he spoke.

I at once sensed the medical man, Doctor Munro, and Batchelor, the Doctor of Divinity, were not in complete agreement on several points concerning the aborigines and I endeavored to steer a diplomatic course. He was astute, hospitable and as we sipped tea

brought from England he seemed to be smiling up his ancient sleeve.

"There are no pure Ainu any more," he said. "I doubt that you will find a single one. It is impossible to get among them with an interpreter."

I privately resolved to leave Matsuishi behind in some comfortable *yadoya*. On the whole Doctor Batchelor was uncommunicative, gave me no helpful information about travelling on Hokkaidō and volunteered no introductions to Ainu friends. In fact he rather enjoyed discouraging me, though he did it in a charming manner. Age usually envies youth, but not Doctor Batchelor. He was independent and detached. His work on earth was finished to his satisfaction. He could observe humanity objectively, actually enjoy his necessarily limited time on earth.

A few days later Doctor Batchelor and his niece returned my visit. This time he was more talkative. Anthropologists do not agree upon the origin of the Ainu. Doctor Batchelor is certain that the Ainu are Caucasians who came across Siberia, down the Amur River and crossed to the Islands.

"My theory is based upon the Ainu place-names," he said. "I believe the Ainu came from the north and were found in the south of Japan by the Japanese. According to modern scientific research it appears almost certain that Japanese tribes lived on these islands at least as early as 2000 B.C. It seems probable that yellow folk from the mainland of Asia, the natives of some southern islands and a white-skinned race from the northwest drifted to the Japanese islands where they found a milder climate and more fertile soil than in their homelands. The Ainu were pushed north by the Japanese."

Doctor Batchelor came to Hokkaidō with the opening of the Island and knew every one of importance who had ever been there. He recalled Isabelle L. Bird, an early vagabonding English female who wrote *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* published in London in 1880. Eighteen hundred and eighty was early for any woman to be trekking around the world alone. I was eager to know what sort of a person Isabelle was.

"Miss Bird was a plump, determined Englishwoman, short and stumpy, who made a horseback trip along the southern coast of

Hokkaidō. She had nerve, and her books are quite good and accurate," he said, his eyes twinkling at remembrance of a chubby English lass on horseback sixty years ago. He was then a handsome young theologian of twenty-seven years.

"Then you must have known Savage Landor who wrote a book called *Alone With the Hairy Ainu*, some sixty or seventy years ago," I said. Time was as nothing to this current Methuselah. "I remember the drawings of the hairy men," I added.

"Oh, yes . . . yes, I knew him. He was an artist, not a writer," he replied, his agile mind leaping a span of sixty-three years. "He was quite a good artist, too, but he put a little too much hair on his figures in order to sell them." A movement in the bristle on his cheeks indicated he was smiling. "The only true statement in Landor's book is where he speaks of me as the 'venerable erudite missionary,'" he said, with a twinkle in his faded blue eyes.

I wished to know more about Landor and Bird. They were vagabond figures treading the pages of dusty history and he knew them personally. But Doctor Batchelor had stepped farther back into the past century, back to the time when, an eager youth of nineteen years, he travelled from Yokohama to Hokkaidō. He was three weeks in a sailing vessel, a lone passenger on a boat that carried a captain, a mate, and one sailor.

My appetite was whetted for a tale of Hokkaidō as he found it in his youth, but my friend's thoughts drifted to the subject of Ainu place-names in southern Japan, upon which he was an authority.

"There is a famous hot mineral springs resort in south Japan called Unzen. *Unzen* is an Ainu name meaning hot mineral water. *Ainomura* is a village near Unzen. It is an Ainu word meaning Ainu village. *Fuji no Yama* (Fujiyama) is Ainu meaning 'mountain which belongs to Fuji or ancestress (old lady).' She is worshipped every day in Ainu huts as the Goddess of Fire. Then there is *Jozankei*," he continued.

I was keenly interested in the mention of this word, for it was a hot springs resort an hour by tram from Sapporo. I planned to go there the following day.

"*Jozankei* means strong current. It is not taken from the name of a priest as writers state," said Doctor Batchelor. "*Kei* in Ainu

means place. A priest came there and liked it. He took his name from the hot springs." He enjoyed debunking the priest story. He detailed a number of Ainu words used as place-names in the south of Japan to show the Ainu had once lived there. He is considered one of two great authorities on the Ainu. The other is Doctor K. Kindaichi, a Tokyo Imperial University professor.

Doctor Batchelor's niece showed me the manuscript on his unpublished autobiography. It should be excellent source material on early Hokkaidō.

This aged scholar was strictly a nineteenth-century man, and his ideas about women were of that century. For an American female to go pottering around Ainu villages was foolish and ought to be discouraged. I began to realize that any few facts I might come by would be by dint of my own persistence and not through anybody's aid or suggestions. Every new policeman or local inhabitant added to my list of acquaintances was just one more obstacle for me to overcome. If I continued to make new acquaintances I would not learn a thing.

Doctor Batchelor has done much for the aborigines. He has recorded their customs in a thick volume, he gave them a written language. Like other scholars he is more interested in preserving the Ainu for posterity than in alleviating the suffering of those living today.

After sixty years of residence in Japan, the Japanese know that the missionary is loyal, but they just can't let themselves go in the matter of trusting a foreigner. Before the patriarch of almost ninety years of age can travel beyond the environs of Sapporo, he too is required to obtain a permit from the police.

Chapter Eight

JOZANKEI SPA

It was raining when we set out for Jozankei Spa by motor car early in the morning. The tram made the trip in an hour, but we preferred a more luxurious mode of travel. By the time we reached the outskirts of Sapporo nature relented, skies brightened, and we had a clear day, June style weather at its best. It was so pleasant that I did not even mind that we had Tall Willow's chief with us.

Born with a permanent interest in my surroundings, and a curiosity which might be roughly compared with that of the Elephant's Child in exaggerated form, being a writer and therefore a trained observer, all of my actions were unfortunately such as to arouse the Chief's suspicions.

The dirt road ran along a valley parallel with the shallow Toyohira River, its deep gulch spanned by several suspension bridges. The wooded heights on either side of the valley were topped with an outcropping of granite cliffs screened by nature with a shroud of mists. The valley flattened out and patches had been cleared of maples, elms, beeches and a tangle of vines and undergrowth, and the land had been terraced and tailored into square plots surrounded by foot-high grassy bunds. Each flooded rice paddy reflected the sunlight like a quadrilateral mirror. *Fuki* plants with giant geraniumlike leaves grew along the little bunds and in the drainage ditch on either side of the road. Horned, fat, red cattle grazed contentedly in pastures. A dozen large roan horses, tethered singly along the roadside busily grazing, snorted and reared on their hind legs at our approach. We passed bean patches where the vines had already topped the fifteen-foot poles, and their tendrils dangled gracefully in the air searching for something to lift them heavenward. Strawberry bushes grew luxuriant foliage and bore berries as large as some I saw in Alaska, where, according to a native of

the north, a single strawberry was sufficient for a dessert. There were green acres of unripe grain and cabbage patches fit for Mrs. Wiggs herself. On the slopes of the valley, which were too steep for cultivation of vegetables, the earth had been cleared and acre patches of white Shasta daisies dotted the hillsides and came down and were wedged in between the petite vegetable gardens and flooded rice paddies. The daisies blossomed not for the butterflies nor the honey bees, but for the mosquitoes. They were used in making flit.

Had a "travelling police" halted and questioned me as to what I saw on my trip to the Spa, my answer would have shocked him.

"Cultivated fields, horses, cattle, a small power plant perched high on the mountain, a copper refinery above a small village at the foot of the hill to the left, modern factory buildings, dwelling houses in the villages so un-Japanese in appearance because they had *shingled* roofs instead of tiled, tin, or thatched, small children clad in foreign-style clothing, women in *mompei* (overpants worn by women in the fields) over their kimono—that is what I saw."

"Well, if you are not a spy, there is talent being wasted," his answer might well have been.

After a few involuntary remarks upon the beauty of the scenery, the unfavorable reactions expressed by the Chief's back stifled my enthusiasm.

Jozankei Spa on the Toyohira River was near the end of the wooded valley where hot springs bubbled from the foot of the mountains and formed a shallow river, a perfect trout stream for fish with asbestos scales. From a high point, we had a lovely panorama of the hot springs resort. Japanese style houses and inns were half hidden by the natural woodland which marched right down to the banks of the stream. A hundred-foot oblong concrete pool built in the river bed was a huge mirror reflecting the blue of the Hokkaidō sky.

We descended, crossed a wooden bridge spanning the Toyohira, drew up before the Jozankei *Yadoya* and entered through a small garden whose splashing fountain gave accent to a joyous welcome. A half a hundred pairs of assorted footgear—leather shoes, clogs, and dainty painted sandals—stood in a straight row at the entrance

to the building waiting for their owners to come out and claim them. My I. Miller wedgies took their place in the line while I donned soft sandals and shuffled along the polished hardwood corridors and up the stairs to a charming suite on the third floor overlooking the river. My apartment was an elaborate one with alcoves, moon windows, and sliding paper walls. The maid removed the wall overlooking the stream, thus throwing open one entire side of the room; the sun poured in and directly below to the right through rising steam, a pool some fifty by one hundred and fifty feet was faintly outlined.

A *yadoya* knows no dining room. The guest's room serves as living, sleeping, and eating room. Even the soft sandals are not worn on the *tatami*. I stepped out of them in the little entrance way, and when the maid went out she reversed the sandals for my convenience. The room was simply furnished with a telephone, a scroll, a screen and flower arrangement and chess board. That was all. The maid added to this, bringing for my use a Japanese woman's dressing table. It was of yellow maple, six inches high and a foot wide, complete with petite drawers and mirror tall enough to enable a lady seated on the floor to view the topmost curve of her high, oiled, looped coiffure. I was kneeling before the dresser trying it out when the maid returned with a flat bamboo basket containing a striped cotton kimono and sash, and a naked screen for use as a towel rack, and also to hang my clothing upon.

I had promised to join my companions in the bath, giving little thought to that singular native institution as I changed into a brief latex bathing suit. Throwing the striped kimono on I slipped and skidded down highly polished stairs to the spa on the ground floor and entered the women's dressing room. The walls were honey-combed with cubbyholes for guests to deposit kimono and valuables while enjoying the pleasures of the bath. Japanese women entered, leaving slippers on the threshold. Each cast a surprised look at me. I removed my kimono, folded it neatly and placed it in a compartment. I watched the women. With a *tengu* (narrow length of printed *sufu*) held modestly before them the fragile creatures minced daintily down the three steps and made an entrance into the large circular-domed bath. The steam-filled room contained

many sunken pools and a splashing waterfall. Doors and windows extending to the ceiling were open, revealing vistas of the garden and outdoor pool. I watched and hesitated.

In this nudist spa, clad in brief trunks and bra, I was decidedly overdressed. Solomon himself would not have been able to decide which required the greater nerve: to enter a Japanese public bath wearing a scrap of a garment; to enter nude; or to refuse to enter when expected.

I stepped into the room, went directly to one of the faucets along the wall, squatted before it and began soaping myself as I saw other women doing. All about me nude men, women, and children squatted or sat on low stools completely absorbed in washing their ears and necks and scrubbing their backs, dipping water from the tiled pools and pouring it over their bodies. In the large pools only heads were visible. Floating like corks on the surface they resembled the day's work of an executioner.

While I was busy with my soaping, my gentlemen friends entered. Selfishly thinking only of myself, I had not considered the dilemma of my companions. They would rather die than appear before fellow-Japanese bathers in anything more than their skins, yet courtesy to a foreign lady demanded they cover up their nakedness with at least a gee string. I never knew clothing could prove so embarrassing. The young woman squatting next me dropped her soap, gasped and left off laving her breasts when she saw Matsuishi coming down the steps followed by Nagata and Keita, each neatly attired in white gee strings. A gee string is no larger, and far less artistic, but it is more efficient than a fig leaf. Yet they would not have attracted more attention if they had entered the bath clad in ankle-length ruffled lace panties and raccoon coats. Heads in the pools turned to look as if drawn by a magnet; bathers left off scrubbing themselves, children pointed. The Chief came last. No one noticed him. He was nude, his *tengu* knotted jauntily about his forehead. Every pair of slant eyes in the room stared in surprise and indignation at the clothed culprits.

To be a participant in a nude riot on a soapy, slippery tiled floor near overly convenient pools of boiling water would not have been dignified or desirable. I made as deliberate an exit as I could

through the door opening into the garden, ran along the cat-walk to the far end of the pool and plunged in . . . and leapt out at once. The steaming water was not intended for swimming, and furthermore my rubber suit was not designed for hot water. Those in the know stand quietly neck deep and soak. Nude bathers holding *tengu* before them came out and observed me as they would a freak six-trunked elephant crashing about in a gift shop. With utmost resignation I gave up the idea of a bath and lay on the grass in the sun.

After the bath, luncheon was served in my apartment. We dined seated on the floor eating from individual lacquered trays on legs, each containing a complete luncheon in colorful bowls, and a pair of chopsticks. There was soup made from tiny white bait, fresh sliced *dai-kkon* (Japanese radish), a petite cord of half-cooked spinach with a piquant sauce over it, a blue bowl containing chopped chicken with vegetables, and a dish of broiled salmon. The serving maid presided over the teapot and rice tub—a two-gallon wooden container bound in brass. Rice is the bread of Japan, and when the meal was finished the tub was empty. Conversation, a foreign custom, does not add to the pleasures of the rice bowl and therefore was omitted.

It is the custom in hot springs resort villages for kimono-clad guests to stroll in the streets after the bath. The Chief had no inhibitions about promenading without his uniform. We walked five abreast. Our striped kimono and clogs proclaimed us guests of the Jozankei *Yadoya*—the best in the village. But one can't swagger on clogs. We paid respects before the little red lacquer temple at the end of our street with its golden prayer rope swaying in the breeze, and climbed the wooded hill to return by a back trail.

This route landed us unexpectedly in somebody's back yard right against a pen on stilts containing a large snarling black bear. It was a small Ainu settlement. The round-eyed youngsters playing before the thatched houses resembled Hawaiians. Two Ainu men seated beneath a leanto worked at carving small bears from blocks of wood. This was my first glimpse of an aborigine and it was disappointing. Where was his long bushy beard? What about the thick hair on his body? Both young men were clean shaven and

wore their thick hair clipped short in the Japanese style. They were clad in loose trousers and shirts.

A lively, playful bear cub, willing to take on all comers for a boxing bout, was at the moment engaged in wrestling with a German police dog. This small humorous animal was a fire eater. Eagerly he pounced upon lighted cigarettes, chewing them while smoke issued from his mouth. He scorned the unlighted ones. The burning tobacco was sweet.

A rather handsome woman clad in kimono, her thick black hair done in a bun at the nape of her neck, invited us to her thatched house to meet her grandfather. In the dark interior an old man, totally blind, sat Buddha fashion on a raised platform at one end of the long room industriously carving coat hangers and trinkets. He laboriously fashioned miniature buckets hanging from the top of chopsticks made from a single piece of wood. Later in a shop I saw his wares for sale. The coat hanger carved on both sides together with a pair of chopsticks retailed for the equivalent of thirteen cents.

At ninety years of age this Ainu possessed a full head of hair, bobbed shoulder length, and a long white wavy beard. His slight figure reminded me of a dried-up locust with an oversized head. Fearing the modern Ainu, like the Bolsheviki, had become razor-conscious, I asked him to pose that I might record his beard. When I suggested paying him a *Yen*, the woman bestirred herself. She decked him in a chief's ceremonial robes, with a *sabombe* (crown worn by a chief), a sword swinging at his waist and placed a sacred willow *inao* in his right hand. I was astonished at the change wrought. Clad in his chiefly raiment the old man assumed the demeanor of a leader, his every movement expressed dignity. His granddaughter's attitude changed from one of toleration to deference. Recalling the episode of the bath, I could but reflect upon the humor of dress. The Chief's soiled and tattered robe commanded respect; the brief but over-dressed gee string garb of my friends in the bath got them laughed at. Such is the power of a scrap of linen over the Lords of Creation.

In earlier days many Ainu lived and hunted in the forests surrounding Jozankei, but as the Japanese crowded in and developed

the hot springs, they retreated farther into the interior. The three families of aborigines I met were in the same category as the Seminole Indians I saw living in a show village near Miami, Florida. They were induced to live in Jozankei by the authorities so that travellers who had never seen a real live aborigine could view the genuine creatures and tell the folks back home all about the life and habits of the Ainu.

The two great attractions of Hokkaidō for the outsider are the colorful, mysterious race of bear worshippers and the wealth of hot springs. The latter appeal to the sensual side of man while the former, an enigmatic race clinging to a pagan religion and to customs of a thousand years ago, prick his imagination.

Pleased with my first encounter with the aborigines, I enjoyed the stroll. I was discovering myself, too. Given half a chance the human mind will adjust itself to a given situation. By now, so accustomed was I to appearing in public in kimono I was no longer conscious of my unconventional (to me) garb. Returning to the *yadoya*, we left the clogs at the entrance, and before returning to Sapporo enjoyed one more steam bath. Once I adopted, all-out, the native customs I thoroughly enjoyed the thermal pools. For the first time I had a real understanding of the reason the old Romans held the Institution of the Bath in such high esteem. A clean breeze had swept away a few mental cobwebs.

As we drove past the fertile fields and flooded rice paddies, along the rushing river, with a vista of the mountains rimming the plains stretching beyond, I was more enthusiastic than ever about the possibilities of this pioneer land.

"If I were a young Japanese, I certainly would leave the overcrowded south and come to Hokkaidō to begin life, I observed. Nagata and Matsuishi winced.

"It's all right for two or three days, just for a visit. Living here would be very boring." While Matsuishi felt to see if his short moustache was tidy, brushed it in either direction with his forefinger, the horror of such a fate dawned upon him. "Oh, my, I should say so!"

"But look at all the space, and think of the opportunities for a young man," I pursued the subject.

Nagata smiled tolerantly and said, "No . . . no . . . I wouldn't like it. It is fine for a holiday, but I prefer to live in the city." He had a life-time berth with the Government-owned railway with steady promotions assured, employee benefits and security.

"You wouldn't have to be farmers. There are many businesses and official positions." I put forth another argument.

"I like Hokkaidō," said Keita who had remained in thoughtful silence.

The two Tokyo men could not understand his attitude, but I could. The people of Japan proper have more or less the narrow outlook of a New Englander, while those living on Hokkaidō might be compared with the Westerners in the United States. By accustoming themselves to the wide open spaces and to a radically different climate, the Japanese settlers on Hokkaidō have not only changed their diet and mode of dress, but also their method of thought.

Chapter Nine

SAPPORO . . . PEARLS ON THEIR TEETH

Sapporo, the capital, was certainly unique among Oriental cities and I set about to explore it. Although I intended to return perhaps several times during my travels, from long experience as a traveller I have learned that it is rarely a mistake to crowd in as much fun as possible on the first visit. The future is usually shrouded in an aura of uncertainty.

Like New Orleans, Sapporo is situated near the mouth of the longest river on Hokkaidō. Reaching like tentacles of an octopus, branches of the Isikara River drain northern, southern and central Hokkaidō as far as the eastern extremity of the Daisetuzan National Park which contains the chief mountain range. The various streams become one near Ebetu and veer at a right angle and flow to the northwest and empty into Isikara Bay a few miles north of Sapporo. The Isikari plains match the best land in the New World in fertility. It is the custom of Hokkaidō to look with raised eyebrows upon the capital. "It is un-Japanese . . . it is a white elephant . . . its cost was a waste of funds . . . it is merely a place for training officials . . ." I agreed with the last charge. Hokkaidō has certainly reached the saturation point with these parasites. But no one can say in truth that it is not an ideal site for the capital of the newly opened frontier island.

Beneath its foreign exterior Sapporo was pure Japanese. The large five-story department store was arranged like any New York or Tokyo department store. It was complete with bargain basement, tea room and beauty parlor. But the goods for sale were exotic and oriental.

I accompanied Miss Andrews and Doctor Batchelor to a rose exhibition held on the third floor. Many of the flowers were as familiar as old friends. There were fragrant yellow Marechal Niel roses, the red rambler, clusters of mossy looking Seven Sisters, the

long-stemmed American Beauty. But many were unfamiliar, including several almost odorless white roses as large as medium-sized cabbages. Local rose fanciers had developed entirely new strains by cross breeding and grafting. One exhibitor presented each of us with a prize-winning yellow flower.

Women are sisters under the powder. A section of the department store catered to woman's demand for cosmetics to enhance her beauty. There were perfumes, powders, and a great variety of attractively labelled jars of face creams to choose from. I could not tell one from another for the labels were for the most part in Japanese characters. There was a time when the manufacturers of beauty preparations were required by law to include an English translation on their labels. Many left off using Japanese, thus giving the impression the product was imported. Not one Japanese woman in ten thousand reads English. Angered by the action of the manufacturers, the Bureau forbade the use of English labels on future manufactures.

I paid a visit to the beauty parlor, a large department with modern equipment and an international personnel. More than a dozen chairs ranged around the mirrored walls of a long salon. It was late and there was not time for a wave. While a Frenchman trimmed my hair I watched with envy two men at the far end of the room. They were each having a marcel done with long slim curling irons no larger than a lead pencil. A Japanese woman in kimono, her coiffure in three oiled loops and a high topknot entered, took the chair next to me and gave her order.

"Now," I thought, "I will see just what technique they use to make the hair stand up so high and stay in place." I was disappointed. She had not come for a hair do. "Oh, just a facial," I thought and turned to watch the men being marcelled. When I glanced in her direction again the attendant had tipped her chair at an angle, placed a towel across her silken bosom and lathered her face. I saw him whip out an old-fashioned razor, the throat-cutting kind used in southern feuds. Nonchalantly he shaved the lady. That was all she wanted, just a shave. She paid him and departed. So that was how Japanese women maintained their smooth blossom-textured cheeks.

On the streets the men and children wore foreign-style clothing and leather shoes, while the women, with an eye for beauty and grace, clung to their native dress and coiffure.

In a small flower-bordered park, with a bronzed statue as the central motif, I stopped to enjoy the azaleas. On a pole above me a Government-owned radio loudspeaker, enclosed in a bamboo bird-cage, blared forth news, propaganda and music sixteen hours a day and there was no means of shutting it off. A trick copied from the noisy Moscow Communists, it was a serpent in Eden, for the Japanese are a quiet, sensitive, and artistic race who delight in flower-viewing.

Along the concrete sidewalk, half hidden by the foliage, little shops with one entire side open to the street displayed their wares—fruit, shoes, luggage, curios, cameras. There was almost every type of specialty shop. I entered a shoe shop to have a worn leather heel repaired. The shop had no leather. Other repair shops were in the same position. The leather shortage was acute and I did not find a shop with a piece of leather to mend my run-over heel. Only then did I observe that the luggage shops contained imitation leather and canvas bags.

In a curio shop I saw several very old and dirty Ainu costumes on coat hangers in the rear of the store. One made of elm bark was tagged *Yen* 75. This was greater than the cost of a handsome silk kimono. In another shop a double string of Ainu beads with wooden pendant was priced at *Yen* 150. A small wooden tobacco box used by some ancient aborigine was so highly prized that the shop owner would not part with it. An old sword with loose handle was valued at several hundred *Yen*. A stone hollowed out square used for mixing poison at *Yen* 8. I began to be somewhat confused about the Ainu.

I needed some undiluted information as background before going to the southern coast to live with the aborigines. Yet I found the snaring of a few facts concerning the Ainu about as difficult as trapping a mess of will-o'-wisps. I was therefore delighted to make the acquaintance of three scientific men—Doctor T. Inukai, director of the Ainu Museum, Doctor S. Kodama, anthropologist, and Doc-

tor Fosco Mariani, a brilliant young Italian attached to the staff of the Hokkaidō University on a research grant from Italy. All were interested in the Ainu and all spoke English.

Had I entertained any idea of robbing the museum when I went to call upon Doctor Inukai, my plans were foiled. Tall Willow insisted upon accompanying me.

Doctor Inukai, a tall, scholarly professor, welcomed me to the Museum, which houses the largest collection of Ainu relics extant. He had spent some time studying the hunting methods and weapons and poisons used by the Ainu. After observing their boats, clothing, personal decorations, household utensils, and houses, it seemed to me that the Ainu were a cross between the tropical Hawaiians and the arctic Laplanders. Whereas the Hawaiians plucked yellow feathers from the *Oo* birds and wove them into gorgeous ankle-length capes, now valued at a million dollars each, the Ainu, living in a colder climate, fashioned their garments parka style from the feathered skins of birds. Their long hollowed-out log canoes were similar to the Hawaiian war canoes, each of which seated forty feather-clad warriors.

In travelling by reindeer in Lapland the reindeer skin fur *paesk* I wore there could have been lifted from the back of any old-time Ainu. The material and design were the same. Both Ainu and Lapp wore moccasins made of deerskin stuffed with hay. When skins were not to be had, they substituted salmon skin.

I saw old Ainu bows and arrows, swords, unique traps for animals, and *ikubashi* (sacred libation stick) by the hundreds. Each was carved with a distinctive pattern. Doctor Inukai showed me an excellent collection of beads in double strings with round pendants three or four inches in diameter made of pewter or wood. The backs of the pendants were polished and used by comely women as mirrors.

It tickled my fancy to imagine an Ainu beauty of two thousand years ago emerging from her underground home, giving her face the once over in the mirror to see that her tattooed mustache was as blue and attractive as ever, before setting out to hoe her husband's nearby corn patch.

"The strings of beads worn by today's Ainu women came origi-

nally from Manchuria and Siberia," said the good Doctor, fingering an especially fine display of carnelian, blue and white beads. "They were used as a medium of exchange under the barter system of economy."

The Ainu was not as streamlined and graceful in appearance as the American Indian. He was more topheavy with a stocky torso and oversized head. His bow and arrow were of the same general pattern. However, I dare say an Indian could outshoot an Ainu in a tournament. Although they lived by the chase, the Ainu did not have to be an accurate shot. It was not necessary to send an arrow winging to a bear's heart in order to kill him. The hunter had more leeway because his arrow, skillfully constructed, had a small groove at the point filled with a poisoned paste. A mere prick of the arrow killed within fifteen minutes. It was a two-edged weapon, for the hunter knew no antidote for the poison. Every hunter manufactured his own lethal dose from an herb which grows freely on the island. He tested its strength on the tip of his tongue. The more numb the tongue became, the greater the strength of the poison.

In the early days an outsider wandered in the jungles of Hokkaidō at his peril. The danger of death from upsetting a poisoned trap was even greater than from an actual encounter with ferocious wild bear. Man's only possible means of saving his life when accidentally injured by a poisoned arrow was to immediately cut generous hunks of flesh from around the wound before the poison spread.

"The wheel of fashion whirls rapidly," I thought as I examined the five hundred-year-old hooded headdress of the Siberian Ainu. It was a pointed cap made of dark woolen material decorated with geometric design applied in white. Today the same hood is high fashion in the ski world in America. Two races with the same problem of cold ears designed a garment to keep them warm. Both arrived at a pointed hood.

There was a small forest of fetishes made of shaved willow which the Ainu used as offerings to their gods. I made a note of native articles I planned to acquire when travelling among the aborigines, such as mats, two-storied ceremonial bowls, *ikubashi*, bark garments,

and beads. Doctor Inukai allowed me to photograph and to handle many of the articles. But there is not the thrill in holding a willow wand or examining the construction of a native's hut as there is in actually fingering his skull.

I discovered this when I visited Doctor Kodama's collection. His specialty is Ainu skulls. With six hundred types arranged on shelves lining the walls of two rooms, each skull neatly labelled, the anthropologist is not satisfied. He keeps a weather eye out for additions, although they're exceedingly hard to get. There is a plan to photograph every living Ainu, sixteen thousand of them. The photographs are for anthropological study, not for police records. However, with their overdeveloped passion for records, case histories, dates, ages, I cannot imagine the gendarmerie failing to clutter up their files with copies of Ainu family records. Doctor Kodama probably secretly contemplates the photographs as a means of adding to his skull collection. If he knows who owns an exceptionally fine skull, he can keep an eye on the man.

Japanese officials are convinced they have a dying race on their hands, the result of believing their own statistics. It is also a tribute to the power of the written word. A little field work would do wonders to revise a few oft repeated phrases about the "doomed" Ainu.

"Just see the size of this fellow," said Doctor Kodama, picking up a huge skull. It was twice as large as that of a Pygmy on the shelf next it. I kept wondering how my own skull devoid of upholstery and hair would look on a pedestal and how it would compare with those of the Ainu.

"The Ainu have the largest skulls of any race in the world," continued Doctor Kodama. "See his large low face, high broad cheek bones and observe the length of his head," he said, pointing as he spoke. "The jawbone is twice as wide as that of a European."

Every now and then the Doctor finds a skull with artificial resection. His theory is that ancient Ainu removed the brains for medical reasons. He has more than a hundred such specimens. He also had some jars containing Ainu brains which, like their skulls, were oversized. The Doctor hastened to say that this did not necessarily denote intelligence. In fact nothing definite is known about

the Ainu brain because no one has made a study of it. It is a virgin field for a researcher who can finance his own work.

The poor aborigine can never tell from which angle a new interest in him will develop. Landor and Miss Bird came with their tape measures and sedulously recorded in inches and feet his girth and height, Doctor Maraini peers into his home to see what manner of roof shelters him, Doctor Kodama is eager for his skull. A few years ago a North American came to Hokkaidō and startled him by asking for samples of his blood. But with all this interest no one has ever said, "What can I do to improve your lot in life?"

The Ainu of old may not have possessed much worldly wealth, but they did have jewelled teeth. Pearls grew on their teeth! Nobody seems to know why the Ainu should grow their own pearls when no other race does but there they are, growing close to the gums on molars. Thirty-three per cent of the race have pearls on their teeth according to Doctor Kodama, who has studied them for years. He calls them *email* drops. I examined several skulls with pearls on the teeth and had to believe my eyes.

"The teeth of the ancient Ainu were superior to those of the modern man, and this is perhaps due to diet," said Doctor Kodama, handing me a very large skull with a perfect set of gleaming teeth. "Even today the percentage of decay as compared with other races is small," he continued. "The European, for instance, has 90 per cent decay or cavities. A study of the Ainu reveals only 18 per cent or 19 per cent defective teeth.

There is dissension in the camp of experts as to whether the Ainu did or did not make pottery in earlier times. They know nothing of the art and do not use pottery today. Doctor Kodama, however, showed me his collection of pottery of distinctive shape and design taken from Stone Age shell mounds and graves on Hokkaidō. No one can say who made it.

No matter how hard scientists struggle to prove relationship between the Japanese and the Ainu—any relationship would be mutually distasteful—the physical differences cannot be resolved. Aside from the fact of his huge skull, stocky body, pearls on his teeth and absence of the Mongolian spot (dark spot found at base of spine of Oriental babies), the Ainu have large round European

eyes, and thick slightly wavy black hair. Curly hair on a Japanese was considered a mark of impure racial inheritance and therefore a disgrace until a few years ago when women began to curl their hair artificially. The permanent wave machine removed the stigma. There is still another manner in which the teeth of the two races vary. Japanese teeth protrude, while those of the Ainu turn inward as do the European.

"With reference to the anatomy of the Ainu," one scientist reported in the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan* (Vol. X, Part 1, page 196), "it is remarkable that the humerus as well as the tibia have a very striking form; they are marked by an extraordinary flattening such as, up to the present, has never been noticed of these bones in any people at present in existence. On the other hand, this peculiarity of form has been observed in the bones of extinct people found in caves."

The Museum and large Botanical Garden were a part of the University. The Garden which contained a collection of plants from all over the world, was chiefly remarkable for its location on Hokkaidō where one would not expect to find such a vast project for the introduction of foreign plants. Many of the trees such as elm, magnolia, pine, and fir, came from the United States of America.

In Tokyo a graduate of the Imperial University is called an "Akamon" man. Akamon refers to the ornamental *torii* gateway which forms the entrance to the University. In Sapporo an avenue of tall poplars marks the entrance to the University. A graduate is therefore a "poplar" man.

The small college which Doctor Clark helped to found sixty-five years ago now ranks as an Imperial University. Each of its many departments is housed in a large modern fireproof building, and there is a well-equipped hospital attached to the Medical Department.

I lingered in the capital city.

Chapter Ten

A WHITE BOX RETURNS . . . NOBORIBETSU SPA

Nagata returned to Tokyo. Neither Matsuishi nor I had any idea of what travel would entail after we left the capital. For that reason I grew impatient to be off while he was reluctant to leave comfort for an uncertainty. Our difference of outlook lay in the fact that I spring from pioneer stock, while he is the product of 2500 years of systematic suppression of individual thought and action.

Fortunately for me the horse racing season stepped up the tempo of life in Sapporo and we were not forced to enjoy the company of either Tall Willow or his superior. Keita came along as far as Noboribetsu, which was only forty-five miles and almost due south of Sapporo as the gull flies. However, Hokkaidō's railways were built for commerce, and we covered more than two and a half times that distance.

The train was crowded. Two khaki-clad Army officers and several prosperous business men were our companions in second class, as there were no first class cars.

To the man in the street in Tokyo, Hokkaidō is a remote island. But the God of War reaches out to touch the life of even the humblest pioneer. With pride he gives his son, a youth bubbling with energy and plans for the future, to the Army to help settle the China Affair. The youth does not return. In his stead the proud but saddened father receives his earthly remains, a small white box containing the ashes of his soldier son. Wherever I travelled I saw young men leaving for the Army and white boxes returning.

At Iwamizawa, a junction, our coach became a funeral car. A grief-stricken father, bearing a small box tied in white *furoshiki*, entered, followed by a teen age boy and girl and an old man carrying an armful of lacquered poles. Passengers in the car bowed in tribute to the dead. The boy set up a narrow folding table before the window between the seats and the man placed the little white

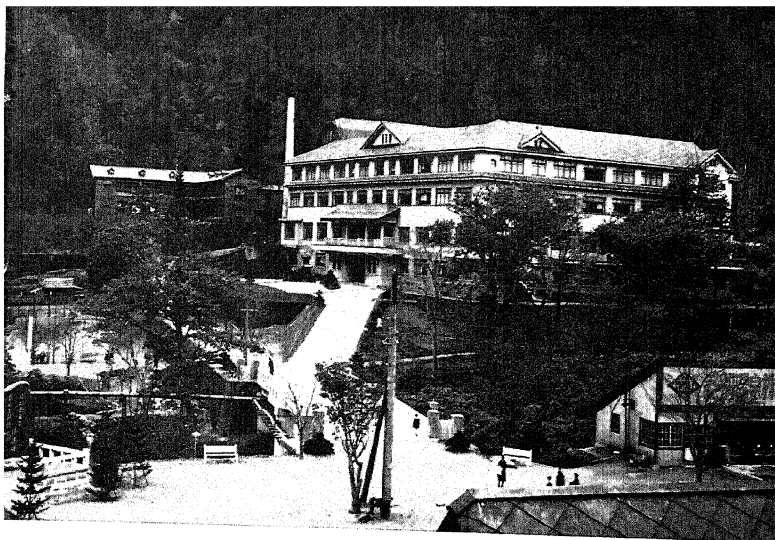
box gently upon it and hung a purple banner from the window. Outside a silent crowd stood on the railway platform. A "soldier's aid" committee of women wearing white aprons over their dark kimono, with emblem across their chests, flanked by two women flag bearers, stood in a semicircle before the train window. Gift packages and envelopes were handed up to the father. A priest with shaven head, clad in the distinctive robes of his order, stepped from the crowd bearing a stand and pot of burning incense which he set up directly below the window through which the white box could be seen and chanted prayers for the dead. Trainmen and travellers passing in the rear of the crowd halted and bowed reverently to the white box. The priest continued chanting until the train began to move slowly from the station. Every one on the platform made a final bow in the direction of the departing train.

The sad little company settled in the seats next mine. In a brief unguarded moment I caught a glimpse of the despair written on the man's face. I felt like an eavesdropper. I should not have seen his grief. I looked away. When I again glanced in his direction, his face was calm, a shadow of a smile concealed his emotions.

The boy pieced together a *torii* of the lacquered poles and placed it before the white box.

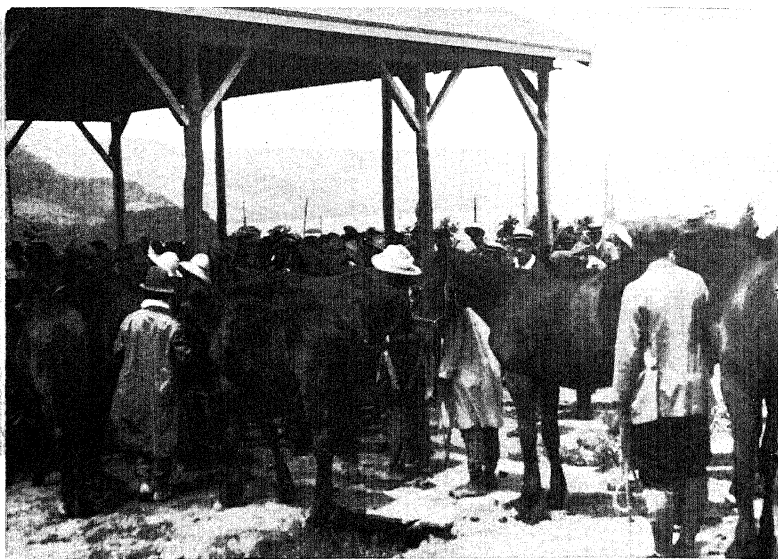
During the remainder of the trip until we passed the boundary of the province, at each station a delegation of white-aproned women waited on the platform, a priest chanted prayers and burned incense beneath the window. At one stop three kimono-clad girls handed up bouquets of field flowers and shyly backed away and hid themselves behind the long sleeves of the women. Solemn doll-like little school girls clad in blue pleated skirts and white middie blouses, stood in line and bowed. Thus a province honors an obscure soldier citizen fallen in battle. It is the custom throughout the land.

As we travelled south we left the broad Isikari plateau separated from the interior by a range of high peaks. Gradually the land flattened out and before us lay the Pacific Ocean, not blue and sparkling, but a steely muddy gray. From Tomakomai, a lumbering and paper center noted for its huge paper mill, the largest in the Far East, we travelled along the shore of the sea. At this point, foamy ocean waves cast up, on the black sandy beach, a white froth which

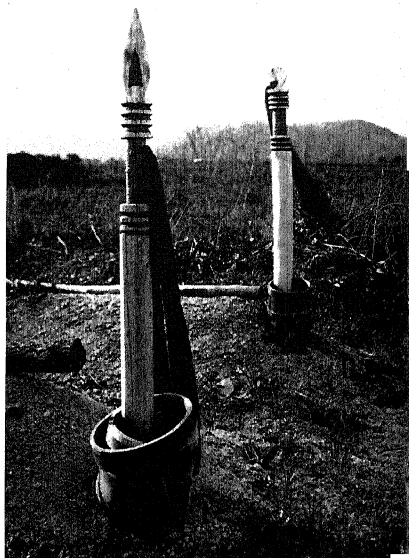


Noboribetsu Spa near Muroran, Hokkaidō, is famed for the curative qualities of its natural hot mineral water bubbling from the foot of a near-by volcano.





A horse auction on the shores of Lake Tōya, Hokkaidō. American horses were introduced three quarters of a century ago by Horace Capron, Secretary of Agriculture under President Grant.



swished about the knees of naked urchins playing there long after the water receded.

The train plunged unexpectedly through a tunnel which cut through a rocky ridge lying north and south and reaching right down to the sea.

The Noboribetsu station platform was a seething mass of humanity. Instead of taking our place in line to pass through the wicket, we went, like people of importance, through the station master's office and got first claim on a *jidoshi*. It whisked us through the village and quickly covered the seven miles up a deep valley to the spa situated at the end of a wooded ravine.

The moment we halted before the Grand Hotel Noboribetsu pretty maids in kimonos greeted us with a bow, relieved us of bags, cameras, and encumbrances and aided in removing our shoes which they checked at the entrance. I followed a maid through the ground floor lobby containing a fountain and a green-tiled pool of goldfish, up the steps and through the mezzanine lobby which was a large area of comfortable club chairs, reading tables and potted palms, to my room in the foreign wing of the hotel.

A maid appeared at once with a steaming cup of green tea, which was a thoughtful gesture to a tired traveller.

From the moment he registers, a guest does not appear in his own clothing. He wears the kimono and slippers provided by the *yadoya*. The spa was at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet above sea level. Against the night chill the management provided padded outer kimono of a rich brown striped silk.

There was room for but a single street, which followed the shape of the ravine, with houses and shops built touching one another on either side of the unpaved road. I discovered an Ainu family operating a tiny curio shop, selling small wooden bear which had been carved by the husband. There were also a number of very large *yadoyas*. Noboribetsu prides itself upon good accommodations.

The real wonder of the place was the Hell or *Jigokusani* as it is called, which is a huge crater about a mile in circumference and four hundred feet deep, its bare walls reflecting all the colors of an artists' palette smeared with burnt sienna, pure ochre blending into purples and rich browns and greens. Steam hissed from vents and

built up little yellow sulphur mounds. In the center a huge cauldron of mud gurgled and sputtered as steam pushed up giant bubbles and broke through, sending up a geyser of boiling mud more than ten feet in the air, which fell with a plop on the agitated mud surface and once more became a part of it. One side of the crater was broken down and a rivulet of boiling sulphur water flowed down the ravine. Water piped directly from the Hell furnished the mineral water for the hotel baths. It is this mud and mineral water, heated by the fires of a volcano, which have made Noboribetsu famous.

I hurried back to my hotel intent upon trying out the baths before dinner. Clad in kimono I hunted up the spa which occupied the entire rear of the hotel. Resolved never again to allow a scrap of a garment to bring ridicule upon my head, I was prepared to enter the pool nude and nonchalant. My ego was completely deflated upon discovering there was not only a women's bath, but also private rooms where the shy could soak in solitary pools. To my astonishment I discovered that I did not wish to bathe alone. Instead of selecting a private room, I entered the Women's Bath. It was smaller than the main circular-domed room which had many pools and was designed for mixed bathing. I closed the sliding door, removed my kimono, folded it neatly and placed it in one of the flat baskets on the reed-covered floor, and stepped down into the bath proper. This was a small room with a view. The two sunken pools overflowed on the tiled floor when graceful nude ladies, their shiny black hair done in high loops atop their heads, eased their slim bodies into the boiling water. I squatted next a newcomer seated on a low stool before a running stream of water and together we kept time with our motions of soaping, scrubbing, and rinsing. Finally we entered the pool, easing into the hot liquid without creating a ripple, and remained motionless, our heads floating like corks on the surface. As if attracted by a magnet, every bather faced one direction and through the open window which formed one wall of the room, admired the green valley and mist-shrouded mountains.

It is not modesty alone which impels Geisha to prefer the salt pools in the Women's Bath to the more luxurious domed bath patronized by men, women, and children. Once a group of these

dancers with alabaster faces visited Noboribetsu and entered the master bath with confidence. As they soaked, the chemical reaction of the steam from iron, sulphur and radium water on the lead base of their face powder transformed them.

"What's the matter with your face?" said one to another.

"What's the matter with *your* face?" she echoed.

In alarm they leapt from the pools, rushed to the mirror in the dressing room. Each was horrified at her own reflection. She was no longer an alabaster beauty. Her face was black.

Japanese women do not chatter in their bath, and it was pleasant relaxing and taking the view.

I resolved to sample the radium and iron baths in the domed room at an off hour before retiring.

The *yadoya* caters to the tastes of its guests. Although many Japanese prefer foreign food, and foreign dress, few care to sleep in a bed or to occupy a foreign-style room. The greater part of the hotel therefore consists of Japanese rooms of stark simplicity and beauty. Padded floors, sliding panels, a scroll in a niche, a flower arrangement, an ornamental screen and a Japanese chess board constitute the furnishings. A maid attends to the serving of Japanese food from foot-high trays in the private quarters of the guest. The cost is less than half the tariff paid by those sleeping in beds and eating from tables in the dining room.

The public dining room was like a boarding school—all the guests were clad in uniform padded silken kimono. It required some effort to beat down my inner resistance and make my debut in a public dining room wearing a kimono, but I was quickly at ease, for no one noticed me. Worn in the tailored Japanese manner a kimono is not the sloppy garment usually associated with the boudoir. It can be very formal indeed.

Two menus afforded a wide variety to choose from. There were chops, steaks, omelets, vegetables, salads, dessert and coffee on the foreign menu; or one could have a tray of Japanese food, native style. These trays already prepared contained chopsticks and bowls of soup, raw fish, seaweed, *daikkon*, rice, tea and fruit. I observed that Japanese men ate the heartier foreign food while their wives picked and nibbled daintily at tidbits of Japanese food held between

chopsticks. Eager to accustom myself to native food against a time when I would have no choice, I followed the example set by the women. Although I did not especially relish the raw cuttlefish, dried whole baby shrimps, sweet bean paste, I ate everything on the tray and found it palatable.

Japanese dislike having their rice bowl turned into a potpourri of cereals just as an American loathes coffee mixed with chicory. But it is the law and few grumble. Personally I found a few potatoes added flavor to the dry, polished white rice. The maid, having thoughtfully saved the last remaining bit of bread for toast for the foreign guest, was visibly disappointed when I ordered Japanese food.

After dinner two visitors called upon me. Mr. Mori, a stocky Ainu with a large oval-shaped head and features of a South Sea Maori, read of my visit to Hokkaidō and came to express the hope that I would write fairly of his race. He volunteered to aid me. He wore trousers tailored from heavy pongee and a handsome jacket made of *attush*, a bark cloth of woven elm fibre. His companion, a loose-limbed, six-foot journalist, wanted an interview for his paper, the *Muroran Mainichi Shimbun*. Muroran was the neighboring industrial town on the point, *verboden* to foreigners because of the large steel mills located there. Paradoxically, I had been especially invited to visit Muroran by Count Kabayama, the owner. Having been absent in America for some months, he was unaware of the tightening restrictions imposed upon foreigners when he extended the invitation and promised to delegate one of his men to entertain me. Since foreigners were not welcomed there, I did not mention it to the men.

"He's certainly the reincarnation of Ichabod Crane," I thought, as the correspondent wrote down my story which Matsuishi translated. I inadvertently referred to him as Ichabod, which he did not protest as he had never heard of the character.

I mention Miyagi, or Ichabod as I called him, because all during my travels on the island he invariably turned up at the most unexpected places, pencil in hand, ready for a story, or equally willing to rest his pencil behind his ear and aid me. He met all trains and it was impossible to arrive or depart from Noboribetsu station without either a welcome or farewell and a write-up by Ichabod. He not

only was as familiar with the surrounding country as a backwoodsman is with his forest, but he knew everybody and everything about everybody. It was unfortunate that we had no common language. Ichabod knew a half dozen English words and carried a dictionary. I could utter a few Japanese phrases rendered unintelligible by my Southern accent. With the aid of two dictionaries, a phrase book and the sign language our conversation proceeded at the pace of a disabled snail. After he had attacked an idea from a dozen different angles, and a light of understanding finally dawned upon me, he'd smile and lean back and rest as a man who had earned the right.

Matsuishi was different. My demand for exact information uncolored by his private opinion exasperated him. He saw his task as one of sifting and filtering information, censoring it before tossing the lifeless remains to me. His favorite phrase was "It can't be done." My only hope of ridding myself of this handicap was to discover an Ainu family where life would be too uncomfortable for him to endure. In this Ichabod came to my rescue.

In my conversations with the three scientific authorities on the Ainu, fortunately I had made careful notes of names and places and possible sources of information. Doctor Kindiachi, for instance, had recommended Kannari Matsu, an elderly Ainu woman living on a small farm near Noboribetsu. Ichabod happened along one day in time to perceive the spirit of a heated argument before Matsuishi left off our tussle of words over the farm. He knew exactly where the Ainu woman lived and would take me there on the morrow.

Chapter Eleven

TATTOOED HOSTESS

With Ichabod as guide, we had no difficulty in locating the Ainu woman who lived alone in a small house half hidden by a spreading elm situated in the middle of a level farming district halfway between the railway and the hills.

A handsome woman past sixty, her firm, unlined features marred by a broad dark band with uptilted corners encircling her mouth—a permanent blue tattooed mustache—welcomed us. She was seated on the *tatami* and did not rise. When she reached for a stack of flat square cushions and handed one to each of us, I saw that she had not the power to move her lower limbs. I was struck by her stocky build, broad though rounded shoulders, small graceful hands, and especially by her large skull. She probably required a 28- or 30-inch hat band as against my mere 22-inch cranium. It was difficult for me to take a mustached woman in stride and it was with some effort that I fixed my attention on her clear, round intelligent brown eyes, and let it wander to the hammered flat silver circular ornaments and silver cross pendant fixed to a leather band fastened close about her throat like a diamond dog collar worn by a queen. We were seated in a circle about the ash-filled pit in the floor when our hostess began preparations for tea. She stirred the live coals with a pair of metal chopsticks, hung an iron kettle on a hook suspended from the ceiling over the center of the fire. Her earthenware teapot was no larger than my fist but there was tea a-plenty, for she diluted the essence of green tea in our individual lidded cups.

Like other members of her race, our hostess had two official names. Her native name was Imekanu. For over a thousand years Ainu got along with but a single name. The head man of the village was charged with the duty of assigning a name to each newly born baby. This was no easy task. The name not only had to be of good omen, lucky, euphonious, but it must be new, for no two Ainu bore the same name. As a mark of honor, Doctor Batchelor was

given the role of name-giver in a village. He found the task impossible until he hit upon the plan of using biblical names, giving them an Ainu twist. If a particular name proved unlucky the bearer returned and received another. With plans to tax the aborigines, Japanese found the Ainu method too indefinite and unintelligible. Officials therefore assigned permanent Japanese names to the Ainu. Thus, Imekanu became Kannari Matsu.

After half an hour Matsuishi and Ichabod delicately broached the subject of my living as a paying guest with Imekanu. With the grace and innate hospitality of the chieftain's daughter that she was, Imekanu smiled and nodded an invitation, protesting that Ainu hospitality forbade the taking of money from a guest in the home. I was relieved to have the matter so simply settled.

It was for a brief moment only. Imekanu was living in memories of the past when her father owned a herd of 300 horses, in a time when food was not a problem, for deer and bear roamed the forests, streams were stocked with fat salmon and millet grew plentifully. Her thoughts were jerked back to the immediate realistic present. A wave of difficulties swept away her generous impulse. She expressed regret that it was necessary for her to withdraw the invitation. She explained that although her fare was simple, rice and sugar were rationed, meat, butter, bacon, bread and coffee were not to be had. Pointing to her useless limbs, she indicated she could not perform the duties of a hostess.

Usually when in a tight situation a little ready cash works miracles.

"Don't worry about rice. I shall eat potatoes. I will provide food for both. Sleep on the floor? Tell her not to be disturbed. Tell her I slept on the frozen ground in a tent in Lapland where the nights are six months long."

When this news was translated into her language, Imekanu was somewhat reassured. There yet remained the problem of preparing the meals. I agreed to become cook, and bottlewasher too, for the aborigine and myself. Upon these terms, I came to live in the little house by the creek.

A shopping tour proved educational and although I had two interpreters, it was not an easy task.

"Your ration card, *O Jo San*? Ah, so sorry, without it I cannot sell the rice, the matches, the sugar, the charcoal." The shopkeeper bowed me out.

"*Soya*? Yes, we have *soya*. You have the bottle? Ah, without the bottle we cannot sell." The shopkeeper who dealt only in *soya*—a spicy, flavorful sauce which supplies zest to a hundred simple dishes—pointed to a shelf containing four barrels in a row, each with a spigot dripping brown sauce. "You bring the bottle," he said politely, and bowed me out.

I managed to fill a basket with potatoes, bananas, cucumbers, tinned shrimp, and pheasant, tea, hard cookies and a gross of disposable wooden chopsticks. Of butter and cheese there were none. When I did find several four-ounce tins of butter I bought the stock. The fresh fish were still in the ocean. I scorned a batch of dried cod which resembled sticks of old stove wood. Having omitted to tell Imekanu that I knew nothing of cookery, I had no intention of destroying her faith by tangling with the earthly remains of an ancient cod.

With the essentials in hand, I shopped for the froth—*sake* (rice wine).

"If you ever wish to make a hit with an Ainu present him with a bottle of *sake* and say, 'Please give this to your gods and pray for a safe journey for me,'" Doctor Kindaichi had said to me in Tokyo, by way of helping with a few pointers. I wished to make this gracious gesture and was disappointed to learn no *sake* was to be had. And there was no beer, either. However, in my search I found a dealer willing to part with an empty *sake* bottle which I purchased and had it filled with the precious *soya*.

We returned in triumph to Imekanu's dwelling and proudly displayed my purchases. The half-gallon of *soya* and the tiny tins of butter impressed her with my largesse.

Life is a series of experiences, and none is ever lost. Who would have dreamed that my Rocky Mountain camp cookery would be just the experience I would need to use in an Ainu hut in far away Hokkaidō? The fire in the box of ashes was exactly like a camp fire except it did not blaze up and spew smoke into my eyes. I had a knife, shallow iron pot and kettle to work with. When the potatoes

boiled up, dinner was ready. While we ate them buttered and seasoned with *soya* sauce, combined with cold shrimp, the tea water boiled. Chiri-san, a neighbor, brought in a bowl of cooked unofficial white rice and pickled *daikkon*. With tea and bananas the meal was satisfactory.

Native customs and mode of dress began to have meaning. People who live on the floor do not sprawl ungracefully but sit in a tailored, trim manner, kimono tucked neatly beneath the knees, buttocks resting on bare heels. *Geta* and sandals are easy to get into and out of when entering or leaving. Bowls are easily washed, and require little storage space. Discarded chopsticks are excellent kindling.

When I took to sleeping on the *tatami* I agreed with the Japanese that only a barbarian would fail to remove his shoes before entering a house. However, I discovered a wooden pillow has no merit for me. It saves me no trips to the hairdresser, for my thatch is short. Will Rogers' remark was apt when he said, "The rice pillow would be a lot better if they boiled the rice first." The first night I slept on one, I recalled a camping experience on the beach.

"What a nice soft bed this loose sand is going to be," I thought. But long before dawn I realized that sand was actually nothing at all but small rocks. Rice is like that. It is no softer in a pillow than it is out of one.

Imekanu's house consisted of a single room with anteroom. I had the small room set off by opaque rice paper panelling. I rolled my sleeping bag down on top of one of Imekanu's *futons*. It is the custom in Japan to sleep with a light burning. Ordinarily, Imekanu slept beneath a lighted hanging kerosene lamp, but as a special gesture, helpful Ichabod had strung an electric cord and bulb from Chiri-san's place especially to light my dreams. I asked permission to switch the light off, and when all was quiet I sneaked open a crack in the sliding window in my room, exposing myself to what Orientals believe to be "dangerous" night air.

Fish, rice, and seaweed form the diet. Before I had time to worry about the breakfast, Chiri-san appeared with two bowls of hot seaweed soup and a tub of rice. I know she sacrificed her own breakfast to share her rice with me.

Ichabod arrived after breakfast to learn how I had fared, and we

walked to the village to shop for a *yukata*. In the land of kimono, it is not possible to buy one ready made. I was astonished at the rise in prices for a length of kimono material. During a residence in Japan I had bought many such of pure cotton for one *Yen*. *Sufu*, the substitute material, was *Yen* 6.50, a rayon sash *Yen* 1.50.

"*Takai, takai!*" (Too high, too high) exclaimed Imekanu and Chiri-san, fingering the stiffish blue print.

"I will sew it for you," volunteered Chiri-san, and took the material home with her.

Matsuishi came down from the spa for tea and translated until he was utterly exhausted.

Imekanu felt my stare upon her uncommon pendant when I was merely trying not to look at her fascinating tattooed blue mustache.

"Bachelor-san (the missionary) came. I am now a Christian," she explained, touching the silver cross at her throat.

I flushed and thanked my stars the grocery had had no *sake*. Missionaries are notoriously dry.

Doctor Batchelor has labored preaching the gospel for more than sixty years on Hokkaidō. Doubtless there were converts other than Imekanu, but I did not meet them in my travels. Perhaps Christianity's lack of appeal to the Ainu as a religion lies in its dogmatic attitude toward alcoholic beverage. Ainu gods demand wine offerings and are insulted if neglected. The two religions cannot be merged in the mind of the aborigine and certainly he is not going to risk neglecting his own gods for one who does not appreciate an offering of wine.

Imekanu was a woman of courage. There were no Ainu fetishes in her house. She had in truth abandoned her gods. That evening she paused, bowed, and asked a silent blessing over the meagre supper I had gotten together. Christianity had made her ashamed of her tattooed face. She unconsciously shielded it with her left hand when speaking. However the tattooing was broad, evenly done, and well shaped, and in the presence of fellow Ainu she was proud of it.

"When I was a girl no man would marry a woman who did not have a tattooed mustache," she explained, rubbing the forefinger across her upper lip. "When I was ten, a man who was an expert in

tattooing came and cut my upper lip with a sharp knife . . . diagonally," she added, demonstrating the cross hatching with her finger. "He brought ash bark which had been soaked in water and heated it in a pot, using birch for the firewood. Then he scraped off the soot with a knife and rubbed it with his fingers into my bleeding lip."

I winced.

"Of course it was painful," she added. "I was not very brave for tears wetted my cheeks when he applied the cloth dipped in the ash water to 'set' the color. The operation began in the center of my upper lip. Next the lower lip was touched up, and from then on a bit of tattooing was added each year until just before marriage when the circle is completed."

"It is really the wedding ring which the Ainu woman wears around her mouth instead of on her finger," I thought.

The tattooing of arms, hands and forehead is optional, something for a woman to dally with in idle moments after she is married.

"My lips were swollen for days. I cried when no one was looking," Imekanu admitted with shamed expression. "But," she said, brightening, "a girl took a certain amount of pride in her mustache. The broader it was the more fashionable."

I strove to imagine myself wanting a tattooed mustache badly enough to suffer the pain of acquiring one. Then I thought of American women, of what they endure in the name of beauty—permanent waves, steam cabinets, starvation diets, corsets. Perhaps after all, a yearly session with the tattooer added up to less genuine misery than a dozen summer hours spent in a beauty parlor melting under a steam dryer when the silver thread of mercury hesitates just before reaching 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. Certainly tattooing did not compare with a serious face-lifting operation. Geography influences only the *method* of woman's immolation in search of the flame of Beauty.

I looked directly at Imekanu's handsome blue tattooed mustache and it appeared less strange and exotic than before.

Beunemat, an old but active Ainu woman living alone in a thatched floorless shack beyond the creek, entered while we were

discussing the art of tattooing. Her frayed pale tattooed mustache was a botched job when compared with the broad even deep blue band surrounding my hostess' mouth. Her wrists and hands were tattooed with a simple geometric design.

"It's a matter of taste," she said, in reply to my question about the pattern. She held out both hands for me to observe the tattooing. "Some women like to have the same design tattooed on their hands as they have woven into the band worn across the forehead for carrying heavy burdens such as a baby, or load of wood. Often a girl would begin with a thin narrow line around her lips and later have it made thicker. The thicker, the more dignified." Buenumat confirmed Imekanu's opinion. She looked older than Imekanu although they had been girls together.

Buenumat had come from a day's labor in the corn fields, but when the two women fell to speaking of their childhood pleasures, remembering the fun they had had, she forgot her weariness.

"Remember how we stayed up all night reciting poems and listening to stories," said Buenumat. "And you had the finest beads of any girl and the thickest hair. . . ."

"And danced and rode horses and made music," interrupted Imekanu happily. "But the best time of the year was the Bear Festival. All the young people loved to dance and we used to make many dances," she said, turning to me. "We danced to please the gods. We made wine to drink to the gods."

"In those days, I remember we used to have several bear festivals a year. Now, alas, it's been years since we honored the gods." My hostess spoke in a tone of sadness. She had forgotten that she was a Christian and no longer believed in the gods of the Ainu.

She turned to me to explain a bear festival. "When a hunter killed a mother bear, the cubs were captured and brought to the village and given to friends, who kept them in a cage made of poles on stilts. When the cubs were about two years old they were 'sent away' (killed) with a big festival. All the people in the village came dressed in their best *attush*. We stuck *inao* around the cage and threw gingerbread to the cub, gave him an offering of wine and placed many presents and nice things on his back for him to carry to his mother." Her eyes livened and she relived the time long ago

when she was young and danced around the bear pen with the other women. "After the bear was slaughtered his head was brought inside the house and honored with a dance. And there was much wine to drink. The flesh was made into a stew which every one ate. It was a happy time," she finished simply.

It seemed to me, aside from the religious angle, a bear festival was, in spirit, something like a barbecue. Mention of the festival reminded me that there were many, many wild bear on Hokkaidō.

"What should I do if I meet a bear on the trail?" I asked, in a spirit of fun.

"Do not be afraid. He will not hurt you. He is a sacred animal." Imekanu was serious. "Just hold out your skirts so that the bear can see that you are a woman. He is very polite and will not harm a woman." Her words should have been more reassuring than they were. "When an Ainu woman meets a bear she stops, bows and says, 'Good morning, Mr. Bear, I am glad to meet you,' Then she runs home and brings the men who kill it," Imekanu continued.

In Lapland I had heard the same tale about the bear's high regard for woman. I did not like the running home part of the procedure. Suppose home happened to be very far way. When in Sapporo again, I related Imekanu's story to Doctor Inukai.

"The Ainu are very superstitious," he said seriously. "Don't you pay any attention to Imekanu. If you happen to meet a bear, my advice is—run like hell! No use to climb a tree. The bear can climb too."

Imekanu's story of her injury revealed her belief in the spirit world.

"I was a young girl. Life was full of fun. Near my home lived a handsome young couple. Wenku, the husband, had a wavy shiny beard, thick black hair and broad shoulders. His wife, Yaima, was very beautiful. But she was of a jealous disposition. When I was sixteen, she fell ill and died.

"It was only a few months before Yaima's jealous spirit caused an accident to befall me. She thought I had married her husband. I fell from a ladder and shattered my hip bone. I have never been able to walk since. It was three years before the Spirit learned that I had not taken her husband. Then she came to me in the night time.

The Spirit said, 'Do not worry. You will always be well cared for,' " said Imekanu, glancing at her useless limbs.

"And have you?" I am a realist.

"Yes. Yaima's Spirit kept her word. I have no money. I am unable to walk, yet I have plenty. My neighbors bring me food and wood and water," she nodded in the direction of Chiri-san's house. I do not worry about a thing."

Indeed her face in repose was scarcely lined. Truly like the lilies of the field she toiled not, yet she was well provided for.

The Ainu believe firmly in the Spirits of the Dead, who haunt the earth and are able to render material aid or to afflict or punish them. The Spirit of an aged woman is especially to be feared. Often a Spirit appears at night time to warn or to encourage a person.

Matsuishi and Ichabod rose to depart. Being the cook, with Imekanu's permission I invited Buenumat to dine with us. In the pot over the charcoal I prepared a special dinner of scrambled eggs, boiled potatoes, braised mushrooms, supplemented by cucumbers and tea. The eggs were a luxury. Chiri-san brought two, and I managed to buy another at a farm while out exploring the countryside. We sat on the floor in a circle about the fire box. Dinner cleared away, we made another pot of tea and the two women taught me some Ainu words. Crickets, ensconced in the lush July foliage, joined the chorus of the frogs in the near-by marsh and the din they made in this "quiet" rural spot was greater than that made by traffic on Forty-second Street at rush hour.

Chapter Twelve

HORSE MARKET . . . LAKE TŌYA

I rarely make a special journey to view natural scenery when I am surrounded by the exotic, but the trip to Lake Tōya, one of the scenic spots of Hokkaidō, afforded a glimpse of the interior. From Noboribetsu the lake is reached by travelling down one side of the Iburi province to Muroran at the tip of the V-shaped peninsula and up the other as far as Abuta on the northern shore of Volcano Bay, thence inland by *jidoshi* to the lake. From the beginning the sheer beauty and grandeur of the scenery was breath taking. Like a shadowy giant the volcano Komagatake towered above the bay, the tip of the fairy peak floating in a haze which blended earth and sea and sky.

The railway was squeezed in between the hills and the shore and when we left it we climbed steadily up, up, up, along a steep valley flanked by rolling hills planted to truck farms. Acres of beans climbed tripod poles, Irish potatoes with luxuriant green foliage and purple blossoms grew in tailored rows. Square patches of tall corn reminded me of America. The hemp had already been harvested and we passed huge warehouses surrounded by acres of precise little bent tepees of golden hemp drying in the sun. I set my camera for a photograph.

"Oh, no. You cannot photograph that," warned Matsuishi. "The warehouses belong to the Imperial Army."

"All right, I'll just take the flax and leave out the buildings."

"But that is not possible, either. The flax, too, belongs to the Army. It will be made into uniforms for the soldiers," he said. That was as good a reason as any. I shut the camera.

About half of the scattered farmhouses were thatched and practically all of them had glass windows. After rounding the sharp switchbacks of the dirt road, we reached the crest of the ridge, the

rim of an old volcano. Before us lay beautiful Lake Tōya, green islands floating on its shining silver ripple-less waters. Seen through the finder of my camera it was exactly like a framed Hiroshige wood-block print. Cone-shaped Usudake volcano, emerging like a ghost from the distant mists, was as symmetrical as Fujiyama. Before us the land sloped from the rim down to the lake, a drowned firepit of an old volcano some twenty-five miles in circumference and half a thousand feet deep. Between the rim and the water's edge a tangle of forest grew, bare black volcanic cliffs jutting above the treetops. The more gentle slopes had been cleared and looked like a checker-board of cultivated fields. New roofs on the village houses along the shore were the color of ripe barley and beyond I saw a small steamer plying its course across the lake.

My outstanding impressions of Hokkaidō are the absence of the charming little temples so characteristic of Nippon, and the presence of horses so alien to the land of kimono. Japan proper has but few horses, which are always drawing carts and being led instead of driven. Here on Hokkaidō, the horse-breeding center of the Orient, I saw horses everywhere; herds of horses running wildly at the sight of a motor car, horses pastured along the railway racing the train as it passes, Ainu on horseback leading strings of horses. Rounding a bend in the road we came squarely upon an open-air horse market. Crowds of copper-colored, slant-eyed cowboys were milling about among hundreds of horses tethered beneath the shade of trees, each awaiting its turn on the auction block. The activities centered around a shingled floorless pavilion with three sides opening toward the lake, the fourth walled up. Never having seen a horse market before and fearing lest it be something a foreigner should not witness, Matsuishi was reluctant to stop the car. Nothing could have dragged me from the scene. A horse auction in Japanese! It was as incongruous as seeing the Constitution of the U. S. A. translated and embossed in Oriental characters. I got out and elbowed my way to the auction shed, careful to avoid the extreme ends of the horses.

A handsome auctioneer, with clipped stiff black hair and clad in foreign clothing, and his assistant sat on a high platform. Opposite them at a lower level a man recorded the sales. More important buyers sat in folding chairs along the wall while others stood

crowded about the shed in a circle. A bell clanged. A stableboy entered leading a sleek black horse with wooden tag dangling from its halter and paraded around the sandy arena. The bell clanged again. The auctioneer called for bids. Bidding was spirited, and a bell signalled that the sale was closed. Onlookers told jokes and enjoyed themselves.

One feature of the auction was its flexibility. If an owner did not like the final price bid, he was not obliged to sell. Breeders with no intention of parting with their prized animals brought them to auction to have their value established officially. An owner declining the final bid, was penalized with an assessment of six per cent of the value of the horse. One high-stepping roan beauty brought tops for the day—*Yen* 800—which the owner refused. He paid the Auction Association *Yen* 48 and kept his horse. Average bids ranged from 200 to 400 *Yen*. This was quite an advance over values in the olden days when Imekanu was a girl. Then a good horse brought *Yen* 10.

The mares of Hokkaidō were incredibly prolific. Each was accompanied by a this-year's frisky foal. Fifty per cent of them also had last year's yearling tagging along.

Japanese cowboys clad in straw sombreros and khaki breeches appeared to be enjoying thoroughly the sociability of the horse market. Some were busy with branding. I saw one cowboy clap a red-hot branding iron upon the silky shank of a fine horse. The acrid odor of burning hair and seared quick flesh was sickening. The imprint was a swastika. Some bystanders glowered at me when I set my camera to photograph the market scene. The auctioneer objected.

"The Military has first choice of all animals. Some of these horses have been purchased for the Army, therefore you cannot photograph them," Matsuishi explained, and was immediately chagrined because he had given me this information.

"Ask the auctioneer how many horses usually change hands at the market," I requested.

"It's a secret. The information cannot be revealed," he answered.

I looked about me and estimated there were about 300 horses and some 200 men. After a respite for luncheon a new batch of animals and men arrived and the auction was resumed. The information

so carefully guarded here was published in the Hokkaidō Year Book available to any one willing to pay one *Yen* for it.

En route to the lake we stopped at a cheese making plant and watched milk being turned into cheese by the addition of rennin. The resultant curd was squeezed in hand presses, soaked in water and the cheeses ripened in cold storage for six months. The output of the factory was 9000 pounds a month.

A single bent street with houses along either side lay parallel with the curve of the lake. This was the village. We went directly to the *yadoya*, a spacious rambling double-story building made of dabs of mud, bits of paper and some wood. The owner bowed us in, a maid removed my shoes and led the way to a spacious *tatami*-covered room with balcony overlooking the lake. While waiting for the arrival of my Japanese luncheon, I examined the rate card. *Yen* 5 to 15 per day for a room with meals (\$1.25 to \$3.75). Of course *chadai* (tea money) was extra. Hotel rates are low, but the guest is expected to give *chadai*, an amount equal to about fifty per cent of his bill, as is the custom in *yadoya* throughout Japan. Placed in an envelope this tip goes not to the maid, but to the management.

Although a Japanese meal is designed to please the eye, with tidbits of colorful food in pretty little bowls, it was really good.

The hotel had a number of baths, one a sunken pool facing the garden and lake, large enough for a dozen people to sit and soak and enjoy the view. I did not bathe when I learned the briny water was heated by the inn. I prefer my ceremonial bath to be heated by nothing less than a live volcano.

In the lake the trout grew big and fat and the water was swimmable. Golfing, mountaineering, and hunting are diversions available to the summer visitor. Lake Tōya is a place to linger, but I had the island to see.

"Let's stop over at Muroran for a couple of hours." Matsuishi's words surprised me. I understood foreigners were not welcomed there. We stopped and he regretted it. Upon leaving the train we went directly to a large police station. I remained outside while he went inside to report our arrival, expecting to be patted upon the back for keeping police informed of the movements of a foreigner.

Evidently he became entangled with the law himself. One half of my time in Muroran was spent seated on the steps of the police station, boiling in the hot sun, growing angrier by the passing minute.

Muroran spreads over an islet at the point and stretches along the curve in Volcano Bay. It was in a magnificent setting, with mountains towering in the distance and a volcano at the opposite end of the bay. But the squalid, ugly mining village defiles its heritage. Acrid black smoke poured from the steel mills and settled upon the town like some evil omen. We walked along the street quarrelling, flinging angry words over the police incident. Pedestrians, astonished, assumed it was just another spy incident and went about their business. We poked into shops looking for *jun min*, but found not a yard of cotton goods. There was barely time to climb to the top of the hill for a view of the ships at anchor in the bay, when it was time to hurry to the police station to check out of the town before boarding the train for Noboribetsu. Steel workers crowded the cars and there was standing room only.

Chapter Thirteen

MY GRASS HOUSE . . . SIRAOI AINU

I have dreamed of one day damming the busy stream of life long enough to loaf on a coral island, living in a grass house shaded by droopy cocoanut palms. I found my dream house in an Ainu village by the sea, but it was nearer the arctic than the tropics. Instead of a surfboard it was equipped with skiis, snowshoes, and an ice sled, and there were no green palms.

Discovering such an abode was not easy, and success came only after I enlisted the aid of the Chief of Siraoi, the largest Ainu village on the island. There was no housing shortage, there just wasn't any need for an extra house, as every aborigine family owns its own small grass house and tiny plot of land. However, man is a perverse creature. People comfortably settled in romantic grass houses dream of the day when they will be able to afford wooden walls, floors, and glass windows. Chief Kozo Kaisawa recently advanced a step in the economic scale and built for himself just such a cold-proof house with double wooden walls, shingled roof, and glass windows. He agreed to let me have his former chiefly abode, the largest grass house in the village. I closed the deal and returned to Imekanu's to collect my sleeping bag and typewriter with the intention of moving the following morning.

When I awoke it was raining. Chiri-san, sheltered by a giant paper parasol arrived on stilted clogs bearing a bowl of steaming fish stew and a tub of rice for our breakfast, and the finished *yukata*. I made tea and Imekanu and I breakfasted, listening to the patter of the rain on the roof.

Through the open door I saw three pairs of legs beneath three large oiled paper umbrellas splashing down the road. It was Matsuishi, Ichabod and an *akabo* (red cap) from the railroad station. No *jidoshi* was to be had and they came on foot to help me move. The oldest Ainu had never seen such a procession go past his farm

as we presented. The barefooted porter, trousers rolled up to his knees, official red cap on his head, balanced my sleeping roll on his back, my portable typewriter on his chest, my zippered canvas kit beneath his arm, sheltered the luggage with his umbrella, and led the way. The rest of us took a short cut across a ploughed field. Our clogs stuck in the mud of flooded furrows. In fording a swollen stream my *geta* floated downstream and I stepped ashore barefooted. I ran along the stream, overtook them and fished them out with a pole. At the station the porter brought a bucket of water to wash our feet and douse our *geta*. We had time to drip a little before our train arrived. I do not believe the railway could honestly classify ours as "travel for pleasure."

Matsuishi, humiliated by our bedraggled appearance, refused to lose "face" by travelling second. Instead he went and sat in third class. Since a wet foreign woman was no more a curiosity than a dry one, I remained in second.

The half mile on foot from the station to the Ainu village seemed no distance, even in the rain. On stilted *geta* there is no need to avoid mud puddles. With smug unconcern I splashed right through them. An Ainu on a bicycle followed with my scant luggage.

A grass house needs the sunshine and sparkle of tropic seas to add romance and glamour to its setting. With its bristly thatched roof silhouetted against a leaden sky, mine was more like a mansion of mystery. Its single vacant window hole in the east wall glared resentfully like a strange ogre with a black eye staring at me through the rain. I shivered involuntarily at the sight of the row of weird, dripping bear skulls stuck on poles, and pagan fetishes drooping in the rain planted in the earth outside the east window.

The bearded chief clad in bark garments, ceremonial robe, willow crown and sword, in appearance more like a biblical figure than an earthly aborigine, stood in the doorway, bowed, and with a flourish of his right hand invited me to enter.

In the center of the spacious, dimly-lit room I was surprised to see the figures of a dozen men seated on the floor in a circle about my hearth. I stared like an Alice in Wonderland. It was an exotic house, completely furnished Ainu style. It had nothing in it, nothing but a row of Ainu "treasures" along the wall, a god shelf in

one corner, some old Ainu swords and native costumes hanging from pegs on a wall beam, a few woven mats spread about on the bare plank floor. The peak above was ebony with soot and on the beams overhead, laden with the dust of ages, rested a pair of snowshoes, skis, a ten-foot bow, and a salmon spear. The air smelled of smoke, wet grass, and beer.

The stark, lonely, damp savage house and strange aborigines depressed Matsuishi. Eager to return to light and warmth, and the dryness of the comfortable spa and the companionship of his kind, to the feel of soft dry silk on his skin, and dignity, he hurried to get the next train.

When the strangers departed, I changed to dry clothing and dined seated on the floor with the Ainu Chief and his family. Kozo, his wife, had prepared green seaweed soup, stewed cuttlefish, rice and tea. We ate Japanese style with chopsticks. They were shy and polite and did not know exactly how to treat a North American. After the interval demanded by courtesy, I returned to my huge, dark, silent house.

I spread my sleeping bag on a *futon* on the floor, and went early to bed. The Ainu are as honest as the Laplanders, and no locks or latches guarded my doors and windows. I was lulled to sleep by the patter of rain on my grass roof.

About midnight I awoke overcome with the terror of impending danger, sat bolt upright in the thick darkness. There was a presence, a creaking board—I was not alone. Breathless, I listened. The floor boards squeaked under the weight of its body as something large and terrifying loped across the floor and scampered up the grass wall. It was not a human. Relieved, I lay back upon my rice pillow listening and finally dozed. Again I was awakened by a noise near my head. I sat up in frozen silence and listened without breathing. A large rat, its body at least a foot long, loped past vibrating the floor. How I wished for my Lapland hunting knife! I crawled out of my sleeping bag, stumbled in the darkness, dragged the Chief's gritty, dusty, twelve-foot salmon spear from the cross beams overhead, placed it alongside my *futon* on the floor. Whenever the rat came near, I lashed out at him with the spear, frightening him away. I got very little sleep. Along with fighting off the rat there



Neill James wears Ainu clothing as she visits with the Chief of the Village.



My Aino house in Siraoi, Hokkaidō.



were strange, crawly silver fish, and flat hard long worms with many legs, which bit me. And the wood floor was a far harder bed than Imekanu's padded *tatami*.

Exhausted, I was deep in slumber when the noise of my door softly sliding in its grooves waked me. You can't reason with your heart. It just starts thumping like a drum. Pretending to be asleep, motionless I watched through half-closed lids. In the early light of dawn I saw a man's figure silhouetted in my doorway. It was the Chief. I swallowed my heart but it bounced right back choking in my throat. He entered. Like an animal at bay, I watched every movement. Some twenty men crowded quietly through the door; the floor creaked beneath them. There is some safety in numbers, I tried to reason with myself. The room was so large that my olive drab sleeping bag stretched near the east window was a mere dark blotch on the floor in a darkened room. They appeared not to notice it. I relaxed my tension gradually, and watched. The Chief struck a match and lit the kerosene lamp swinging from a cross beam. The men picked flat square cushions from a pile near the wall and squatted on them while the Chief crossed the room to the north wall. In astonishment I watched the strange proceedings. He unhooked a ceremonial robe from a peg, slipped it on, placed his willow crown upon his brow, swung his sword gear across his shoulders. Now fully clad in the robe of the Ainu Chieftain he was, he faced his audience and began a lecture on the Ainu.

I had rented and was living in the local museum.

A shelf three inches above the floor extended the length of the fifty-foot room. It contained a half a hundred lacquer casks intricately decorated with gold leaf, and was a genuine treasure shelf. The casks had been bartered for bearskins by traders of old. Five centuries ago each cask cost from forty to fifty bearskins. There on the shelf in my house stood the equivalent of two thousand fine bearskins. These "treasures," the only tangible wealth possessed by the aborigines today, are priceless.

Daily visitors came and went through my house and I had no more privacy than if I lived in the lobby of a post office. They examined my zippered eiderdown sleeping bag, my portable typewriter with as much interest as they did the "treasures," the old

swords, shaved fetishes, ancient *attush*, bearskin, bow and arrow. The hairy Chief, clad in garments in style a thousand years ago, a pagan man of mystery and glamor, was a wonderful sight; but he attracted not one whit more attention from visiting settlers, and travellers than the Petticoat Vagabond.

Following the custom of rural folk, I geared my life to the model set by chickens; I rose while the earth was shadowed in the gray-green light of brooding down and retired at twilight.

"The animal which possesses the greatest attachment for man is woman," a schoolboy once wrote. It is true. What else would impel the Chief's wife to rise from the bosom of her sleeping family and begin cultivating the fields at dawn? I watched my tattooed neighbor women, two score beyond the retirement age, hoeing the corn while husbands and sons loafed. When they returned to their huts to prepare the family's breakfast, their trousered legs were wet to the knees from contact with dew-drenched grass. In the remembered days of long ago work was more evenly divided. Men hunted, fished, attended to religious worship, and went forth to do battle; while women cared for the home and children, did the weaving and farming. Today there is little fishing, hunting; the bear festival has been banned and peace reigns, but the patient women continue to care for the children, the home, and perform the farm work.

Japanese pioneers maintain little shops along the road which connects Siraoi village with the station. The *yadoya*, and the post office also face on this main street. The village of grass houses inhabited by the Ainu extends along the beach and along several dirt streets reaching back from the sea. The few Japanese residents live near the station. Until quite recently the village maintained two schools, one for the aborigines, where they received instruction in their native language, and one for the Japanese children. Today the schools have been merged. The language used is Japanese and every effort is made to "Japanize" the Ainu. Thus, when the present generation of bearded men and tattooed women pass on, the soft musical Ainu language will die with them.

Some two hundred years ago a volcano in the interior exploded with such titantic force that it spread destruction and ruin along

a hundred-mile stretch of southern Hokkaidō, the district around Siraoi being buried beneath a five-foot layer of ash and pumice. Gradually a forest of oak, beech, maple, ash, elm, entangled with an undergrowth of wild vines, has covered the mountains. Two rivers flowed down to the sea, meandering across and partly absorbed by the porous plain upon which the village was built. I watched the smoke pouring from Tarumae, an active volcano at the end of the mountain range back of Siraoi, but the natives took no notice of it.

Siraoi has been an assembling place for Ainu as far as man can remember. A traveller in 1878 spoke of the village as having eleven grass huts and a large *yadoya*, and as being a place where one could change horses.

I came to Siraoi to familiarize myself with this strange race, to learn their customs, religious peculiarities, and polite manners, and to acquire a taste for their foods so that I could travel freely among them in remote places without offending. I visited in many Ainu homes which were uniformly poor. Their worldly wealth consisted of a few woven mats, fetishes on the god shelf, a "treasure" or two, and blackened pot for cooking. The family's change of clothing made a colorful splotch hanging on the wall. Cleanliness was not a major virtue. Bear skulls stuck on poles planted in the earth near the sacred east window gave many of the huts a weirdly pagan aspect as if they were the temples of some strange gods, as indeed they were. It was a village of old people, men and women who had lived so long and had seen so much, but were not yet ready to die. Strong women with tattooed faces, indicating they were past sixty years, outnumbered their younger sisters. Many were sightless yet continued to perform their share of the world's work.

The dread disease *beri beri*, the curse of the Orient, afflicted many of their children. The six-year-old daughter of the Chief was a mass of sores from the tip of her head to her swollen dead feet. Numbed with suffering, she was so listless she took no notice of a bright rag doll I bought for her in Noboribetsu. She existed on a diet of polished rice. I urged upon Kozo the need for a change in the baby's diet, the necessity for eggs, milk, and cod liver oil, foods so rare and expensive my counsel was but empty words.

Trachoma, a highly contagious sight-destroying disease, attributed to lack of adequate washing facilities, is the curse of these poor people. What a world of human suffering could be saved by a few dollars worth of the new sulfanilamide which physicians of the United States Indian Service declare kills the virus, curing trachoma in a period of from one to three weeks.

With my small vocabulary of Ainu, and an English-Japanese dictionary, I was able to make myself understood. Primitive people have far more "savvy" than educated "civilized" races. By troubling to make friends with my neighbors first, I was able to get some good photographs, otherwise unobtainable.

Siraoi was really a village of pocket-handkerchief farms, for each grass house was surrounded by acre plots planted to potatoes, beans, cucumbers, onions, *daiikkon* and corn. The porous earth would not hold water so necessary for the cultivation of rice.

Ichabod kept the papers in Muroran supplied with photographs and news of my activities. The paper, circulated throughout southern Hokkaidō, and the Chief's tourist trade increased. The Tick of Time has a peculiar fascination and these people were far more interested in age than in one's business or profession. "How old are you?" is the polite opening remark to make to a stranger. The week the paper printed my age as thirty-one years they looked at me and said to each other, "*san ju-ichi, so desuka.*" She is thirty-one, what do you think of that? Kozo, astonished at the size of my limbs and body, pointed out my anatomy to all comers, commenting upon my polished nails. Visitors invariably glanced to see if my toenails were the same. Upon discovering that they were, they looked at one another as if in agreement that here indeed was a strange character. Having exhausted the subject of my physical peculiarities, Kozo would tell her current listeners how I had made her sun the mats and sweep the floor. No Ainu has ever disturbed the accumulated soot and dust on the beams of his house. Kozo saved until last the choice morsel of how I dusted the timbers above. They would laugh at the huge joke and look at me again. "Whoever heard of such a thing!" they said to each other, and laughed again. They enjoyed in a knowing spirit Kozo's story of the *nezumi* (rat) which kept me awake. It struck a responsive chord, for they,

too, had *nezumi* troubles. They commented upon my *sufu* kimono. Kozo never failed to tell them how I always forget to reverse my *geta* when removing them at the door. They glance toward the door, but the *geta* are correctly placed. Kozo attended to that when she entered.

Visitors were more interested in live Americana than in Ainu lore, and I became such a distraction to the Chief's lectures that I soon learned to vacate my house when I spied him plodding down the road from the station with a group of information-hungry males at his heels.

Chapter Fourteen

FISHERMEN OF THE SEA . . . SARDINES . . . A LADY'S SHAVE

The sullen sea, ready to entangle the feet of the unwary in the web of its strong undertow and suck them drowning into its maw, was the established community bathtub. However, it was uncrowded, as few of my neighbors were given to bathing unless by accident when they fell overboard from a fishing smack. Daily I walked to the beach, along the shore to a deserted place half hidden by a sand dune and midway between two fish oil projects, to plunge into the icy waves. The daily drying in the noon day sun and wind transformed my epidermis into the color of mahogany. I was darker than many of the Ainu women who were careful to wear elbow length cloth mittens when working in the fields. I spent happy hours sprawled *au naturel* on the sand soaking up the sunshine and never knew a lonely moment. It was a vagabond's dream of an enchanting place to loaf.

The sea lapping the shores of Hokkaidō literally teems with fish at all seasons. There'd be a fortune in canning the sardines but for the problem of investment and refrigeration. In summer the entire catch, thousands upon thousands of tons of the silver horde, go to make fertilizer. The fresh sea air, laden with the putrid odor of rotting fish, sweeping landward smites the nostrils of villagers. The beach, so enticing to gaze upon from a distance, repels with its vile stench. I held my nose when approaching the ocean until I had picked my way through mats of drying fish and was between the fertilizer and the water where the air was fresh and invigorating.

The lives of the people who wrest a living from the deep are simple indeed and the equipment primitive. Yet even this is controlled by a fishing monopoly. There were no docks, and the sight of large ocean-going boats resting awkwardly on the beach above the high tide mark completely out of their element was ludicrous. Like the Lofoten Islanders, the people here literally lived upon the

bounty of the sea. Early in the morning I watched the brown nets loaded, the boats made ready, and one by one dragged into the sea and launched upon the day's work.

When ready for the sea, from ten to twenty men and women, like ants trying to drag the shell of a large locust, clustered about the craft and endeavored to shove it down a hastily laid treadway of split logs. A cable attached to the bow and fastened to a windlass operated by a team of horses prevented the boat from running amok when being launched. The same cable served to draw it out of the sea when it returned laden, the gunwales bulging with the silvery horde scooped from the sea. Since dragging it out of the sea was but a matter of sweat and muscle co-ordinated with the work of the team at the windlass, the boat inched out and finally was ashore. Launching was the tricky job. When it did not go well and a truant wave washed at the moment the boat slid into the sea and threatened to overturn the craft before it reached the safety of deep water, then, as if by magic a half hundred little figures appeared from nowhere and swarmed about the craft, waist deep in sea water, pulled, pushed and tugged until a proper wave lifted the craft, the little engine began to chug, the flag was hoisted and she was off. The volunteer workers bowed, and vanished, returning to their work.

All day long those on shore watch the dim outlines of the ships scooping up the wealth of the sea with their nets. Returning, they stagger their landing, the shore crew going from ship to ship. The horses sweat and toil, ever circling the windlass, dragging the ships out of the sea.

Starkly simple little fish oil plants were like mileposts along the shore. Each consisted of from two to eight giant iron cauldrons sunk in concrete with a bricked-in furnace beneath. A boat was beached near a plant and the unloading done by hand. Over a rack of poles, workers pulled the brown nets from the bowels of the ship, shaking out the catch. Two men on deck let the net out and kept it moving smoothly. It was then run over a single pole and the remaining fish, with gills entangled in the mesh, were pulled from it by hand, after which the net was spread to dry and old men mended the torn mesh. A small mountain of silver-green

sardines (*iwashi*), bleeding and alive, gleamed in the sunlight. Women in oilskin coats protected by mat aprons, their straw hats tied bonnet fashion to protect their brown peasant faces from sunburn, worked barefooted, slipping and skidding in the slime and blood on the concrete as they hauled the fish in boxes on wheels and dumped them into the boiling cauldrons. There was no protecting railing and a misstep or skidding foot might mean horrible death. Work went steadily forward. A cauldron was filled, and the fish cooked while the second was being emptied, the mass of sardines dipped out, the oil squeezed out in hand presses, the residue cake of fish carried swinging from a pole passed over the shoulders of two women. The steaming cakes were covered with straw mats, while every one concentrated on pressing fish. On a day when the sea was rough and fishing boats could not put to sea, all employees worked at breaking up and spreading the decaying remains of fish. I was impressed by the care and amount of hand labor used in preparing the fertilizer. Several women went along the beach, spreading yellow two by four-foot straw lengths like a housewife placing the breakfast mats. Two workers followed with a little grinder built on legs. They shattered the hardened cake of fish, shovelled lumps into the crusher which they operated by hand, the pulverized fish falling to the mat below. Women followed with rakes and spread the fish evenly over the mat. The aroma increased as the sun warmed the putrid flesh. Swarms of flies settled upon the spread odorous fertilizer.

A few days after my visit a tragedy I feared occurred. A woman, exhausted from her day's work, walking backwards with a heavy box of fish, took one step too many and was drowned in a cauldron of boiling fish.

From the windward side I watched the peasant women. When it was time for lunch each produced a square tin box filled with cold rice, and a pair of chopsticks. The only seasoning for the rice was bits of dried fish. I saw one buxom woman consume a quart of cold rice, then pick up two children aged about two years, and suckle them, one at each breast. Others chatted and laughed among themselves. Some sprawled on a mat and slept. One bright girl ingeniously asked if I were a German by drawing a swastika in the sand with her finger and pointed to me.

"*Nei, Beikoku*," I replied. No, I am American. She smiled her comprehension.

I noted that the laborers were Ainu and women, with a few Nipponese; the foremen and the owners of the boats were Japanese.

Within the space of a three-mile stroll along the black sandy shore I counted a dozen such little fishing stations busily producing oil which is used to make munitions for Nippon's war machine.

Children played all day long on the black volcanic sands of the sloping beach. Arriving fully clothed, they splashed in the feathery fringe of the surf until their wet garments were plastered to skinny bodies. With this for an excuse, they removed their clothing, spread it flat and covered it with warm dry sand, playing nude while dress or trousers dried. They built castles in the sand and stood atop the ramparts clinging to each other in mock terror while the incoming surf undermined the foundations and finally all toppled into the water. Curiosity overcame their shyness, and wherever I appeared they followed at a discreet distance. I felt like the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

When asked to distinguish between climate and weather a student once answered, "Climate lasts all the time while weather lasts only a few days." Under the steady drip of continuous rains, I feared the Siraoi weatherman had confused weather with climate. With monotonous regularity a chilly rainy day was spliced in between two warm, sunny days.

As I lay in my sleeping bag on the floor not six inches above the earth, I listened to early morning sounds—cocks crowing lustily, the clip clop of *geta* on the dirt road, the neighing of a distant horse, the stir of life next door, sliding *amados* (wooden shutters), children chatting and singing, the grating of the hoe in the earth in the adjacent cucumber patch, the dum, dum, dum of the six o'clock drum. Behind and above the small noises was the mighty roar of the lonely sea, as frayed waves broke restlessly upon the beach. Propped on my elbow to note whether the day would give birth to weather or climate, through my east window I watched the delicate gray-green morning sky ripen into a glorious burst of sunrise, silhouetting in bold relief the pagan fetishes and bear skulls planted in the earth but a few feet from where I lay.

My reverie was interrupted by a stray student tourist arrived before I was out of my sleeping bag. He went away and returned again at 7:30 accompanied by several others who watched in silence while I breakfasted on green tea and a bowl of rice topped with a precious egg.

Whenever I tired of Toyo's fare of raw cuttlefish, soup and rice, I experimented with broiling fresh sardines on a spit over the coals. Occasionally I dined in style at the local *yadoya*. No matter where I ate, the fare was substantially the same—raw fish, cooked fish, dried fish, dabs of green vegetables, pickled *daikkon*, and tea.

One day I was surprised when a young Japanese woman in kimono carrying professional camera equipment and flashlight apparatus came to my house to photograph a travelling group. She was charming and intelligent as well as an expert camera woman. Because both she and her husband, Mr. Kinoshita, are professional photographers and have lived a number of years in Siraoi, the Ainu of this village are the most photographed in the world. Accepting her invitation to tea to see her pictures, I found their home a fairly large semi-foreign style house, with front section fitted out as studio and darkroom. They were a lively couple. Mrs. Kinoshita taught me the steps to a Japanese dance. When they found some native Hokkaidō phonograph records with proper rhythm, I taught her the Hawaiian Hula. After the dance she brought out a loaf of sliced bread, the first I had seen in Siraoi; with her two little girls we sat on the *tatami* around a *hibachi* and toasted it over the live coals. We ate buttered toast while hot with peeled ripe tomatoes and green tea. It was delicious. I discovered that I was missing bread after all. With Mr. Kinoshita's dictionary and a few English words, we crawled conversationally. My hostess showed me a handbill in Japanese advertising a theatrical troupe from Tokyo playing at the local theatre that evening, indicating I was to accompany them. Women instinctively understand each other. Without a word of my language she made me understand I was to put on lipstick, change from kimono and *geta* into my American dress, and that the show began at six o'clock.

The theatre was such as one might find in a small town any-

where, with this exception: It contained no seats, and shoes had to be checked at the entrance. Playgoers sat on mats on the floor. General admission was one *Yen*, but we had a special "box" in the dress circle provided with the luxury of flat cushions for *Yen* 1.80. The *benjo* (indoor "Chick Sale") was just off stage to the left, the only entrance from the orchestra being across one corner of the stage. It afforded an excellent opportunity for climbing onto the stage and taking a look at the audience. Every shy youngster in the theatre got up courage to go at least twice during the performance.

The entertainment was called "Nonsense Skit" and it was just that. The language contains no word to correspond with "nonsense" so the Japanese incorporated the whole English word without pre-digesting it. This custom is having a vogue and many foreign words are finding their way into the Japanese vocabulary.

The tireless squatting spectators expressed lusty approval of the dancing girls, the magic tricks. They sighed over an Oriental Shirley Temple, solemnly watched a patriotic skit and dutifully clapped loudly. They laughed heartily at the jokes and smart talk and enjoyed themselves immensely.

I was conscious of a freer atmosphere on Hokkaidō than in the crowded south. Not only was the climate invigorating, but man had more elbow room, he laughed more readily in his less cramped outlook, his spirit was flexible and adaptable. He had developed an imagination.

One day, hearing the click of my typewriter, young Toru, the Chief's ten-year-old son, quietly gave up aiding his mother, and with several friends slipped in to watch the magic of the portable. Curiosity overcoming shyness, they pressed about me. Kozo laid aside her hoe and came to see what Toru was up to, and in a short space of time some twenty Ainu women and their children parked their *geta* before my door and filled my house. Others, forgetting religious taboo and common courtesy, peered at me through the sacred east window. One word from the Chief and even the women vanished like dew before the sun, only to be drawn back by curiosity. My poor battered typewriter has aroused its quota of interest in the world. Once in far away Czechoslovakia a gendarme forced

me to take it out of its little case and demonstrate that it was not a cleverly contrived bomb. No border guard has ever accepted it as just a typewriter and passed it. All must open it, poke around for secret compartments, tap its sides, lift its out-moded keyboard and tap out a letter or two to convince themselves it really writes. The Ainu were not suspicious, they just loved the tap, tap, tapping of its metal keys.

The aborigines have always been expert fishermen. One day the Chief invited me on a fishing expedition which I was delighted to accept. Accompanied by Toru and his two younger brothers, equipped with a single fishing pole, we set out. What a trip! We walked miles and miles up the beach, past nude children playing in the surf. The boys dug in the sand and found some flies for bait. We cast into the sea hopefully. Finally we stopped at a fishing station. The Chief was bent upon sampling the owner's new *sake* brew. The boys were realists. They filled their pockets with cuttlefish, and each selected a sizable mackerel against the possibility of not catching dinner.

After drinking two bowls of the milky white alcoholic fluid, the Chief liked it so well that he bought two gallons of it, floating with malt so thick it would scarcely pour through the spout. Indian fashion we crossed the meadow. The cane fishing pole resting lightly on the Chief's broad shoulders, while Toru struggled with the heavy pail of *sake* and the younger boy followed dragging a mackerel in each hand. I brought up the rear with a paper bag of rice cakes. Whenever we halted to rest, the boys reached into pockets, drew forth limp raw cuttlefish and gnawed with relish on them.

Every one was glad of an excuse to sit down and rest when we came to a grass house. Without knocking we entered. Only half floored, the place was indescribably filthy. A burly Ainu man in tatters sat amidst a pile of rags before a hearth containing a few coals, and some half-smoked sardines impaled on sharp sticks which shared honor with the household god. While meditating he smoked an object almost too trivial to be called a pipe. Happy at the opportunity of honoring his neglected gods, the man laid aside his

pipe, and wiped out three used rice bowls with a soiled rag. The Chief filled them with the milky liquid from the kettle and the two of them drank to the household god. It is dangerous business for a man to slight any of his gods. They each drank two additional bowls of *sake* to the gods in general. In the meantime the boys finished eating all of their cuttlefish and shared the cakes with me. Luncheon finished, we departed as casually as we had arrived. Toru sloshed along with the kettle of *sake*, the middle-sized boy carried the fishing pole while the smallest dragged the fish in the dust. The Chief walked happily along empty-handed and carefree as was his due. In this order we walked miles, past several vegetable farms, a large horse ranch, and through the woods to a lake. A tangle of water-lilies and tough marsh grass rimmed the lake for a distance of a hundred feet from shore. Despite the hopeless outlook, the optimistic Chief baited the three hooks with worms dug by Toru, and with a flourish cast into the lake, where the hooks promptly snarled. Now thoroughly dismayed because he was unable to reel in the line with a fat flapping salmon on each of the hooks, the Chief gave up fishing. Sweating and tired, we trudged miles back home, the boys carrying the kettle and dragging the puffed mackerel in the dust, the Chief leading the way, empty-handed.

The Chief's ancestors were doubtless expert fishermen, but the easy village life and impact of "civilization" have probably weakened his will to fish. Certainly he was a better orator than a fisherman.

One morning Matsuishi, unaware that he was followed by two dozen "tourists," arrived, interrupting my breakfast. They found me seated on a flat cushion near the Goddess of Fire, eating stewed cuttlefish and rice.

The procedure which followed was as routine as that of a well-run side show. Visitors, leaving *geta* at the door, entered, seated themselves on cushions facing the row of "treasures." The Chief arrived, donned his ceremonial regalia, faced his audience and began his lecture. Matsuishi translated for me.

A man with good stage presence, he spoke in a modulated musical, expressive voice. He demonstrated the bow and arrow, the method of using the salmon spear, exhibited the "treasures," told of

the early diet, of the many gods worshipped by the Ainu, of the bear festival, and other native customs. I made notes and later checked on him. Although he spoke to "tourists," the Chief did not take advantage of the occasion to exaggerate—a temptation few can resist.

Having determined it was about time to move on, to visit Ainu in the interior uncorrupted by outsiders, I could not resist a final visit to Noboribetsu before departing. I was now brown as a native from sea bathing, wind and sun, and enjoyed soaking unnoticed in the hot radium pool.

I returned to Siraoi in a downpour and found the entire village gathered before the station; the people in rain togs on stilted *geta* were half hidden beneath a sea of cartwheel oiled paper umbrellas. They had turned out in the rain to perform a double patriotic duty, and I was just in time to witness a unique ceremony—the Seeing of Horses off to the Front.

The station was on a natural rise in the terrain and provided a perfect platform for the gathered Army officers, and local speech-making Government officials. First, three wounded soldiers, local youths returned from the China Incident, stood at attention and received the tribute of the mayor who read a lengthy oration. After brief speeches by other prominent men, one of the soldier heroes made a modest response. This was followed by the waving of flags and shouts of "*Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!*" (may you live 10,000 years), and the singing of victory songs by the school children.

In contrast to the joyous welcome given the returned soldiers, the send-off for the conscripted horses was a sad occasion. A farmer's son drafted for war sometimes returns, a conscripted horse, never. The last few moments of the owners' time with their animals were up. I saw one farmer standing beneath a tree, his arms about the neck of a beautiful horse. With tears in his eyes he led it forward with the others, handed the halter rope to a soldier and stood staring at his prized animal unmindful of the rain. With their new soldier-attendants, a hundred horses, each with a wooden tag around its neck, ranged in a double line facing the open space before the station. There were no "*Banzais*," no singing, only silence broken by

the shuffle of horses' hooves and the patter of rain on paper umbrellas. An officer stepped forward and made a brief speech on the glory of serving the Emperor. The roll was then called. Like clods on a coffin, the man's voice called a number. A horse was led forward and started on a journey to the Incident where his proud flesh would be ripped and torn by Chinese bullets. Slowly the horse passed in front of the committee on the steps of the station and was led into an ordinary box car, not a ventilated stock car. Probably many of them suffocated before they left Hokkaidō. I had my camera with me but to photograph a railway station, a soldier, or a horse belonging to the Army was forbidden. I saw many friends standing solemnly in the rain. The Kinoshitas were there, many Ainu acquaintances, the local police, and the Chief. The latter walked home with me, holding my umbrella.

Although I was making a trip into the interior to live with the aborigines, with a woman's forethought I paid a final visit to the local purveyor of beauty. Life is filled with little and big surprises. Indicating to the kimono-clad lady barber that I would have a shampoo and haircut, I relaxed. Before I was quite aware of what was happening, the operator had tilted my chair, lathered up my face from a mustache mug, whipped out an old-fashioned razor and was shaving me. My language did not cover the situation and rather than get my throat slashed I philosophically relaxed and allowed her to follow her routine. Face shaving among women is an old Japanese custom. This strange but rather pleasant operation left my face as smooth and soft as baby skin. I watched two school girls getting their faces and heads shaved right up to a small round top-knot which fell like a Japanese doll's hair covering the denuded head.

"Step right up, lady. Get a shave, shampoo and haircut all for thirty-five *sen* (10 cents)." It was better than I did in the beauty parlors in Soviet Moscow, paying with rubber *rubles*.

Back at my house, I packed before darkness fell and prepared to depart the following morning. I was really sorry to be leaving my grass mansion, and the *nezumi*.

Chapter Fifteen

TOMAKOMAI . . . PIRATORI . . . NIBUTANI . . . ON A JAPANESE FARM

I left the train at Tomakomai, the railway junction where the main line and the telephone poles turn inland toward Sapporo. It is the last place on the southern coast visited by the rare globe trotter who ventures to Hokkaidō. He, too, turns inland and heads for Sapporo and thence to Otaru or Hakodate to wait for a ship.

"I'll wait for you at Tomakoai at noon tomorrow," I called to Matsuishi, as I gave up arguing with him about the trip the previous day. He did not hide his chagrin and surprise when I announced that I was moving on. He had never been off a tourist route in his life and he had no intention of going farther afield than the spa at Noboribetsu. I urged him to remain in his comfortable quarters at the spa. I'd call for him upon my return.

Tomakomai, the largest paper manufacturing center in the Far East, was one of those planned towns with streets intersecting at right angles. Built upon a treeless marsh land, it was a tidy, prideful town without distinction save for an overpowering stench emanating from the paper factory. With two hours to wait, absentmindedly I checked my luggage at the station and strolled down main street, wondering if Matsuishi would show up. I recognized the large square blockhouse set back from the street as headquarters for the gendarmerie by the sixteen-petalled golden chrysanthemum insignia above the door and, immediately regretted having left the railway station. Almost before the regretful thought was formed, a white-clad policeman, sword dangling menacingly, left his cubicle and started after me. I walked fast, but the Law walked even faster.

Overtaking me he flung a volley of questions at me in Japanese.

"Where are you going? Where do you come from? What is your name? How old are you?"

I understood him, but knowledge is not always an asset. I gave him a friendly moronic smile and pointed toward a crowd gathered in a vacant lot where a baseball game was in progress. We stopped to watch the game, clapping loudly when my side scored a point. At the height of the excitement I slipped away, crossed a broad meadow and a bridge spanning a small river, and climbed over the sand dunes down to the beach. Many people strolled on the broad, black sandy beach but no one was in swimming. When the waves of the murky cold sea rolled in, a million translucent bubbles crashed on the shore, and when the sea retreated, a rim of snowy froth a foot deep remained on the black beach.

Looking up from the fascinating phenomenon, I saw the policeman perched atop a sand dune waiting for me. He followed me back to the main street, but when he came to his cubicle, abandoned me as too dumb to be dangerous, and returned to his business. I turned into the first restaurant and lunched on curry and rice and tea.

Matsuishi did arrive, and somewhat dour we boarded the train for Sarahuto, another junction. When he saw the dinkey engine attached to an ore train, he balked.

"We cannot go farther. There will be no accommodations. . . . Piratori is just a tiny Ainu village." He endeavored to retain his patience.

With my sleeping bag, I never worry about having to stand up all night. I tried to reassure him as I led him gently toward the ore train. Inland the countryside was lush and green, the level floor of the broad valley a checkerboard of flooded rice paddies and cultivated fields. Orange-colored lilies, blue flags, and wild fragrant roses grew along the railway. It was a lovely land. There were but a few stops, and we arrived at the end of the line late in the afternoon. Matsuishi was set for his inning.

"Ha! See. Just as I told you. There is no *yadoya* in Piratori, no place to sleep." He was so pleased at this revenge he forgot that he, too, had no place to sleep.

No one will ever be able to make an adventurer out of a Japanese.

They're charming, but they just aren't psychologically constructed to face an uncertainty with any degree of equanimity. Matsuishi was ready to sit down in the station and allow fate to take its course. Missionaries had neglected to teach him that "God helps those who help themselves."

Indeed, Piratori was a small savage lonely town surrounded by a wilderness, but it looked interesting.

In speaking with Doctor Munro in Karuizawa he had mentioned a Kuroda-san in Nibutani, a village up the Sarupetu valley, who once put up a visiting professor. He also spoke of a bus line running from Piratori past Nibutani which left in the late afternoon. Outside I saw a bus with passengers crowding into it. When I hurried Matsuishi to the bus and squeezed in, his ego was as deflated as a balloon stepped upon by a cow.

A cheeky Ainu lad of about ten, for all the world like Huck Finn, sat near me on the bus. Bored with existence, he ran away to see the world and had actually managed to get beyond the dinkey junction at Sarahuto before he was picked up by the police and ignobly returned to his native hamlet. A tattooed Ainu woman waited beside the road, and when the bus conductor handed him down, she grasped his wrist firmly. I could not tell from her expression whether the young vagabond was in for a spanking or not. I was of the opinion that such daring initiative in a lackadaisical land should be rewarded.

We got off the bus when it halted before the only wooden house in Nibutani. Kuroda-san was the most important man in the village. The structure had to be his. It was. Naturally, he was somewhat surprised to find himself the unexpected host to an American guest.

"Any friend of Doctor Munro's is welcomed," he said, inviting us in.

The white uniformed gendarme at Piratori, having glimpsed a foreigner boarding the bus, mounted his bicycle and sped after it. Pedalling for four miles up hill and down dale along a pebbly road left him breathless. After refreshing himself with Mrs. Kuroda's tea, he was able to delve into my private affairs, jotting down notes. During my stay at the farm, he frequently pedalled out for a visit. After questioning me, when I reversed the procedure, he did not mind,

though our conversation was somewhat jumpy as I had to pick out the questions from my phrase book and dictionary.

Mrs. Kuroda, a kindly woman, fragile as a reed, gave me the guest room, a pleasant artistic room with foot-high desk, several flat cushions, and a flower arrangement in the *tokonoma* (sacred niche). Three walls of the room were of sliding paper panels, removable. Matsuishi had the front room adjacent to mine.

For years the Kurodas had been friends with Doctor and Mrs. Munro during their stay on the island and they had adopted many ideas from the English doctor. For instance, Mrs. Kuroda understood the necessity of a balanced diet, the dangers of drinking unpasteurized goat's milk, the curse of flies in spreading disease, and the value of fresh air.

The Kuroda farm was typical of the better-class farms of Hokkaidō, but the family was far above the average in intelligence. It is now fifty years since Hikoso Kuroda migrated down from Sakhalien, became a village schoolmaster in Nibutani, and married pretty young Mijami, descendant of the fourth generation of Hokkaidō pioneers. He brought ideas from the North but when it came to building a house, he could not let himself go and construct one suited to the Siberian winters of Hokkaidō. His was a typical Japanese house, with sliding paper walls, separated from sliding *amado* by a yard-wide hardwood corridor, and *tatami* floors. His concession to the cold climate was a hallway with permanent walls which cut the house in half, most un-Japanese in character, and a chimney. A stove is an ugly thing in a chastely simple Japanese room, but heat in this climate was a necessity. Kuroda-san compromised. Three rooms were heated in the Nippon manner with a *hibachi*, but the fourth, the family living, dining, sleeping room contained a low pot-bellied iron stove.

In summer, the sliding walls could be removed, and the house became one with the garden. Beyond the formal garden in the rear the spirit of the farm changed. It was pure pioneer. There was a deep well shaded by a cherry tree, a large wooden barn, chicken yard, pigpen, and vegetable garden. The roof of the dwelling extended to cover a blacksmithy and general store room, against the wall of which was piled the winter's supply of stove wood. A wood-

pile, so typical of the Hokkaidō landscape, is a strange sight to Japanese coming from the South.

The Kuroda farm, comprising 6 *cho* (1 *cho* equals 2½ acres) like the arctic farms of the settled Laplanders, was not all one piece. He owned forest land, bottom land for growing rice, and a distant millet patch, as well as pasture land along the river. With several head of cattle, four horses and a farm six times as large as the average farm in the south, Kuroda-san was, by comparison, well off indeed. His first crops are strawberries and soya beans, followed by barley and oats, corn and potatoes with millet and rice ready for harvest in October. With the exception of meat and fish, the farm supplies the family needs. The climate is unsuited to rice growing, but Kuroda-san manages to produce enough for his family which consumes 450 gallons (56 bushels) annually. There is never any left over for marketing.

A progressive man, Kuroda-san has managed the heroic task of educating his nine children. Only three, Chiyo, Masa, and Kuzuki, remain at home. Other daughters married and sons became teachers and engineers. Kuroda-san, aged sixty-seven, was getting along in years. His wife was frail. Thus the responsibility for the farm fell to Chiyo who was twenty. She accepted cheerfully her hard lot as a farmer's daughter. Returning muddy and covered with grimy perspiration after a day in the fields, she drew water and prepared the family bath, cooked the evening meal and, fresh as a butterfly in crisp clean *yukata*, served dinner. We did not eat with the family. The first evening Chiyo set a foreign-style table in my room, and brought two chairs with legs on padded runners to prevent injury to the soft *tatami*. She served a delicious Japanese dinner in pretty little bowls. The setting up of the table was extra work for her and I begged her not to trouble herself, assuring her I wished to live Japanese style and was accustomed to eating from a foot-high tray set on the floor. Thereafter, only on special occasions did we eat from a table.

At night she prepared my bed. She rolled down a *futon*, covered it with a narrow sheet, placed a rice pillow at one end, and spread a thickly padded silken kimono above. The padded kimono worn over the sleeping kimono served as bed covering. She allowed the

sliding panels to remain open. This was probably the only home in Japan where night air was allowed to circulate freely.

Ainu villages are usually situated either by the seashore or along swiftly flowing rivers. There wouldn't be any reason for people living elsewhere. Nibutani was on a river, the Sarupetsu. As villages go it was of no especial importance. Ainu liked the spot and built their bristly grass houses on a fairly steep incline. Trails led from house to house, and other than the main dirt road there were no streets. No one knew the exact age of the place. Ainu had always lived in the vicinity. Ten generations of the family next door had lived and died in Nibutani. A few died and a few were born and the population of 600 remained fairly constant.

In his researches delving into the mystery of Ainu poetry and folklore, Doctor Kindaichi, of the Tokyo Imperial University, had worked with Kunimatsu, an intelligent elderly Ainu living in Nibutani, and had recommended him to me. I therefore arranged to study the Ainu language and customs with him as teacher. It worked out well. Kunimatsu came to my place at night after his day's work was done, and Matsuishi interpreted. That left my daylight hours free to explore the countryside and make friends with the neighboring Ainu.

Kunimatsu, a distinguished-looking man in his early fifties, was born in Nibutani and went to school to Kuroda-san. In those days busy mothers cobbled the family's shoes from deerskin, horsehide and salmon skin. The children, clad in *attush* and skin garments, came from distant villages to the school in Nibutani. In winter they plodded along on short, squat snowshoes. They were taught in their native Ainu language by Ainu teachers. Only the principal was Japanese.

"The whole countryside was a forest of giant trees," he said. Bear and deer were plentiful and the river over there had salmon in it two and three feet long. All men were hunters." He laughed at a remembered fallacy. "I used to think that all blacksmiths were crippled because they worked at home instead of hunting and fishing."

Like the care of babies, farming is considered woman's work. In

his youth they used only crude tools made from the forked limb of a tree. They staked out and cultivated only the soft spots of land. Forbidden the use of money by their conquerors, the Ainu used tobacco as a medium of exchange, a bundle of leaves being the unit of value, a practice in vogue until the beginning of the Meiji Restoration (1867).

At the beginning of the twentieth century the Government decided to make farmers out of the aborigine hunters. Each Ainu family was assigned a definite plot of land, about one acre, to cultivate. Hunting and fishing were restricted. Large salmon continued to come up the river, but the Ainu were not permitted to catch them. They could not afford to buy a license, the cheapest of which cost *Yen* 28 to *Yen* 30, for the season.

One morning Matsuishi and I gained a toe hold on the crowded bus and rode into Piratori bent upon exploring the village, once the capital and most powerful in all Ainu land. There was little to see. It was a village of thatched houses, with shops strung along a main road leading to the station. Each had a valid excuse for prying into places of business. Matsuishi pursued his quest for *jun min* (cotton cloth) while I looked for Ainu relics and some bark cloth for an *attush*.

Emerging from a shop I was immensely surprised to come face to face with a foreigner, Fosco Maraini, the young Italian anthropologist from the Sapporo University. Accompanied by a Senior student Hiroyuki Myasawa, the two were on a vagabond bicycle trip, having come all the way from Sapporo. I was delighted to learn they were headed up the Saru River valley and planned to stop at Doctor Munro's house. Both spoke English and both were interested in the Ainu.

"We'll stop at Kuroda's when we come to Nibutani," Fosco promised. "We've got to check out of the *yadoya*."

"*Yadoya*," I said. "I didn't think there was one in Piratori."

"Oh, yes. And a very good one, too," added the student.

Matsuishi and I had just discovered a dealer in old swords and *ikubashi* when the bus came along. We allowed it to go, agreeing to walk to Nibutani if we failed to pick up a ride. We failed. The

four miles stretched out interminably. Men on horseback passed, men leading and men driving horses passed. I never saw so many horses, but there was not a horse to ride. At the beginning we loafed along, not wishing to waste our energy walking when we were going to ride.

We had barely reached Kuroda's and dropped down to rest, when Fosco and Hiroyuki, their meagre luggage strapped behind on their bicycles, rode up and stopped for a brief visit, enroute to Doctor Munro's place. Shortly after they rode away they returned to beg lodging of the Kurodas. Munro's house was closed. Both guest rooms were occupied, but there is one convenience about living Japanese style; the floor is large and there is always room for one more. With four guests to be fitted into two rooms, the delicate question arose as to which of the men would share my room. I settled the question for them.

"I will sleep in mixed company when it is absolutely necessary. However, there is ample space in Matsuishi's room for you three men to arrange your *futons* around the fire box. And that's where you're going to sleep."

Mrs. Kuroda was surprised at a woman settling the question without giving the best quarters to the men. Fosco agreed with me.

Chiyo had prepared the bath. This was no small task since water had to be drawn from the well, the bath tub filled, a fire lighted in the firebox at one end, and several hours elapse before the water heated. This night I was first in the bath. I was followed by the three guests, then came the family in order of seniority, Kuroda-san, Mrs. Kuroda, Chiyo, Kazuki and lastly Masa, the youngest daughter just returned from boarding school.

Chapter Sixteen

AINU DANCE—"WHALE ON THE SHORE"

The Ainu usually dance only at festival time, the dance being for their own amusement and for the pleasure of the gods. However, Hiroyuki managed to interest a group in staging a performance in Piratori. The Professor wished some action photographs.

Because of the transportation problems our journey to Piratori was a comedy of errors. Matsuishi, having no interest in such an expedition, remained lounging on his *futon* the day through. Hiroyuki, Fosco and I with loaded cameras awaited the bus. It came, bulging with humanity. It whizzed by without halting. The men had their bicycles, but courtesy forbade them to leave a lady to walk. Kuroda-san volunteered the loan of a horse, and Chiyo and Fosco trudged to the pasture, but all they could capture was a lame animal which had to be released. Leaving the men to their bicycles, I caught a truck ride into Piratori. In the meantime Fosco found the good horse. While he was in the pasture, Hiroyuki nobly left the bicycles to Fosco and me and rode in on a truck. Fosco, leaving the bicycles to the student and myself, rode horseback, Hiroyuki and I met when driven to shelter by the rain. I found him finishing off two bowls of *soba* in a small restaurant with a dirt floor. He cheerfully ordered a third and joined me. In the meantime Fosco, trotting past on a tall roan mare followed by a foal, saw us, dismounted and joined the party. We each ordered another bowl of *soba*. This exotic dish, made of cooked green spaghetti submerged in a sauce of brown *soya* with minced scallions floating in it, is served in a bowl and topped with a raw egg. Eaten with chopsticks it tastes better than it reads.

Shopkeepers poked heads out and stared at the strange company

as we proceeded down the main street, walking in the rain, leading dobbin followed by the frisky colt. We found the Ainu house where the dance was to be high on the slopes of a hill overlooking the meandering Sarupetsu on the outskirts of the village.

The scene which greeted us at the cottage was enough to satisfy any one's hidden streak of longing to revert to a barbaric state. A score of strange tattooed women with sloe black hair cut shoulder length, their ceremonial robes splashed with bright geometric designs, milled about chatting and laughing, fingering one another's beads and large pewter ear rings which dangled from their ears, resting on shoulders. Inside, mustachioed women sat on the floor around the walls of the dimly lit room. Along the rear wall a life-sized carved bear, a surprised expression frozen in wood, and a huge drum flanked a shrine honoring the myriad Buddhist, Shintoist and Ainu gods impartially. Like curious children the Ainu women gathered about me. They commented upon my short hair, my beads, and fingered the rough surface of my seersucker cotton frock. I could hardly drag my eyes from their fascinating blue mustaches. At this point the local crazy woman arrived and, without warning, rushed up, embraced me with a vigorous hug, chattering the while in Ainu. She seized my right hand and kissed it. I cringed at being womanhandled by a smelly alcoholic. Two women gently detached her from me, scolding her the while. Freed, I moved casually to another part of the room.

In the meantime Fosco busied himself sketching patterns tattooed on the forearms of the older women. Hiroyuki remained at his side interpreting for him.

The Ainu women dance to give pleasure to the gods, but only men make offering of wine to them. Since it was a religious occasion, and religion is the province of man, it was necessary to have one present. He was already enroute. A patriarch, Kotan Pira, just two years short of the century mark, was brought pick-a-back by a strong young woman up the hill, into the house and placed on a flat cushion before the shrine. She arranged his dark robe applied in bold design, spread his long thick white beard tidily across his chest. Seated there erect, helpless of movement, I thought of him as a biblical Moses freshly arrived from the wilderness. A woman

brought a legged tray containing several two-storied ceremonial bowls, each with an *ikubashi* laid across it.

When Pira was seated, a stir spread through the room and the dancers rose from the floor, moved to the center of the room and set the mood clapping time to a two step side step. The dances which followed consisted of clapping, stamping, and weird rhythmic barbaric body movements. A few would make delightful additions to folk dances taught in school. The first, called *Pyachi cha* and performed by four women, was a form of the Virginia reel. Even the women seated took part, clapping out the rhythm, while all chanted *pyachi pyachi*.

Many of the dances such as *Fueranto*, a battle dance, had introductory movements, which were always performed after rather than before the dance. In *Fueranto* six tattooed women three in a row faced each other, advanced, bowed, clapped their hands, stamped their feet, retreated chanting, working themselves up to a wild fury. They went through fencing motions while onlookers kept time clapping, the dancers singing a song beginning with "*Fueranto, fueranto, ranto, ranto.*" This dance ended in an actual wrestling match, with a judge announcing the winning side. The women only pretended to wrestle, but on an important festival occasion, they wrestled in earnest, providing plenty of excitement.

I noticed one almost blind elderly woman with fine blue mustache, bushy bobbed hair beginning to gray, appeared quite weary after the lively *Fueranto*. She dropped to the floor a shade quicker than the others, and sat resting, mopping her brow.

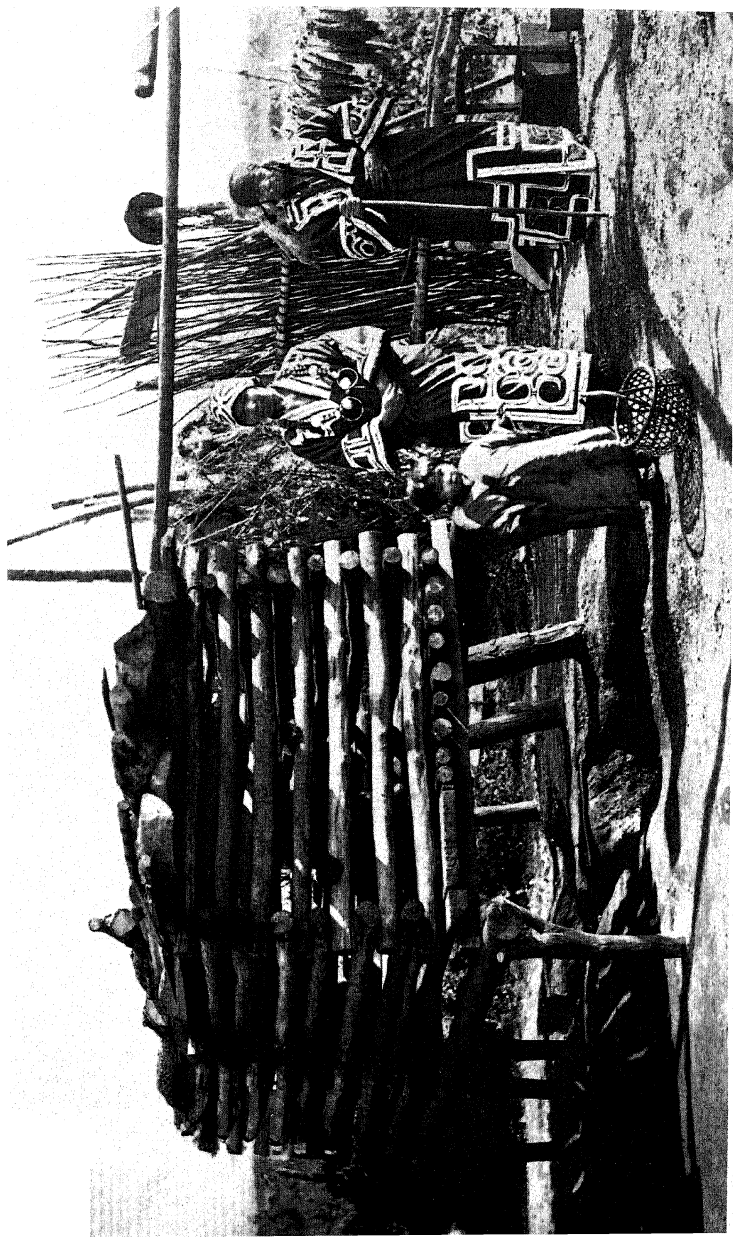
"That is Asisara," a woman whispered. "She is the only one who knows the really old-time Ainu dances well, because she has a good memory. She is ninety-two years old."

I looked at her again and saw that she did look older than the sixty-year-old dancers, though sixty is not old in Ainu land.

Not once did she plead, "I guess I'll sit this one out. I'm ninety-two and not so lively any more." She was lively and she took part in almost every dance.

"*Nezumi no nei*," mice at play, the announcer called the next dance. I felt a prick of recognition, recalling the old *nezumi* (rat) which lived in the thatched roof of my grass house in Siraoi. Dancers





Bruin is kept in a pen on stilts until he is old enough to be sacrificed at the Bear Festival.

representing the mice went to one end of the room while the dancer representing the trap remained seated with a looped *obi* circled on the floor before her. Bits of torn paper were placed in the circle and scattered before it. The dancers representing the mice pranced lightly and friskily up to the trap and tried to steal the bait, while the seated dancer attempted to loop their hands quickly, thus trapping them. Once one of the mice was caught, the dance was over with every one laughing and clapping.

The next dance was a continuation of "Mice at Play" with an added hazard—a cat. This enlivened the performance immensely. The prelude to "*Nezumi no Nei*" came last. The barefoot dancers, hopping with feet parallel and apart the width of the *attush* setting off the beauty of the geometrical patterned garment, danced forward, clapped, circled the room hopping with both feet clear of the floor at once, chanting "*Heiō roku*" all the while.

Fumpe or "Whale on the Shore" appeared to be their favorite and they performed it with gusto twice. The dance illustrated the story of a dead whale washed ashore which was discovered by a blind man walking on the beach, feeling his way with a cane. After the discovery he returned to tell the villagers who came, found the whale and carried it home and made a feast. The women, many of them grandmothers, took great delight in this dance. One performer lay inert on the floor representing the whale. Ashisara took the part of the stooped and bent blind man. Her eyes were bound with a cloth to show that she was blind. The remaining dancers were villagers. Ashisara tapped along with a stick, circled the whale a couple of times before she appeared to discover it. While the blind man fumbles on the beach, the other dancers clap, clap, clap, keeping time. None of their dances had any musical instruments as an accompaniment. I kept wondering when the patriarch seated near the large drum would begin beating it, but he only sat erect watching the dance. After discovering the whale, the blind man went tap, tap, tap, back to the village bringing the joyful villagers to the scene. They expressed their pleasure in a dance. They surrounded the "whale," lifted it bodily and carried it away, singing all the while. In their song they say to the blind man:

"You have found the whale so you must have the choice piece.

Then they chanted "*Moki Uki Moki Uki.*" When lifting up the 'whale' every dancer on the floor took part in the carrying away of the whale. The performance was entirely realistic.

"*Sararun,*" a dance which followed, was an excellent exercise for reducing the waist line. Four dancers stood in two rows with backs to each other. Each swayed the top of the body vigorously, both arms extended describing a figure eight with the upper part of the body. When in good trim they lean far back and touch the opposite row of dancers while making the backward curve with the upper part of the body and outstretched arms, all the while chanting "*cha lui sigh o,*" which Hiroyuki said were Ainu words.

When the dances, which lasted the better part of two hours, were finished Kotan Pira and Ashisara, seated side by side before the low tray, paid homage to the gods. The patriarch filled a bowl of wine, ceremoniously stroked his beard, dipped the *ikubashi* in the wine, dropped six drops to the gods, then with a gesture holding the double-storied bowl up and out drank the contents. He then filled the bowl and passed it to Ashisara, who first stroked her tattooed mustache across the upper lip, then her forehead, before drinking of the wine.

As the women came out in the light I had a better chance to examine the really attractive *attush* they wore. The Piratori Ainu used wide bands, bold design, and much embroidery on their ceremonial costumes, many of which were very old. Their headdresses were also quite elaborate, the white geometric patterns picked out with a colored running-stitch embroidery. Not one would part with a coveted costume for money. They readily showed their beads but drew away shyly laughing in embarrassment when I offered to buy a string.

The dance was over. We were ready to return to Nibutani. Again we were faced with the problem of transportation. We had one horse and the bicycle, which I rented at a local shop, between the three of us and it was pouring rain. We covered the four miles, alternately changing from foot to bicycle to horse and back to shank's mares, with one of us walking, one bicycling and one riding the horse, the colt prancing along bringing up the rear of the strange procession.

Arrived we found Matsuishi taking a siesta, Chiyo-san, driven from the field by rain, had prepared a hot bath for us. She laid the foreign dining table and placed it in my room and in style we ate her special treat, seaweed soup, raw cuttlefish, boiled goat's milk, broiled trout and pickles. Chiyo-san, in fresh blue-print *yukata*, served our ricebowls from a little wooden tub bound with brass bands. She was kept busy. Matsuishi and Fosco consumed six bowls of rice, shovelling it in with chopsticks. I ate one. The husky Hiroyuki did not stop until he had topped the record with nine servings of rice.

Both Matsuishi and myself were delighted with the two guests; they afforded diversion for me, relieving Matsuishi of the troublesome business of interpreting; and, too, they liked the countryside and had an intelligent interest in the Ainu. Hiroyuki was not only energetic, but an accurate painstaking, and tireless interpreter. I resolved to induce him to work with me after Fosco returned to Sapporo.

After dinner we sat on cushions on the floor in a circle around the low pot-bellied stove in the Kurodas' apartment, reported happenings of the day to the family and sang Japanese songs. Chiyo served berry juices in little glasses as refreshments. Mrs. Kuroda kept her petite long-stemmed pipe, which held a bare pinch of tobacco in its little brass bowl, and smoking box always near her. Her three light taps of the bowl against the bamboo smoking box when she was finished became a familiar sound.

With the Sapporo men I planned to explore some Ainu villages up the Saru River, starting at dawn the following morning. I felt far less earthbound now that I had a bicycle. We went early to our mats. Through the sliding paper *shoji* I soon heard the three men snoring softly.

Chapter Seventeen

SUEREBE

When I awoke I was dismayed to hear the rain pattering on the roof. Rain or no, the Kuroda family rose at dawn as usual. If Chiyo and her younger brother could not go to the fields, there was always work in the house to be done. Confined by the rain, we had early breakfast as planned, and for awhile I watched the family working in harmony. Chiyo cleaned house, did the laundry and used her spare time pickling vegetables for winter use. Masa, a shy girl, remained in the other section of the house and was of little help to Chiyo. Like any other boy, Kazuko seized upon the rainy day to take his bicycle apart and reassemble it. Mrs. Kuroda, wearing an extra kimono to ward off the chill, sat on the floor near a *hibachi* containing a few live coals and made over some cotton sleeping kimono, while her husband worked at his broad, flat-topped, foot-high desk in the front room figuring accounts.

After awhile, with nothing to do, Matsuishi returned to his sleeping mat. Fosco, Hiroyuki and myself donned our raincoats and set out on foot to explore the village and visit our neighboring Ainu. A grass house, so cheerful and inviting in sunshine and shadows, looks lonely and bedraggled in the rain when both humans and animals have been driven indoors. Fosco cleverly gained entrée to the homes of utter strangers by a simple request that he be permitted to examine the roof peak and draw a sketch of it. The Ainu are hospitable, and once in a home we were treated as guests. I noticed the Ainu have not the Japanese instinct for small gardens, and flowers were rare. Instead they planted vegetables in tailored rows in the area around the house. In one small hut we interrupted an old woman seated near a smoking fire in the center of the room bent over her work of twisting bark strips into rope. At the sound of

footsteps, she raised her head and brushed a mop of thick coarse black hair from plump rounded cheeks as if to see better. The gesture was a habit, for her eyesockets were shrivelled and sightless. She was elaborately tattooed, her blue mustache extending almost from ear to ear, and the intricate design on her forearms reached to her elbows like long gloves. Her unlined face belied her fifty-eight years.

The bark of the linden has been brought from the forest, stripped, soaked, tied in neat bundles, and placed within reach of the blind woman, who was content to work all day twisting it into strong rope which could be traded at the local general store for salt and rice.

The woman expressed surprise that Fosco should be interested in so common a thing as an Ainu roof. The rafters and inside of the thatch were a shiny ebony the result of years of accumulated smoke, soot, and grease from cooking. Fosco pointed out the structure of the roof and the smoke hole at one end of the crown from which smoke never emerged. Instead it hung like a fog and filled the house.

While we were visiting in the fummy house, the rain ceased, the porous earth sucked up the water and once more the grass houses were romantic abodes. Mysterious women in strange garb appeared, and the lonely village came to life. Ushepeta, the tattooed mat maker next door, stepped outside, peered skyward, and satisfied that the rain was over, brought her loom out-of-doors, set it up and began work. Necessity was the mother of the simple mat-making loom, which was as primitive as an Ainu woman's imagination. It consisted merely of two forked sticks stuck in the ground, which supported a cross stick in the forks. The woof was weighted with small rocks tied to each strand, and the weaving of a mat was a simple process. I watched the woman at work. First she laid a strip of prepared bark along the cross pole, lightly and quickly tossed the stones on the side nearest her to the opposite, and *vice versa*. Another strip was laid and once more the stones changed position. Sometimes in her haste, a stone would be broken. For this reason Ushepeta was always on the look out for peanut-shaped smooth stones as spare parts to her loom. Ushepeta explained that mats and rope were made from the linden bark, but *attush* was made from the inner bark of the elm.

"The linden grows quite near-by," she said. "Come with me and I will show you how it is gathered." She got up from the mat she was seated on, and taking a machete, set off for the woods with Fosco and myself trailing along through the tall wet grass.

Hacking as high as she could reach and again near the root of a tree, she skinned the bark easily from the trunk. With her strong white teeth she separated the inner bark. We helped her carry the material back to the house. Taking a piece of wood with sharp nails driven in it, like the teeth of a coarse comb, and drawing it the length of the bark, she separated it into narrow even strips called *nipeshi*. To color the material she boiled the strips of bark in a pot containing the bark from the laurel.

I bought one of her old mats with beautiful geometric design for *Yen* 5.

For centuries like Laplanders, the Ainu believed that disaster would speedily overtake any one who allowed his image to be recorded. However, under the domination of the Japanese, the most photographic-conscious race in the world, their resistance has gradually been whittled away. Once on friendly terms, they acquiesced to my request and willingly moved their looms when needed for a better light angle. Since we interrupted the work, it seemed only fair to compensate them; therefore we established a set price of fifty *sen* to be given an Ainu for posing. We were probably later accused of having "corrupted" the aborigines.

Time in Ainu land just flows along. There is never any hurry or bustle, no reason for tying knots in the thread of destiny before nightfall when there will always be tomorrow. Time, always such an exact taskmaster, has no standing here. No one began or left off a journey because the hands of the clock pointed to a given hour. The Ainu's complete freedom from this invisible, intangible ogre afforded me secret satisfaction.

With the sun shining brightly, we returned to Kurodas for our bicycles and began our journey up the valley. While we were yet within sight of the farm, Hiroyuki's wheel refused to make another revolution. By the time the two men had torn it apart and reassembled it, it was past lunch time. Once more we returned to Kurodas and surprised the family by a request for luncheon. After we

had eaten, Matsuishi, who was neatly clad in white flannels with shirt open at the throat, caught the infection of our enthusiasm, borrowed Kazuko's mended bicycle, and the four of us set off. Too late I discovered that my bicycle, which performed so well on the level road, could not take a down-hill grade. Three times when my brakes failed I crashed deliberately into the gravelled bank to save myself from plunging into the river, and extracted myself bruised and bleeding. When the bus bound for Piratori passed, had the windows slammed suddenly, half the passengers with eyes glued on my shorts and bleeding legs would have been beheaded.

When the gravel petered out and the rutted dirt road stretched endlessly ahead, Matsuishi eyed the graying sky, then the thoroughfare.

"I guess I've had enough," he said. "I'll be going back." He went.

When light showers spattered us, we had the satisfaction of knowing our weatherwise friend was also getting wet as he had not had time to make the farm.

Taking a tip from some Ainu women who sheltered themselves beneath the large geranium-like *fuki* leaves, we stopped and gathered some growing in the ditch beside the road. I was the only one able to use a *fuki* leaf as a rain hat. The leaves slid off the clipped heads of the men.

When an anthropologist gets an idea, his mind immediately becomes single tracked. On a winter ski trip Fosco had gone as far inland as Suerebe where he found an interesting roof. He wished to sketch it. We passed the most enticing settlements of grass houses, built on the high plateau above the floor of the river valley. Seen through a screen of slanting rain drops the landscape was like a Hiroshige wood block print. We passed an abandoned sawmill with large conical piles of sawdust which no one had found of any use. The old sawmill remains explained where the wood came from for the walls of many thatched houses in Nibutani. It was a pioneer idea. Japanese in the South built their walls of mud and straw.

The next village, Nioi, a one-horse town with two streets, was an important junction. One of the streets led off up another valley to a mine which was forbidden territory to a foreigner. We rode past a few open-faced shops, a petite restaurant, and a police box. A Japa-

nese officer, clad in crisp white uniform and shining sword, saw us pedalling along and came to attention like a bird dog setting a covey of quail, then relaxed and let us pass unmolested. There was no sense in getting his uniform limp in the rain since there was but a single road and we must of necessity return along the same route.

Generations of Ainu have fished and hunted along the remote reaches of the Saru River, yet the race has changed less than the stream. Here it flows swiftly over a shallow rocky bed, there it turns and viciously eats away a precipitous bank. Cutting deeper into the porous earth, it has left the land between the walls of the valley a terraced jungle. The farther up the river we went, the narrower the canyon became and the wilder the vegetation. Suerebe village was a dozen or so grass houses built on a plateau in the elbow of the river. Below, the river meandered across a flat grassy valley, and the distant blue hills were wrapped in a shroud of white rain mists. The steep thatched roofs silhouetted against the leaden sky, surrounded by uncut forests, stirred a response to the savage beauty. A mongrel dog barked a warning. An Ainu woman with thick dark blue tattooed mustache opened her door. The raised floor, wooden walls, and pot-bellied stove for heating reflected the influence of the pioneer. One small space was reserved for "treasures" and the god shelf, while the main room served the family for all purposes. Without exception the children were afflicted with the dread trachoma. Many also suffered with *beri beri*. The house was dark and it was difficult to ascertain the exact type of roof. The woman, clad in soiled ragged *attush*, her thick black hair bound with a dirty band, was well intentioned. She took us to a deserted house hoping the roof was what Fosco was looking for. In former days, the house in which a death occurred was burned. Now it is merely left to decay.

We creaked across the ghostly boards and peered up at the roof through an accumulation of spider webs. The crown was formed by a triangle of poles tied together. Like the Japanese, Ainu do not use nails in the building of their houses. It was a genuine Ainu construction. Fosco was delighted and quickly sketched it.

When the house was abandoned, the god shelf was left intact and a few battered and discolored fetishes or *inao* remained. Near the entrance I saw one weather-beaten and yellowed. The woman re-

fused to sell any of them. When I offered her *Yen* 5 and then raised it to *Yen* 10 for the old *inao* near the door she was tempted but did not yield.

"It is sacred. Only men can handle sacred objects," she explained. "Perhaps my son can arrange for you to have it," she said. Quickly she repented her disloyalty to the gods. "No, it is a sacred thing. An Ainu will not sell a thing that is sacred. You cannot buy it."

Brushing the dust and cobwebs from us we returned to the woman's house to see her beads and "treasures." In the anteroom several dusty lacquered casks were ranged along the wall. Lifting the lids, I saw they contained everything the family considered of value. There were *ikubashi*, ceremonial bowls, and beads. Fosco tried to bargain for a handful of *ikubashi* but she refused to sell them. However she gave me one.

The woman acted as our guide and took us from house to house throughout the little settlement. They were all alike. A few sleeping mats stacked against the wall, an iron pot suspended above the fire box, a treasure or two by the wall—that was all. These poor people knew not a single comfort to ease the burden of life.

In one small, poor, dirty hut a very fine Ainu sword hung on the wall above the treasure casks. The ancient sword was bladeless. Japanese have not yet forgotten the bravery of the hairy aborigine armed with a good sword, and blades are taboo. Had the sword been forged of pure gold it would have been no less difficult to obtain. When the prized ornaments and swords are bought up and carted away, only a memory will remain. Already beads which once passed as currency are becoming rare. The women prefer to keep their ornaments to be buried in. Unmindful of damp clothing which stuck unpleasantly to our skins, we stood peering at those treasures as completely absorbed as children around Christmas packages. I talked with the woman through Hiroyuki. I used my few phrases to win her over. Finally the mother, an old tattooed lady, brought out her personal *chitarabe*, which is a bag made of mat rolled like a log with a piece of cloth sewn over each end and laced along the top. She opened it and pulled out the contents—an *attush*, a pair of white leggings, lacings for her burial mat, large pewter earrings, elbow length mittens and two strings of beads. I coveted the lovely beads.

What a shame to bury them in the cold earth. I tried them on, praised them, and placed them carefully back in the *chitarabe*. My tattooed friend was a philosopher. She was old. One ornament would look as well in the nether world as two. To my astonishment she volunteered to sell the beads I had admired.

"Six *Yen*," she said. I gave her seven. No sooner was I the possessor of the beads than a wave of remorse smote me. How cruel to take from this poor old lady a thing she prized so highly, the only bright thing, the only bit of beauty in her drab life. Perhaps it would give her joy and peace to envision her poor withered old body adorned with two strings of beads instead of one when she was at long last laced in her straw burial mat and returned to earth. I handed the beads to her. Tears came into her diseased old eyes. She would not take them.

The neighbors, astonished that the two foreigners would pay *Yen* for anything that was native Ainu, shook the dust from things they were willing to part with and brought them for our inspection. There were old mats, broken spoons, *tara* (bands worn across the forehead for carrying heavy loads on the back) and such like. Poking around behind a house, Fosco dug up an article that no one had thought of any value. It was a *shinda*, an old Ainu cradle, a flat platform about two and a half feet long and twenty inches across. Part of an old bark rope by which it swung from the ceiling was attached. Scraping the dirt off, Fosco was delighted to discover the carving on the two-inch-high side piece. It was a real find, but difficult to transport on a bicycle in the rain. Hiroyuki was silent, but when we got home he displayed a prize which outshone all our burial lacings, *tara*, beads, *ikubashi*, and even Fosco's cradle. He had a small bear skull.

We stopped to talk to a seventy-year-old woman working in the drizzle, tying a trellis together to support her gourds. We peered through the door of a newly constructed grass house with walls made of thick bundles of reeds standing on end, woven together. Inside, an Ainu man sawed wood. He had built the house himself and was proud of the bristly roof which was not yet finished.

It was six o'clock. We stood in the rain, ready to mount our loaded bicycles, and debated whether or not to continue on to just

one more village. Sane judgment guided us but even Prudence can be tardy. Darkness overtook us. In the half light the wet earth and chuck holes filled with water were all one in appearance. Turning a bend in the road we came face to face with a herd of galloping horses. I plunged into the ditch rather than dispute the right of way with them.

Matsuishi, dry, rested, and fed, listened to our tales of adventure, and congratulated himself upon returning when he did.

Chapter Eighteen

A "VANISHING" RACE HOLDS ITS OWN

Few outsiders ever trek inland to explore the Saru River Valley. The average stranger stops when he has seen Piratori on the southern coast of Hokkaidō, which was once the chief of all Ainu villages. A single dirt road winds up the river, horse trails cut through the tangle of vines and undergrowth, but the valley remains wild and practically unexploited. Ainu living in tiny grass settlements along the banks of the river have had the least contact with the outside world of any of the aborigines.

A few anthropologists have ventured up the valley to "study" the Ainu; an American doctor came to collect samples of their blood; Doctor Kodama collects their skulls, and the Museum has a project under way to photograph every living Ainu; a learned society, to which belong professors and others interested in the aborigines, flourishes in Sapporo. All are interested in the "vanishing" Ainu. They enjoy shedding maudlin tears in committee over a "doomed" race; the demoralized condition of the living touches no sympathetic chord. They find no adventure in preserving remnants of the oldest race on earth. Their interest is purely academic. No one has lifted a voice crying for the betterment of the tragic conditions of disease and filth resulting from the dire poverty of a subject race helplessly sucked into the undertow of a new society.

The kindest act is to allow the race to perish. The only future for the Ainu is absorption by their conquerors. Thus learned men eased the prick of conscience and evaded responsibility.

Tarrying to attend the wake of the hardiest race on earth is tedious business. The Japanese have been waiting for over a thousand years while the Ainu, doggedly clinging blindly to a miserable, rotting bitter existence, live on, their souls like winged butter-



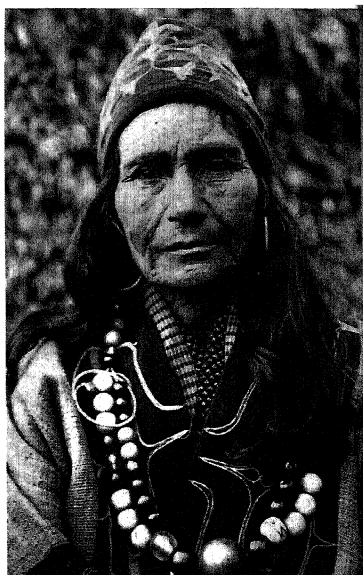
An AINU patriarch. Note this old man's thick shock of wavy hair and hair growing on back and shoulders.



Neighbor Hise, a fair, well-preserved AINU woman of seventy-three seated beside her death chest.



AINU chieftain in ceremonial robes wear-



Note striking resemblance of this AINU



Ainu woman weaving *attush* from inner bark of the elm tree.



flies hovering above the dank, stinking cancerous everlasting marsh of life.

After exploring up and down the valley, discovering unspeakable poverty and a foul disease-ridden people the further inland we ventured, Fosco and I agreed that something should be done.

"You, Doctor Mariani, with your university status and friends in officialdom, you should bring the subject to their attention," I urged.

"It is not for an outsider to do. It is up to intelligent young Japanese to take action. Hiroyuki, Matsuishi, they, with first-hand knowledge of actual conditions must expose the shameful state of this helpless race." He spoke the truth.

The young men were alarmed. "Oh, no. You don't understand. We couldn't do that. Goodness, no," Matsuishi replied lamely. Hiroyuki said nothing.

"It is the terrible crushing poverty," I said with feeling. "If they'd only make something marketable, perhaps I could help them to help themselves by finding some one to distribute their products in the United States."

"They do beautiful carving," said Fosco.

"Yes, but they make only bears. Who wants a wooden bear, even a beautifully carved bear? You just have to dust him off every day." I was sensitive on the subject. I had spent hours in Siraoi trying to get the Chief to see the advantage of having the Ainu make something besides bears. Dolls for instance. A mustached doll clad as a chieftain, or a tattooed lady doll, clad in woven bark cloth would be novel. I had pinned a bored Matsuishi down to interpreting for me. The Chief listened gravely, smiled when I had finished. "It can't be done." Matsuishi interpreted his reply. There the matter ended, but I did not abandon hope.

"The *attush*, the bark cloth they make, is a handsome and durable material," I said to Fosco, trying to think of something other than bears and dolls.

"I should say it is. A costume made from it lasts a man half a lifetime!" he returned. "But what could it be used for?"

"I can see it as book covers, breakfast mats, automobile seat covers, upholstery for summer furniture. But the trouble is they weave it only as needed, making the exact length for an *attush*. In

all Hokkaidō I have not been able to buy a single *tan* (length of 21 feet) of *attush*. Even the Chief in Siraoi went to near-by villages but he could not find a length for me. None was to be had."

"I think your idea is constructive," added Fosco, impressed by the many uses I had visualized for the rough strong cloth.

"With a market in America for their bark cloth, the Ainu would be kept busy the year round weaving, thus adding to their income. I am sure I can help them if they'd only weave up some material," I said.

Later I inquired of Kuroda-san the name of the cleverest, most progressive and intelligent Ainu living in Nibutani. He at once named Kantaroo Kaizawa, a neighbor. With Hiroyuki to interpret I visited Kantaroo, a wide-awake European-looking Ainu, with thick stiff hair clipped Japanese fashion, and skin a shade darker than my suntanned features. He expressed a willingness to experiment, but he had nothing with which to work.

I described to him how a woman living on a frozen *fjeld* in a tent in Lapland turned out beautifully made figures, clothed as she dressed herself and husband. He promised to work on the idea after I gave him a definite order for a pair of Ainu dolls.

One day I called to see how Kantaroo was progressing. I found him seated on a mat in the yard, hacking away at a block of seasoned wood. A figure was taking shape as if sculptured from stone. It was just about as heavy. Kantaroo had reached the problem of whiskers which bothered him. A beard is no easy thing to carve, especially when an *attush* has to fit beneath it.

"Just omit the beard," I finally suggested. "I will make one of rope." I had a better idea. "Make the head a separate unit."

The difficulties of fastening a head to the body were greater than his beard worries. I therefore left him to puzzle it out.

Impressed by Kantaroo's progressiveness, I asked him to sell me one of his old household fetishes. One discolored by time would suffice.

"An *inao* is a sacred thing," he answered, nodding in the negative.

"Then can you not make one for me?"

"No-o." He was undecided. "Yes, I can," he spoke hesitatingly.

"But it will be rather expensive." He was not eager to do the job.

"What makes it expensive? It's only a shaved willow pole."

After a moment's silence he replied, "I have to drink to the spirits and pray. It will cost you about *Yen* 5."

Upon further questioning he broke the *Yen* 5 down as follows: *Yen* 2 for wine to drink to the spirits, *Yen* 2 for carving the wand, and *Yen* 1 for saying a prayer.

"I'm not sentimental about spirits," I said. "Leave off the homage, the wine and the prayer. Make me a simple fetish."

My new *inao* cost me only *Yen* 2, but it lacks spirit.

When Kunimatsu came for my lesson in the evening, the Kurodas treated him as a neighbor and friend. Chiyo always brought refreshments. Often we sat on the floor in my apartment, with the wall facing the garden removed. On cool evenings we gathered about the stove with the Kuroda family. When Kuroda-san and Kunimatsu fell to recalling earlier days on the island, the conversation became so interesting I had always to say to Matsuishi, "What did he say?"

Kunimatsu confirmed Kantaroo's statement about the *inao* needing an offering of wine and a prayer.

"Ainu do not worship *inao* but hold them sacred. They are offerings to the various deities, thank offerings," he added. "A man who neglects his *inao* is held in the same disregard as an atheist in a Christian land." Kunimatsu then related the story of a man who neglected his gods.

"The Ainu are a brave people," he said, dropping his eyes in modesty. "One young man who, in all his life had never heard of an Ainu who failed to pray to his gods and make offerings of *inao*, became one of Doctor Batchelor's Christian converts. It required more courage to give up making fetishes for the gods than to face an angry bear, but he did it. His astonished neighbors walked round and round his house to see with what he had replaced the *inao*. They entered the house and looked about. When they found nothing they were afraid.

"'You are a man without fetishes,' an old man accused. He was the same as an atheist. He had cut himself off from his people."

Kunimatsu expressed surprise that Kantaroo had promised to make an *inao* for me, even without the spirit, and I became apprehensive lest I bring down upon him not the wrath of a single god, but of all his gods.

In discussing the Ainu, Kunimatsu told me many interesting customs.

"Formerly the Ainu were ruled over by a powerful chief who lived at Piratori and received tribute from all the people in the land. Of course that was a long time ago. Piratori is the chief Ainu village today. It was old Chief Penri's village."

I had heard of Penri. He has been dead some twenty years, but the memory of this burly, powerful man with fierce eye, bellowing voice and ready wit lives on. Polygamous old Penri's line is extinct. None of his progeny survive today, and his large grass house remains empty.

The Ainu never had a real monarchy. The government was divided among the separate villages, and each was a kind of republican state, whose elders chose its chief and two sub-chiefs.

According to Kunimatsu the duties of a chief were first of all to lead the hunt, to be first in battle, and to administer justice, such as settling disputes, pronouncing sentence on the guilty, and to see to the proper division of land. Although unwritten, the laws were strictly enforced.

When an Ainu passed through a strange village he had to take off his hat and pass quietly and respectfully. Even the very highest class of people had to be very respectful when passing through a village other than their own.

If a man from Piratori was killed or committed suicide in a village other than his own, the chief of the town in which death occurred was required to compensate for the man's death.

If a man from Nibutani got into a brawl in Piratori, the chief there appealed to the Nibutani chief to make an investigation and to punish the culprit. If a Nibutani Ainu committed a murder in Piratori, the chief sent a messenger to the Nibutani chieftain's house. If the matter was not satisfactorily settled, the sub-chiefs of the village formed a jury. If they were unable to agree, then the villages settled the matter by going to war.

Each Ainu family had its own garden plot and its own hunting ground for birds and bear, and they did not invade another man's territory. Punishment for breach of this law was payment with treasures. If a man found a dead bear, however tempting the booty, he was honor bound to examine the arrow head to determine the owner of the bear. They hunted with poisoned arrows and even though an animal escaped, once pricked, death was certain.

The chief was always present or sent a representative to the marriages of his subjects, and to funerals.

Trials were held in public. The chief pronounced judgment which was not effective until ratified by the elders.

The most common form of punishment was beating with a club. At the Museum in Sapporo I saw quite a collection of punishment clubs, roughly carved in bas relief. All were well worn from usage. Like the Laplanders, Ainu considered stealing a shameful crime. A common punishment reserved for this particular crime was to slit the nose of the offender. I saw a man and his wife with faces thus disfigured. If a man commits the same crime twice, the Ainu just won't bother with him. They drive him from the village.

The Ainu had many of the same taboos as Christians—the seventh commandment, for instance. For the violation of this the culprit was hanged by his hair from a cross pole, his feet clear of the earth, and given a severe beating. Sometimes the woman partner was also thrashed. Usually she was allowed to go free, though in disgrace.

Death was no punishment at all because a dead man could not suffer. The only real punishment was the infliction of pain or of disgrace before one's fellow men. The penalty for murder was worse than death, the guilty being condemned to crawl upon the earth for the rest of his life. An executioner cut the tendons of the murderer's feet, and thus maimed he was only able to get about by dragging himself along on his hands. On rare occasions under extenuating circumstances a man guilty of murder was spared, but was banished from Ainu land to a land "without trees, where birds do not sing, and there is perpetual snow."

A suspect had to plead either guilty or not guilty. The "lie detector" of ancient days was trial by ordeal. For women there was a simple test. She was forced to smoke several pipes full of tobacco,

knocking the ashes in a cup of water which she later drank. Any woman who could smoke and drink without feeling ill was most certainly innocent.

The stake ordeal was also used as castigation, the condemned being spread-eagled between two upright stakes and left in a public place to contemplate his crime.

Most gruesome but possibly the surest way of obtaining a confession was the ordeal by boiling. A large iron cauldron was filled with water, a fire lit beneath it and the victim placed in the pot exactly as a cannibal might prepare his luncheon of stewed missionary. As the water grew hot, perspiration poured down his hairy face and the suspect babbled his tale of crime.

Another test of guilt practiced by Ainu and Laplanders alike was the thrusting of an arm of a suspect in a bucket of hot water. Any person afraid to submit to this treatment was judged guilty. He was equally guilty if his arm was blistered when removed.

A simple but painful trial was that of drinking a tub of water without removing the mouth. Another was the trial by heated stone, which was supposed not to burn the flesh of the innocent.

Ainu folklore is replete with tales of a mysterious people who live underground. Unlike the *Uldas*, a race of spirit people dwelling beneath the frozen *fjelds* of Lapland, the *Koropok-guru* of Ainu land were real. These "pit dwellers" were dwarfs older than the Ainu. Ancient records of the Japanese contain many references to such a race of "earth spiders," a savage people who inhabited the islands before the arrival of their ancestors.

Anthropologists are not in agreement upon the question of who came first. Some hold the "earth spiders" preceded the Ainu. Others believe that two distinct races—the *Koropok-guru* ("earth spiders or earth hidiers") and another race distinguished as Ebisu or hairy savages—were contemporaries and together disputed the coming of the Japanese. Ordinarily the Japanese are considered a very old race, their first Emperor having begun his reign in 660 B.C. Yet, when compared with the Ainu, the advent of the Japanese is of recent date.

One discrepancy which continues to puzzle scientists is the dis-

covery of pottery in the shell heaps on Hokkaidō. The un-Japanese designs on the vessels are undisputable evidence that the Japanese were preceded by an aboriginal race who were potters. But who were they? Present-day Ainu neither make nor use pottery. Their vessels are made of wood.

Kunimatsu believes that the pit-dwellers or "earth spiders" preceded the Ainu. There are many pits as evidence scattered throughout the Island. I saw one on the grounds of the university near the museum, and a dozen or more near Kushiro at the extreme end of the Island.

Ainu are as conservative as the Chinese and Koreans. In former days no man would dare to inaugurate even a small change such as a deviation in the shape of his roof without first discussing it with and receiving the approval of his neighbors. Indeed, so few changes have been made in the construction that Ainu houses are of a uniform design. All are alike in having a low anteroom, and a single large room. They differ from one another only in size. This conservatism probably accounts for the remarkable fact that the Ainu have lived as a subject race for a thousand years. In close contact with the Japanese for at least a century, they have managed to retain their peculiar language, religion, superstitions, habits of life, and mode of dress.

It is customary to speak of the Ainu as a "vanishing," or a doomed race. After travelling among them, I began to question whether they were not rather on the increase. Kunimatsu found it difficult to say whether his people were decreasing in numbers, and I wondered if he did not confuse "vanishing" Ainu with multiplying Japanese. When he attended school in Nibutani more than forty years ago there was but a single Japanese pupil in his school. Today the ratio is fifty-fifty. Kuroda-san believes the Ainu are increasing, at least such is the case in Nibutani. For instance the family next door has nine children, another "about" seven; Kunimatsu has six and his brother has seven.

"It is my opinion that the average Ainu family has four or five children," said Kuroda-san, after we had enumerated the size of all the families in the immediate neighborhood.

Like the Hawaiians, Ainu are fond of caring for children other

than their own. They also adopt children of Japanese parents in the hope of lessening racial discrimination. In an investigation made in 1940, Doctor Munro found 361 births in 98 marriages not counting miscarriages and stillborn. In 1873 the Ainu population was listed as 12,281. The census of 1923 reported 15,461. In 1941 the population was estimated to be about 16,000. Thus official statistics prove that at least as many Ainu are being born as die. Paradoxically the statistician followed his figures with a footnote stating that the Ainu are a rapidly dying race.

Chapter Nineteen

UPPER SARU VALLEY AINU . . . PENAKORI . . . NIOI

Each day we bicycled to a near-by village of grass houses, visited with the aborigines and bought what poor articles they were willing to part with. I was impatient to get to Penakori, "the high upper village," a small settlement nestling at the foot of the mountains, which we had passed without stopping the day we pedalled to Suerebe in the rain.

Penakori was such a village as one might expect to find in the heart of Africa presided over by a savage cannibal chief. Its twenty-one thatched houses faced each other along a narrow, winding road which petered out at the foot of the green mountains. Each little house was half hidden by flowering pole beans and tasselled corn. The village was deserted. A pig, knee deep in muck in a small pen, grunted a welcome. We looked into several houses. No one was at home. The none-too-clean houses were unfurnished save for a few mats on the floor and a god shelf in a corner laden with *inao* and broken utensils. Ashes were warm in the *abeoi* (sunken fire box). Not a person was to be seen, not a baby cried, nor a cock; there was no noise made by any living thing. It was indeed a deserted village. The silence of death reigned.

The men poked about, peering at roofs while I climbed atop one of the long woodpiles, loaded my camera, tested the light and searched for a good angle for a photograph. Presently two women and several small children came down the road. Others followed and soon every house was inhabited, fires lighted on the hearths, and work indoors begun. Not a man was to be seen, it was an Amazon village. The women had been at work in the fields since dawn. Clad in *mompei*, with shoulder-length coarse black hair

bound in place by a black cloth, tattooed blue mustaches encircling their mouths, they looked like grotesque picture-book people. As elsewhere, I noticed that the population was comprised of the very old and the very young.

Penakori women were reputed to be among the best weavers of *attush*, and I went from house to house trying to buy a length of the material, but none was to be had. They would gladly weave the cloth, but no one was willing to undertake the sewing of a garment such as they themselves wore. The women had no confidence in their ability to close a deal. They sent for a man, a frail, tubercular individual of about thirty years. Guided by him, I went to the home of a fine-looking Ainu woman, "the best weaver and *attush* maker in the village." She protested that she was not skillful enough to undertake the commission. At his request she brought out her chest and exhibited some of the handsome garments she had made for herself. Many of them were yellowed with age. After a long discussion she agreed to weave the material and make an *attush* with a "happy" appliquéed design instead of the "mourning" one I had admired.

The woman, whose name was Tekianri, had changed from trousers into a well-made *attush* appliquéed in white geometrical design and looked like some strange pagan goddess seated Buddha fashion just within her doorway, her thick, oily black hair unmarred by gray, bobbed shoulder-length, framing a squarish face with pointed chin. A thick blue mustache circled her mouth and stretched in diminishing line from ear to ear. Sleeves pushed back revealed heavily tattooed arms, the pattern extending to the joints of her fingers. When names were assigned to aborigine families by the government, the surname Kawakami was allotted to the inhabitants of Penakori village. Thus Tekianri's Japanese name, like that of her neighbors, was Kawakami.

I could but speculate upon the miraculous change which could be made in the drab uninteresting lives of the women of Penakori by an appeal to the eternal streak of feminine vanity, by the establishment of a free beauty parlor, for instance. Bathe them, beautify their magnificent heads with a shampoo and wave, and presto, what a change! Women who tattoo their faces and hands ought

to be right at home with lipstick and nail polish. Tekianri could be made to look like a queen. I could scarcely refrain from making the transformation myself! And they were not uninterested in personal adornment. Tekianri examined my polished nails. She wet her finger on her tongue and rubbed it over my nails to show her neighbors that the color would not come off. She exhibited the finger ring I had given her. An active interest in personal appearance would do more to add happiness and raise the morale of the aborigine women than the preachings of a dozen missionaries. Ainu men had religion and drink to take their minds off mundane everyday affairs; women had nothing.

The animal which possesses the greatest attachment for man is certainly woman. The Ainu woman, for instance, considers it a privilege to look after her husband, to till his fields, to cook and weave for him, to aid with the salmon spearing during the season. She takes pride in the personal appearance of her mate and will frequently occupy her spare time for an entire year in making a fine ornamental *attush* for him. For herself she prefers a beautiful string of ancient beads, large pewter earrings, finger rings, and bracelets to complement a nicely tattooed mustache.

Before marriage a girl has an equal status with her brother. Later she is subject to the domination of her husband. However, although not permitted to take part in religious ceremonies, woman is accorded a fairly high status in community life. She usually receives courteous treatment and kindness. Goodwill among the family group and hospitality to the stranger are traditional.

Women of all races manage to exert indirect influence over their men folk. Ainu women are no exception. A husband fears to cross his wife, for an angry woman may do irreparable damage.irate wives have been known to burn their husband's *inao*. When the gods discovered the *inao* missing they naturally attributed it to neglect and visited their wrath upon the man responsible. This may take the form of illness, bad luck, or possession by demons. Thus a man may permit his wife to perform the work incident to a livelihood and management of his household, but he treats her with respect.

A woman's work is a year-round proposition. If in one season she

is less busy than in another, it is during summer. During this "off" season she attends to the weeding and hoeing of the fields, and prepares and weaves bark into material for clothing. In approaching a village it is a common sight to see women seated on a mat in the yard, working at mat making, or weaving on their small wooden hand looms, attached to a cord around their waists with the opposite end fastened to a corner of the house. As the material is woven it is rolled on a stick, and the weaver gradually approaches closer to the house by sliding on the earth as she rolls up the finished material. The cloth, usually a foot wide, is woven like flax into lengths sufficient to make an *attush*, about twenty-one feet. It resembles coarse hempen and is quite stiff, being of a lighter color than cocoa matting. They prefer to work in the sunshine in the yard where they will sit mending the family's wardrobe, or twisting thread or making rope. In spare moments they cut wood and stack it in cord piles, against the bitter cold of winter. In addition they attend to the cooking, cleaning, smoking of fish, keep the fire going, bring water, and care for the children.

There is nothing to brighten their dull lives, no recreation or amusement. However, like most busy people, they appeared contented. If a few high-strung women find themselves unable to endure the monotonous daily grind and take their own lives by hanging, as did Chief Penri's adopted daughter, judgment should not be too harsh. The women of Penakori were neither poorer nor better off than the average.

We noticed that many of the thatched houses of Penakori had plank walls. This was doubtless due to the proximity of the old sawmill down by the river, now abandoned. Doctor Mariani was delighted to discover more than half the thatched roofs in this village of pure Ainu construction. He is convinced the triangle at either end, without center support, is proof that the house once consisted of roof only, built over a hole in the ground. This would explain the many pits found throughout Hokkaidō, the underground homes being used for the sake of warmth as in Saghalien.

Our visit to Penakori had been a success. I was pleased with having contracted for an *attush*, acquired a string of beads, and secured

some good camera shots of the women at work. It was a lovely cool day with bright sun and we felt lighthearted as we rode on to Nioi, situated at the junction of two valleys.

"Isn't this an odd town?" remarked Matsuishi, glancing at the ugly wooden pioneer shacks with stovepipes protruding from shingled roofs.

"It's a real colonial," replied Mariana.

"It reminds me of a pioneer Alaskan town," I added.

The presence of droves of horses, the females invariably followed by foals, added to the colonial atmosphere. Horsemen wore breeches and a motley assortment of shoes ranging from clogs to high boots. A few swashbuckling, slant-eyed cowboys of short stature were top-heavy in broad sombreros.

We entered the single eating house, which was like a small Alaskan joint in atmosphere, reeking with the smell of food and beer. When the several settlers and bearded Ainu had finished their beer and vacated the lone table, we sat down and Hiroyuki placed our order for *oyaka donburi* (*oyaka* means father and son; *donburi*, bowl). We were not cannibals, for father and son in this instance meant chicken and eggs. Realizing the time element, we crossed the street and sat on a pile of logs in the sun and waited.

"*Hi! hi!*" called the cook, with steaming bowls in her hands. We hurried in. The luncheon consisted of bowls of rice heaped with egg soufflé containing chopped chicken, topped with green peas and minced young onions. We tossed off the *oyaka donburi* and ordered a serving of *udon* for each of us. *Udon* is to Japan what ham and eggs are to America. No matter how small the restaurant or tea house or how limited a cook's skill she can usually turn out a bowl of excellent *udon*. Refrigeration is non-existent in remote villages, therefore the cook begins from scratch to prepare an order. Naturally this entails a long wait. The three men returned to their sun bath on the timber pile. I went to the kitchen to watch the cook in action.

Her kitchen was a *tatami*-covered floor with sliding paper *shoji* with *hibachi* and pot-bellied iron stove in the center. The cook sat on her heels and worked from the floor with her materials on wooden trays within reaching distance. I watched her boil the

spaghetti, stirring it with long wooden chopsticks. In another pot she tossed minced onions, shallots and *soya*. A helper shaved dried bonita (fish). The spaghetti done, the cook took it to the faucet and washed it thoroughly, scrubbing it with her hands as if it were soiled linen.

"How gracefully she works, and how well she manages without tables," I thought.

She assembled the luncheon, filling each bowl with drained spaghetti. She broke a raw egg over the top, poured hot *soya* sauce over it and sprinkled the contents with shaved bonita. *Udon* was ready. It was delicious. Only the fact that another bowlful would entail a twenty-minute wait prevented the men from repeating the order. Including tea and beer, the luncheon cost each of us less than one *yen*—cheap for us, but expensive for the workmen.

Following the road, which wound along the ledge of the valley, we passed several entrancing settlements of grass houses. Being intent upon reaching the village at the very end of the valley, we did not stop. We passed one rather prosperous farm belonging to a settler. His barnyard contained a couple of goats, a pig, and two horses. The farmer was knee-deep in water, ploughing the rice paddies down by the river. Aside from this one farm, the valley was uninhabited save for tiny settlements containing a dozen or more little grass huts huddled together for companionship.

It was a valley where time stood still. A thousand years before the Christian Era, Ainu had trod the trails and hunted bear and deer in the surrounding forests. Little progress had been made since. The only approach was over a single road which was but an enlarged trail. Near our destination we forded a small stream by wading, then crossed the swiftly flowing muddy river swollen by rains in the upper reaches of the valley. We climbed to a small plateau and were in the ancient Ainu village of Nukibetsu. I was half ashamed of being so thrilled at arriving at a place so crushed with poverty. Some twenty grass houses were built on either side of a crooked little narrow street which followed the curving contour of the wall of the valley. An uncovered shallow well at the end of the street furnished the water supply for the village.

It is difficult to describe the misery and destitution which we found in Nukibetsu. Women and children with hair unkempt, feet bare, were clad in rags. Their homes, without any vestige of bare human necessities, were dark and filthy, like animal lairs. The majority of the homes had but a single room only partly floored. A few rags piled in a corner, perhaps a dirty mat on the planked section of the floor, a shelf with broken utensils and *inao*, and a wooden pot hanger above a box of ashes characterized the interior. The population was comprised of the very old and the very young. All of the women were tattooed and many were totally blind.

Fosco knocked at one house and asked permission to examine the roof. Seated on either side of the fire box with dying embers was an eighty-year-old man, with full set of even white teeth and flowing silver beard, and his tattooed wife. Clad in patched rags, he sat cross legged, Buddha fashion, smoking a long-stemmed Mongolian pipe. In the dimly lit room I realized the old man was totally blind when I watched him light his pipe. He took the tobacco out of a wooden box, rolled a tiny wad between his palms, tucked it in the petite brass bowl of his pipe. Then he reached for a box of matches, selected one, held the match directly over the bowl of the pipe and rubbed the box against it. His wife, who was younger, though of the generation which tattooed its face, had a twisted mouth as though she suffered from a nervous disease. Such a disease is common among the Ainu who will often repeat a thought over and over like a gramophone record stuck in one spot. She was almost blind, and like her husband, was clad in rags which scarcely concealed her bony, emaciated body. Their naturally large heads appeared abnormal atop their frail forms.

A god shelf in the northeast corner of the room was laden with shaved willow wands, broken utensils and ceremonial wine bowls with accompanying libation sticks. I timidly suggested I would like an *ikubashi*.

"I won't sell an *ikubashi*. Not for love nor money. I am an old Ainu and I will die with them."

I saw Fosco eyeing an aged tobacco box attached to a carved stick. After several refusals, the old man whose name was Euchise finally was tempted by an offer of Yen 2.

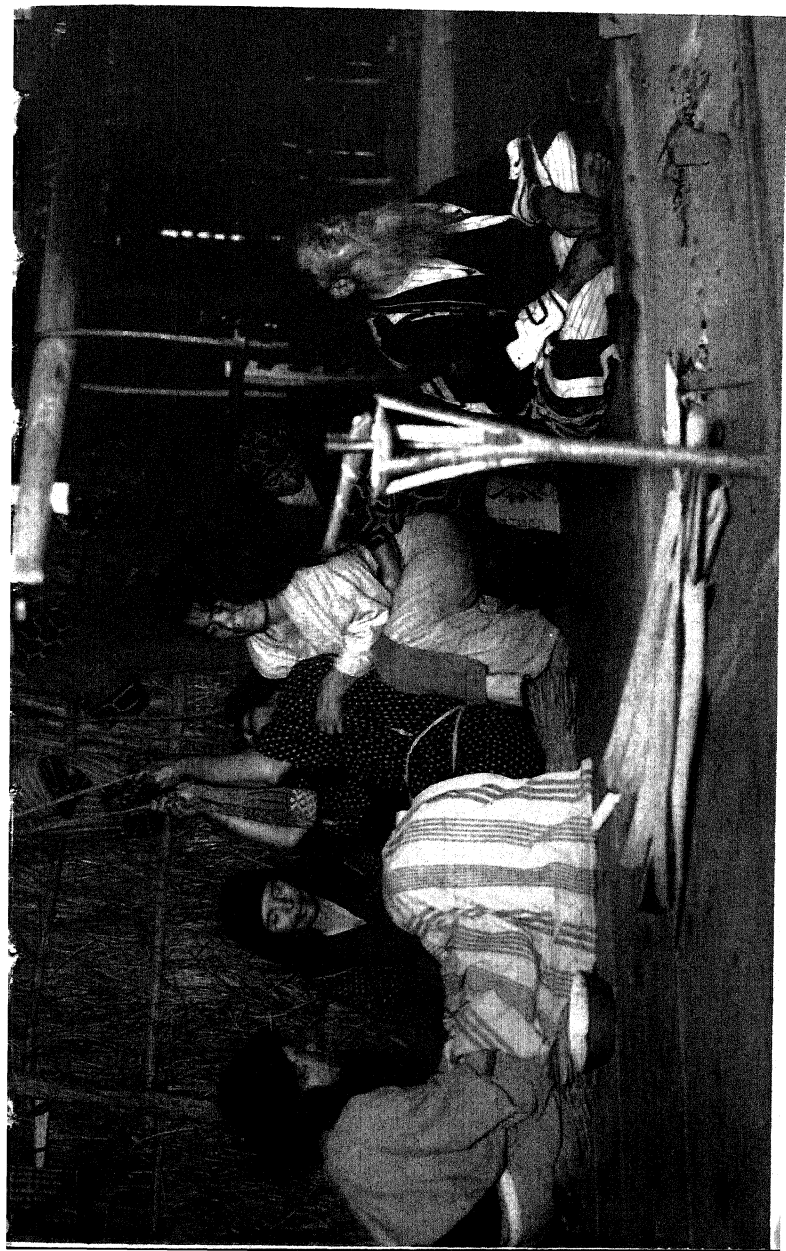
"Give it to him," he said to his wife, "but make sure you first remove the tobacco."

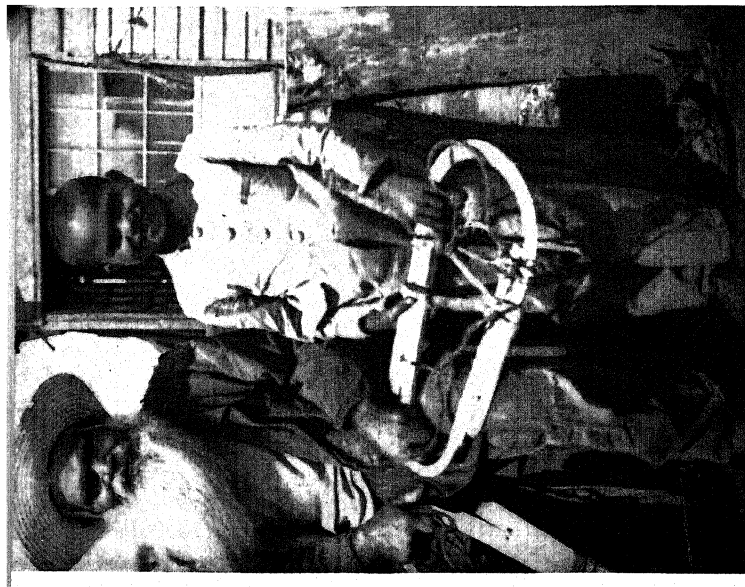
I managed to wheedle his consent to sell a *kasup*, a large cracked wooden ladle which being discarded rested among the fetishes on the god shelf. A wisp of willow shavings was tied around the base of the handle. Totally blind, the old man had not forgotten the decoration and before handing it to me he carefully removed the willow shavings handing to dismayed me the bare spoon.

Fosco persuaded the old couple to come outside for a photograph. In the light I saw that he had a distinguished bearing, his hair and beard were yellowed with smoke and his skin, the color of old ivory, was smooth and well preserved. The woman was perhaps seventy years old. Her arms and hands as well as her face were heavily tattooed, and her sloe-black hair hung unkempt about her face.

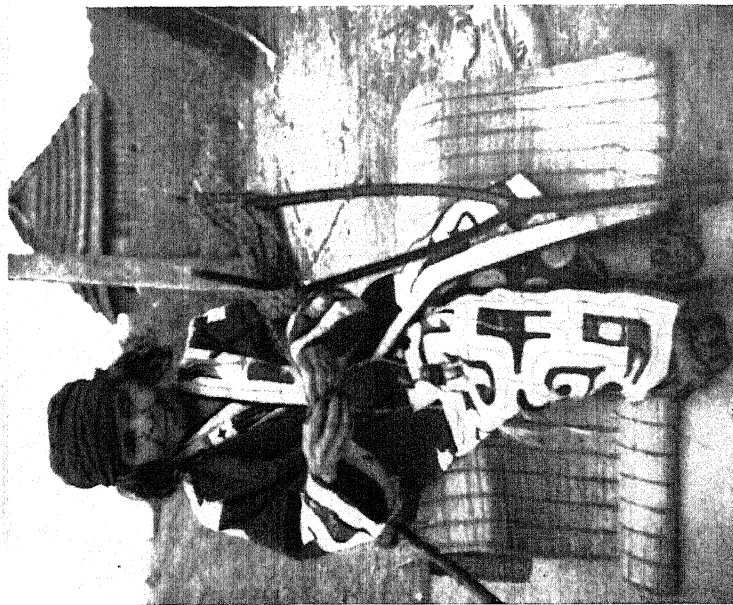
No matter how poor an Ainu is he will not part with an *inao*, a poor little shaved willow stick, not even for a high price. The old couple were no exception to the rule. Even when fetishes are aged and discolored and are replaced by clean new *inao* they are not discarded. They progress from the hearth to the god shelf to the sacred hedge outside the east window. I admired them for adhering to their beliefs and religion.

In the early days aged Ainu approaching death went to live alone in a hut. When they passed on the hut was burned to earth. Today many old Ainu live alone. In a tumble-down shack we discovered Nupere Fuji, a matriarch of ninety-seven years, whose sloe-black hair was scarcely streaked with gray. One half of the floor of her hut was of dirt and there were no furnishings, not even bedding. She slept on a bundle of rags. We surprised her just as she had finished making *paramuri*, which are lacings for a burial mat, and was about to repack her death kit, her only possession. After much persuasion, she consented to show the contents. There was a pathetic pride in the manner in which she showed the accessories which would one day become her shroud. First she displayed the newly made *paramuri*, then cloth mittens, white cotton leggings appliquéd in black, a used ceremonial robe, and a black head band. She hesitated a moment before showing her greatest treasure, a lovely string of





Pure Ainu grandfather and half-Japanese grandson shown



Tekate, a totally blind one-hundred-year-old Ainu woman,

Ainu beads with a four-inch wooden disc as pendant, and pewter wire earrings twelve inches in circumference. I offered her a dozen times the value of the beads but she refused.

"I am going to be buried in them," she half smiled, as if looking forward to the pleasure. "I would not part with them," she said.

She was sturdy enough to walk alone with the aid of a stick, and when she came out in the light I saw that she was almost blind. I stood ready to catch Nupere when I saw her lay aside her cane to arrange her tattered garment before having her photograph made. It pleased me to observe a shred of vanity in a woman of ninety-seven. She was once a proud chiefess, and traces of her former status were evident in her demeanor.

In a one-room grass shack near a waterfall below Nupere Fuji's house we discovered another aged Ainu woman, nearly blind, living alone waiting for death to release her from this unhappy life. She was seated on the floor making a mat on a primitive loom.

All the homes in the village were alike, bare boards, no furnishings, no comforts, and lots of dirt. In all my travels, the Ainu village at Nukibetsu is the most woebegone I have ever encountered. It saddened me to see pathetic old people, helpless to improve their lot, existing in such dire poverty, without a single thing of beauty in their drab lives, thoughts of approaching death their most pleasant diversion. Half-starved, thin, diseased, hope had been philosophically abandoned. A few vegetables, an occasional bit of rice and still rarer bit of fish is their diet. I saw no evidence of teapot or cups. It was a silent village. There were no song birds in near-by forests. The impudent black crows were the most spirited thing in the village. The young die young, and the old live on and on, as if with their passing the light of the race will be extinguished. It is a race worthy of being preserved if for nothing but its hardy human stock—so hardy some Ainu go barefoot all winter. All live in the most makeshift of houses, incapable of being heated even if they had fuel and heaters. The Ainu are a race with a proud but unrecorded past, but of their future no one is optimistic.

Clouds above and a few desultory large raindrops pattering on my hand turned thoughts homeward, to the river to be crossed, the stream to be forded, and the long rocky up-and-down road. Mat-

suishi became anxious, Hiroyuki remained passive while Fosco unconcerned began to look at one more roof, and I continued with my deal for an old broken *ikubashi*. It was possible I might never come this way again and I was in no hurry to leave. I became separated from the men when Fosco and Hiroyuki stopped to look at yet another thatched roof and Matsuishi and I bicycled on. When he felt the rain, visioned the darkness, nothing could dim his instinct for self preservation. He left me far in the rear when I walked up a hill. Dusk was turning to darkness when I overtook an Ainu hunter, carrying a shotgun in his hand and a baby on his back, in the next valley. The gun looked reassuring in the event a bear should emerge from the thick dark forest. Parting with the hunter at Penakori, I had a rough trip home. In the darkness a truck forced me off the road on a curve. When, long past dark, I pulled up at Kuroda-san's place, Chiyo ran out to meet me, looked up and down the road for my companions and was surprised. Matsuishi was relaxing in kimono after a hot bath.

Chapter Twenty

DEATH TAKES A NEIGHBOR AINU

One day I stopped to observe my neighbors making flour in a primitive manner. Four Ainu women, pestles in hands, stood in a circle around a length of hardwood log on end, scooped out and partly filled with millet grain. They pounded the grain with rhythmic beat, keeping time by chanting. As they pounded faster and chanted louder, a bearded man emerged from the adjacent thatched house and in angry tones, commanded them to be quiet. In the house a youth ill with tuberculosis lay dying. The news sobered the women.

The following morning Kunimatsu brought word to Kuroda-san that Kutri, the great-great-grandson of Tekate, my one hundred-year-old Ainu friend, was dead. As head Ainu in the village, he assumed charge of funeral arrangements. An hour later, passing the house of death en route to pay a visit to Kantaroo, I saw a carpenter working beneath a grass shed a hundred yards from the house, nailing together a wooden coffin. When I returned, he had finished the oblong box and was painting it white.

As burial usually takes place on the day death occurs, messengers were despatched at once to inform relatives and friends of the sad news and to invite them to the funeral. A blazing fire was lighted on the hearth with the thought that it might possibly disperse the coldness and bring back the warmth of life to the body of the deceased.

I called to pay my respects. Truly in Ainu land the young die and the old live on. And small wonder that tuberculosis takes a heavy toll of life. In this small one-room hut six people lived. A crowd stood silently before the hut. As many guests as could were already

crowded into the small house, sitting about on the floor mopping their brows. They were clad in ceremonial *attush*; the women wore their beads and earrings and best black head-bands. The red flames of the fire lighted the sad faces of tattooed women and bearded men, and it was a weirdly colorful and solemn gathering come to say prayers for the dead and to partake of the funeral feast. Over the heads and shoulders of the seated throng I saw the corpse, shrouded in *attush*, laid out on a mat on the floor, feet facing the door to the left of the fire box. His head was wrapped in a white cloth. The bearded patriarch of the village sat cross legged at the head while members of the family sat in a circle around the corpse. By the side of the dead youth lay an *ikubashi*, a cup and a knife, a millet cake and cup of rice wine. Although spirits eat and drink, the physical food remains the same. An older man would have had a bow, quiver of arrows, fishing spear, well-filled tobacco box, pipe and flint of steel beside him; while a woman takes into the next world her beads, earrings, and special personal treasures, saucepan and eating utensils. A child requires only its playthings.

An iron pot filled with millet gruel boiled and bubbled over the hot fire. Many new *inao* had been made and were stuck about the house, and on the god shelf. Fuji, Goddess of Fire who watches over the hearth and the welfare of the family, received a new *inao* and special homage of rice wine. The patriarch saluted the Goddess of Fire by rubbing his hands together, drawing the fingers of the right hand lightly along the palm of the left, then alternating. He then lifted a ceremonial bowl filled with sacred wine, dipped the tip of an *ikubashi* in it, let fall three drops on the hearth as homage to the guardian of the household. He first stroked his beard with the palm of his hand, then drew the *ikubashi* across it. Placing the *ikubashi* across the bowl he raised and lowered it three times, then drank the contents. Other gods were worshipped in a similar manner. However it is the Goddess of Fire who is especially honored on the occasion of either a birth, illness or death, for it is she who has lived upon the hearth, and has heard and seen everything that has happened in the household. It is she who appears as witness at the Judgment Day, which does not occur on a fixed date with a great assemblage of people, but is a private hearing held directly after

death. The Goddess of Fire is an infallible witness against whose testimony there is no appeal.

Wine was handed to guests and baskets of small hard millet cakes were passed around and there was drinking and feasting and praying. Each man offered a few drops of wine to the spirit of the dead, drank a little then poured the remainder before the fire as an offering to the Fire Goddess, muttering a prayer.

"You are a god now," he says to the deceased, "without hankering after this world you are asked to go to the world of the gods. Go quickly. They will thank you for your presents. Take care not to lose your way. I have already asked the Goddess of Fire to guide you. Rely on her. Farewell."

Bits of millet cake were buried in the ashes of the hearth, to be dug out later and placed among the fetishes.

Like the Hawaiians, the Ainu like to bury their dead in a secret place, usually on a remote hill. They firmly believe that the spirit lives on, haunting the grave and immediate surroundings. This spirit has not only the power of bewitching, but can even do bodily harm to any one trespassing near the grave. If the ghost be that of an old woman she will most certainly work an evil spell at the very first opportunity. Once a person has departed this life his name is never mentioned, everything is done to forget, and under no circumstances will any one venture near the grave. Even Kunimatsu, an intelligent modern man, was reluctant to speak of the funeral of Kutri after he was buried.

After several hours spent in prayer and feasting, the corpse laced in a mat was carried through a hole broken in the wall which was hastily repaired before the mourners returned. It is thought that the spirit will not be able to find the entrance by which it left. It was carried on the shoulders of men to a place in the forest where a shallow grave had been dug. Mourners followed, the men walking at the head of the procession. Women wore white veils over their faces. The grave had been lined with mats. Personal possessions of the deceased were placed on top of the coffin before it was lowered. The cups were chipped, other articles broken and their spirits thus despatched to the nether world. Mats were laid on top of the coffin and weighted with poles, after which earth was heaped in a mound

while mourners stood about the grass beneath the trees praying and weeping. A marker in the form of a spear-shaped pole without inscription was at once planted at the foot of the grave. It was intended not so much as a monument to the dead as a warning to the living. Any stray hunter or woodsman seeing it could avoid the place, thus saving himself from the wrath of the ghost of the departed.

The elders taking part in the burial service performed the ceremony of purification by washing their hands in a small wooden tub, after which the bottom was knocked out and the grave marker ringed with it.

Mourners leave the place walking backwards until they come to a turning point. They are afraid that their backs should be possessed by the spirit of the dead. They returned on foot to the house of the deceased where the men made new *inao* to honor the gods, and said prayers. To fail to drink a full bowl of wine in his honor is a rudeness which no god would overlook. Hence, during the worship of many gods, the Ainu of necessity become helplessly drunk.

A widow is supposed to shave her head and wear a peaked bonnet and go three years into mourning. During this period she wears her garments inside out. In former times a man expressed his grief at the loss of his wife by clipping his hair and beard. Frequently he plucked it out by the roots if his sorrow was great. His period of mourning lasted until the hair grew in again and during the interim he remained indoors as much as possible.

The Ainu believe in the existence of the spirit with its human capacities after death. The after world, from which the greatest enemy of mankind—Death—is banished, is similar to the present only far better. The supreme punishment meted out is this: The sinner is frozen into a clear block of ice where he cannot move and is exceedingly cold. Through the ice he is able to watch the people drinking and enjoying the pleasures of the flesh while he is unable to participate. This, to an Ainu, is Hell indeed.

Some believe the next world to be above, but the majority are agreed that it is lower than the present. There are many legends of a visit of one of their number to the other world. One relates the story of a young hunter who was unable to shoot with his poisoned

arrow a large bear which he had followed for a long time. When the bear entered a large cave, so intent was he upon the chase that he followed. Presently he emerged in another world. There were villages and houses and animals just as in the real world. It was a world of men but on a more beautiful and perfect plan. The forests were finer, the fruits juicier, and the people handsomer than on earth. He saw many persons he had known and endeavored to speak with them. They ran away. Dogs barked at him. The youth wanted only the bear. He searched the mountains. Tired, he sat down and ate some grapes and mulberries which he found growing there. He happened to glance down and saw that he was not a man but had the body of a snake. Alarmed, he shouted, but his voice was that of a hissing snake.

Now snakes are the most hated and feared of creatures. What was he to do? Unable to change his status, he crawled back to the cave, re-entered the world of men, and fell asleep beneath a huge pine tree. In his dream the spirit of the pine tree appeared and told him to cast himself from the branches and he would regain his own form. After much hesitation this he did. When he regained consciousness, he was a youth again. Lying near was the split-open carcass of a huge snake. The spirit told him that in the nether world a goddess wishes to marry him and had changed herself into a bear and lured him there. Having eaten of the mulberry of the nether world he could not remain long in the world of men.

A fatal illness soon overpowered the young man. After a few days he went again to the other world never to return.

Ainu believe that ghosts of the departed return and live in the vicinity of the grave and have power over the living. Although they are invisible to men, dogs can see them, and when they do, they howl mournfully. Some people of this world have the power to visit in the next world where they, too, are invisible. There the people are afraid of them as ghosts, and they can be seen only by dogs and animals.

I determined to pay a visit to the newly made Ainu grave, but was discouraged. No one knew where it was, and certainly no one wished to risk the vengeance of the ghosts just to please me.

"Where is the graveyard?" I asked. "I'll go alone. I am not afraid of ghosts."

"Ainu bury in secret places. They just find a good place and dig a grave. It's probably in that direction." Kuroda-san pointed toward the hills at the beginning of the Saru valley.

Reluctantly Matsuishi agreed to accompany me. I do not think he was afraid of ghosts either. He just did not relish the long walk and climb in the tangled woods. It was mid-afternoon when we started down the dirt road in the direction of Piratori. The distance was greater than we had anticipated and we longed for our bicycles. Halfway up the hill where the trail entered the woods it was shady and cool and we halted to rest. Matsuishi was discoursing upon ghosts.

"Ainu ghosts, like the Japanese, have no feet," he said. "They have long hair and wear flowing white robes and float lightly through the air."

I tried to visualize a slant-eyed ghost clad in kimono, minus its feet floating through the air. I asked Matsuishi about the kimono. It seems that a ghost wears robes somewhat like an angel. And some of them have no faces.

At the top of the hill we looked about us but saw no graveyard. Presently we came to a small Japanese burial place, with little enclosed plots. There was the two-year-old grave of Kuroda's son, killed by a truck on a dark night. Hokkaidō is probably the only section of Japan where burial is permitted instead of the usual cremation. We prowled about, Matsuishi reading inscriptions. Every Japanese has his name changed upon death, receiving a Buddhist name which is written upon a wooden stake and planted by the grave.

Although Nibutani has a population of but 600 there were four recently made graves.

On the lower side of the ridge beyond the Japanese cemetery we saw an Ainu tomb, a round tree trunk six or eight inches in diameter and six feet in height shaped like a halberd. A near-by woman's grave had a similar marker except that it was rounded at the top with a hole carved in it through which a piece of black cloth fluttered. Weeds and underbrush almost hid them. I trampled

down the underbrush which grew higher than my head, and made a photograph of the marker. Upon closer examination we saw that the woods were full of graves scattered without plan about the ridge beneath the trees. A few had a pole lying the length to show location, otherwise it might be anywhere within a radius of six feet from the marker. Everywhere there were small wooden stave tubs with bottoms missing, lying on graves or encircling the markers. Two of the graves had coffins on top of the ground. A number of empty wine bottles lay about in the underbrush, tall reeds and grasses. I was so interested I forgot the time and noted the deepened dusk only when there was not light enough for a photograph. We could not find Kutri's resting place. We walked among the graves, along the ridge toward the mountain road and had just started descending when, on a switch back I saw a ghostly form above the dank underbrush. It appeared headless.

"I say, Matsuishi," I tried to keep my voice low and calm, "I thought you said Ainu ghosts didn't have any feet."

"Some of them are headless, too," he said, looking in the direction of my ghost and clutching my arm. Without a word we both started walking fast and finally broke into a run.

Once out of the woods, we slowed down, even halted to admire the sunset on the peaceful valley, and to watch workers returning from fields along the winding dirt road to their little thatched houses. We waved to Chiyo-san, leaving the lower rice field of the Kuroda bottom land, although she was too far away to see us. It was reassuring to see people.

"You know, I really did see something white floating among the trees," I said to Matsuishi.

"Ho, 'twas nothing," he said . . . "but it could have been an Ainu ghost."

Chapter Twenty-One

YUKAR . . . FOLKLORE

Travellers to Ainu land are usually so impressed by the primitive life of the aborigines they do not even discover that the Ainu are by no means primitive in their mental culture, particularly in their unwritten literature. I have the word of Doctor Kyosuke Kindaichi who has made a study of the Ainu language over a period of twenty years, that "every one is a poet in Ainu land." Songs and poems play an important part in their daily life. Even their prayers, *inonno-itak*, must be in verse, as are formal greeting and mourning addresses.

From childhood boys are taught to take especial care to say their prayers in rhythmical words, and to carry on discussions around the fireside in poetry, using archaic words of mythology in *charanke*. They make a game of such discourses and the loser pays with a toy or some possession. When they grow older even their quarrels are decided by the force of the *charanke* argument, carried on in a peculiarly grave tone of voice, composed of various archaic rhythmical expressions and quotations from mythology learned in childhood. The best orator wins the argument.

Yukar consists of traditional stories, mostly about war and ancestors, with chivalry predominating over love. Having no written language, the folk tales were handed down from one generation to another, the good story-teller chanting his romance in pure verse like the minstrels of ancient Europe.

Like the Laplanders, the Ainu love to sit about the fire during the long cold winter months telling stories. When an Ainu feels a real interest in a visitor he will sit the whole night through reciting poetry. Imekanu said one of the chief pleasures of her girlhood was to spend the night with friends reciting poetry. Like the girls and boys of Lapland, the young people of Ainu land divert themselves

by singing. They compose song-poems, making up a tune as they go along. However, not every one is an expert story-teller. Even a trained reciter of *yukar* is rated by his listeners on the basis of voice, pronunciation, and ability to arouse emotion. A good story-teller stirs his listeners to such an extent that when the tale reaches its climax, with tortures being heaped upon the poor heroine, women sob and the eyes of strong men become moist.

"You must make a point of hearing an *yukar* when you are among the Saru valley Ainu. The language, mythology, literature and culture are more highly developed there than elsewhere," Doctor Kindaichi had said. I asked Kunimatsu to recite some of the old Ainu legends for me. Pleased at my interest, but modestly disclaiming his skill, he promised to engage a well-known local story-teller for an evening of *yukar*.

One cool evening we were gathered in the Kurodas' living room, seated on the *tatami* in a circle around the foot-high stove when Kunimatsu arrived accompanied by Oreatno, an old Ainu woman reputed to be the best narrator in the valley, and a small girl who served as eyes for the blind poet. Seated against the wall, her coarse wavy black hair drawn away from her low forehead and bushy eyebrows, even white teeth set off by a thick tattooed mustache encircling her mouth, Oreatno magnetized us when she began, without prelude, chanting in a deep soft musical voice, keeping time with a stick. Kunimatsu who knew the legend as well as she, chanted with her, also keeping time with a stick. We followed the tale, clapping to the beat, taking part in the story without an awareness of our action.

Ainu hero myths are founded on the feats of Poiyaumpe, and are related autobiographically. They tell the story from the beginning of his childhood until his victorious return after many battles. There are many *yukar* built around the adventures of Poiyaumpe. Usually they run to a length of two or three thousand lines, although Doctor Kindaichi has recorded one unfinished tale of seven thousand lines told to him by an old Ainu man.

Our story-teller began the evening's entertainment with an account of this hero. She chanted on and on, untiringly, in a modulated voice with pleasing variation. This is the story she told.

POIYAUMPE OF SHINUTAPKA

My sister told me not to go to the mountain one day, but I went. A big deer came out. I killed the deer, took the skin and flesh, separated them and hung them on a tree. Then I went to look for another deer when I heard a song and stopped to listen. The singer was a young man like myself. He was singing, 'I was sent from heaven. My father told me to go down to the village and fight with brave Poiyaumpe. My parents said go down and kill. But I am here and I can't find him.'

Hearing his song, I became angry and thought, 'Better kill him before he injures me.' I drew my sword but when I hit him with mighty blows, there was no clashing sound. His figure disappeared.

I thought I would take the meat back to my sister, then go up to heaven and find the fellow who is hunting for me. I took the venison home, threw down the meat before the house. Sister said, 'What's the matter? You look different.' I boiled the meat in the biggest pan and fed my sister first. Then I ate plenty. I had in mind, after sister went to sleep, to slip out to the unknown heaven and conquer the enemy there.

I went out. Standing I prayed to the gods, 'Please take me to heaven where I can see a different world and revenge myself.'

I came to heaven. I found heaven a wide plain, there were no mountains. Far away I found a town surrounded by a tall fence. I went through the fence and stood near a house. Peeping through a window I saw an old couple: a little man sitting crosslegged at the head of the fireplace, and a little woman sitting on the left hand side of the fireplace. While I stood there a great thunder sounded above me. Suddenly a man came down. It was the same man who had been singing in the mountains. He said to the old couple: 'I thought I could kill my enemy down below. But he looks exactly like me.'

The old couple became angry. The man said, 'I thought you, Naukept, were brave, but you are cowardly; you cannot meet an enemy.'

The couple had a beautiful daughter. She was going to meet Naukept. The father called to Naukept and said, 'If you can kill Poiyaumpe you can marry my daughter.'

The daughter went to a high mountain where Naukept lived in a beautiful palace. I, Poiyaumpe, followed her. When I came to the palace I went to the East Window and peeped through. I saw Naukept sitting beside the fire. Seated beside him I saw his beautiful sister. The old couple's daughter came in without any fear and conveyed the message. Naukept slipped on his armor and went with her to her father's place.

I thought no one saw me, but Naukept's sister said, 'Why don't you come in instead of peeping through the window?' I entered.

The sister said, 'I know you are Poiyaumpe. My ancestors said "Don't fight two men to one, or fight when there is no reason." My ancestors frown on my brother who just went to help without reason. Now that you are known to me, if anything happens I can stand for you.'

The beautiful girl gave me some food. After dinner we two went down to the other house. We peeped through a crack in the first house. Men were seated around planning how to kill me, Poiyaumpe. They planned this way and that. I entered, bravely, without fear, I grasped the old man's temple and said, 'Repeat what you were talking about.' I tried to slash him with my sword. He disappeared. I tried to kill another old man. He disappeared. A young man was killed. Naukept's sister was sent for another sword. She, too, was killed.

I fought with Naukept severely. Swords flashed. Blood spurted from my wounds. Naukept pushed some fire on the mat. A fire started. Villagers came. The old couple's daughter hiding in the window killed all the villagers. Only three people were left—two men and a girl.

I, Poiyaumpe, battled Naukept so violently that, still fighting, we both fell unconscious. When I woke up I was holding a glass in one hand and a sword in the other. I had just killed Naukept, and I thought I was the only person left in the world. I began to plan.

When the girl came out, I was glad. We went back to the palace and married.

After this heroic tale, which we lived and fought through, keeping time to the chanting by beating the *tatami* with our palms, we rested. Mrs. Kuroda had finished smoking her tiny brass pipe,

knocked the ashes into the bamboo box with a little ringing sound, and had fallen asleep. Chiyo-san brought in refreshments, a cold drink and little cakes, and we sat chatting in the small circle of light cast by the oil lamp which hung a few feet above the floor.

Her next chant was a brief account of:

WHY BRILLIANT GODS RULE THE WORLD

When the Creator had finished making the world he was well pleased with his work. However the good and bad gods were mixed indiscriminately and began disputing among themselves as to who should rule the world. They quarrelled and, being unable to settle the matter, they agreed to this arrangement. Whoever, whether good or evil god, should be the first to see the sunrise should rule. Both bad and brilliant gods set themselves staring at the place where the sun was to rise.

The clever fox-god alone stood looking toward the west. Finally he cried out, 'I see the sun rise.' The good and evil gods faced about and there they saw the refulgence of the sun in the west.

And that is how the brilliant gods came to rule the Earth.

Her next story was of more recent origin, being an account of the Ainu hero Samekusainu's clash with early Japanese of Matsumae's time (1789). Ezo Island as Hokkaidō was then called was under the rule of the feudal Lord Matsumae.

THE DEATH OF SAMEKUSAINU

One night Samekusainu, an Ainu youth who had a stronghold on a river in the mountains near Sibunai, had a dream. He saw two visions standing before him. Now at that time Matsumae, the overlord, was at peace with the Ainu in the district where his regiment was stationed and sent food to his soldiers. Whenever Matsumae's messengers bringing food for the regiment crossed the harbor by the river, Samekusainu slipped down, killed the sailors and took the goods.

One day two samurai came seeking revenge. They jumped into the hero's house through the East window and surprised him rolling up a mat near the fire. The hero jumped out the window,

but the two soldiers ran out and blocked either side. The only means of escape was for Samekūsainu to jump from the cliff. Fortunately, with the aid of the mat he landed safely and escaped.

Another time Samekūsainu was cornered on a cliff by samurai, and had to jump to the river below. He was wearing a horse skin jacket when he dived into the river and kept only his nose out. The samurai watched him and shouted, 'He has died.' One of them went home to tell the news. The hero came out of the water, seized the sword from the samurai and killed him.

Because Samekūsainu was so strong and mysterious the Japanese lord became angry and sent many soldiers to capture him. At Kun-nai, Samekūsainu together with other Ainu fought the Japanese troops, who had guns while the Ainu had only bow and arrow. The hero was defeated and captured.

The Japanese gave the Ainu prisoners a feast. When they got Samekūsainu drunk on sake, they killed him.

Oreatno, showing no signs of becoming tired, could have continued with the same enthusiasm throughout the night. A farm family rises with the dawn. Although I could have listened attentively for several hours more, out of consideration for the Kurodas and especially Chiyo-san, I suggested to Kunimatsu that we have more legends on another evening. Oreatno ended her entertainment with an amusing little story, the Ainu's explanation of:

WHY THE COCK CANNOT FLY

The Creator finished making the earth and, well pleased with his work, returned to Heaven. Later, with explicit instructions to return and report at once, he sent a cock down to see whether the job was really as good as he thought.

The Cock found the world a fair place indeed, and so pleasant that he lingered on from day to day. Finally one day he was on his way, flying back to Heaven. But he was too late. The Creator was so angry with him for his disobedience, he beat him down to earth again, saying, 'You are not wanted in Heaven any more.'

To this day the Cock is incapable of flying to any height.

Chapter Twenty-Two

FESTIVAL OF THE BEAR . . . HUNTING . . . POISON

The Ainu are about the only race I have ever come in contact with who really derive genuine pleasure from their religious worship. Usually the more devout a man, the longer his face. This is not true of the Ainu. Communion with the gods is always by means of the sacred wine or *sake*. Whether a man is praying or giving thanks, to each god a full bowl of wine is drunk. There are many gods, invisible, formless conceptions known as *kamui*; deities of the mountain, sea, river, forest, waterfalls, clouds, rain, thunder, lightning. Special gods look after the sun, moon, and stars, others preside over vegetable, animal, and rational life, villages, towns, countries, races, nations. There are gods who reign in heaven, on earth and in Hades, some good, others evil. I noticed that the divinity receiving the most frequent attention, and the one having the most influence upon the immediate lives of the people was a female deity, the Goddess of Fire, who resides on the hearth in the reddest part of the flame. An *inao* honoring her is found stuck in the ashes on the hearth of every household. It is she who knows the family's innermost secrets, and appears as witness on Judgment Day. From her testimony there is no appeal. The future punishment of each individual member of the family rests with the Goddess of Fire.

A man's house is truly his temple in Ainu land and worship takes place there daily. There are no other temples. The only public manifestation of worship is the bear festival.

The bear is called *kim-un-kamui*, which means "the superior creature which dwells among the mountains." The religious ceremonial killing of any creature is called *iyomande*, or "sending away." The bodies of such animals are killed but the spirit is freed alive.

Any one can stage a bear festival to which his friends and relatives are invited, but it is usually held at the home of the chief of the village. His is the largest house and he is better able to bear the expense of such a feast.

When a hunter kills a female bear, he captures the cubs and brings them to the village and presents them to friends. The young cub grows up as a member of the family, is often suckled as one of her own children at the breast of the housewife. When it becomes too large to be allowed free run of the house, it is placed in a bear cage in the yard. Bear cages are all alike in construction, a pen made of logs built on stilts several feet above the ground. Here the young bear is well cared for and kindly treated. Visitors salute him and passersby stop to speak kindly to him. When he is about two years old, having grown so strong he is in danger of breaking the cage, he is ready for the feast.

Invitations to a bear festival are sent out by word of mouth, such as, "I Kunimatsu of Nibutani am about to send away a dear little cub to its mother in the mountains. Come and join me in sending the mighty one to his home."

Preparation for the feast is a time of pleasant visiting and exchanging of news and gossip. Some women living at a distance arrive a day or two early to help. Neighbor women bring food and wine and assist the hostess in boiling the millet dumplings and baking cakes in the ashes. They make wine by mixing millet with water and allowing it to stand in the most sacred place in the house near the east window while fermenting.

The bear festival is the great occasion in the life of the Ainu, and large scale preparations are made. Women don their best *attush*, wear their earrings and beads. Some touch up their blue mustaches for the celebration. The men wear ceremonial robes, while the chief is resplendent in fine *attush* and *sabombe* (crown made of plaited grape vine decorated with the carved head of some animal, usually a bear, with fragments of colored cloth hanging from the sides). The bear festival is one of two events when both men and women wash, and groom themselves by shaving their necks, trimming their hair, and sprucing up in general.

Before the feast day men have made new *inao* which are placed

about the house, on the god shelf, the sacred hedge, and on the four corners of the bear cage, with a very especial one stuck in the ashes of the hearth honoring the Goddess of Fire. Utensils to be used during the ceremony are decorated with sacred willow shavings and hung about the house.

Arriving guests seat themselves on clean mats placed about the firebox, men first and the women in the background. Double-storied ceremonial bowls filled with wine, with an *ikubashi* resting across the top are passed around. The host's first act is to salute the fire goddess. He performs the ceremonial salute by stroking his beard, raising the bowl before him, lowering it, then dipping the *ikubashi* into the wine and letting fall three drops on the hearth. Each male guest follows the host's action. A second similar offering is next made to the household gods on the shelf in the northeast corner. Prayers are murmured and many draughts of wine drunk. There are many gods to be honored, each with an individual bowl of wine, which contains a pint of liquid. Many of the guests become quite drunk before the festivities are well under way.

Two long thick logs to be used in the ceremonial strangling of the bear were placed before the sacred hedge; an ancient sword, bow and quiver of arrows were hung on a pole among the *inao*, old bear and fox skulls which form the hedge.

Meanwhile the woman who reared the bear sits in the house, very sad, tears filling her eyes. A bowl of wine is passed to her and with several of the older women she raises the cup in salute, strokes her tattooed mustache with her forefinger passed beneath the nose and drinks. They then go outside in the snow and join the other women who dance about the cage, knees slightly bent, clapping their hands and chanting. They enjoy dancing to please the gods just as the men enjoy drinking to please the gods.

A woman brings gingerbread to the cub in the cage, and places trinkets upon his back saying, "These are presents for you to take to your mother when you go away."

Little bruin's hour has arrived. The chief, followed by the men, goes outside to the cage and salutes the cub, makes an offering to him and gives him a few drops of wine in a small shell which the bear promptly knocks over. A youth climbs above the cage, brushes



Bear Festival. The bear is paraded before women who show their grief at parting by a slow clapping of their hands.



Bear Festival. The headless carcass before the altar receives prayers and offerings of wine.



Ainu women pounding millet into flour. It will be made into cakes and served at the Bear Festival.



away the snow, lifts the weights and heavy logs which have kept the bear imprisoned and places a loop around the bear's neck. After a second rope has been placed about his neck he is led forth between two men who parade about the circle of dancers, while men shoot blunt arrows at the animal now becoming bewildered as he struggles with his captors. Others shoot arrows at him, the dancing and chanting going on all about him. When the poor creature is almost exhausted, he is tied with his back upright against a strong stake and a poisoned arrow shot into his heart. The breaking of the bear's neck between the logs before the sacred hedge is just a ceremonial gesture. A wooden stick is placed in his mouth, his neck stretched across a log. The second log is placed on top and many people stand and sit upon it, but poor little bruin's spirit had already been released.

Women danced around during the ceremony, lamenting, striking the men to show disapproval at such cruelty. The skin was ripped up the belly and the dead bear placed on a mat before the sacred hedge, the sword and quiver hung about him. Millet cakes, *sake* in ceremonial bowl, chop sticks and *ikubashi* were placed before the animal. The men with their ceremonial drinking bowls and libation sticks seated themselves on either side of the mat. The chief began the ceremony by saluting the gods, using the drinking set placed before the bear, dropping three drops to the gods before consuming each bowlful of *sake*.

The women joined in the drinking and dancing.

One Ainu acted as butcher, skinning and disembowelling the bear, the head being left on the pelt. He was careful not to spill any blood. This was drunk while still warm, the men smearing it on their beards. The liver was removed, chopped into small pieces and eaten raw. The bear's head and hide was then placed before the sacred hedge. A new *inao* was stuck in the earth and a new drink offering made, after which the skin was removed from the skull, the brains taken out, mixed with *sake* and drunk. The skull, filled with willow shavings—the eyes removed, wrapped in shavings and replaced—was laid before the hedge and another drink offering made. Then the skull was raised upon a pole with the piece of wood which the bear still held in his mouth. Both men and women danced

around it, singing and weeping. The sword and quiver were removed and returned to the house. A final drink offering was made. Later the flesh of the bear, brought in through the sacred east window, was made into a stew. New *inao* were made while the stew boiled. Dancing, drinking and feasting continued the night through. Every particle of the bear was eaten, the bones scraped and placed by the sacred *inao* near the east window.

The moment the bear has been killed he is no longer spoken of as a bear but a *chinukara-guru*, which means "the seer." After being shot with poisoned arrow and throttled, when the soul of the bear is supposed to be ascending to heaven, several grave old bearded men sitting in a row shoot a few arrows to the northeast section of the skies as a parting salute.

The bear festival, the only public religious worship, has been banned by the Japanese Government for some years. But you can't kill a religious custom by banning it, nor does it help to force another faith upon a people. The number of Ainu who have adopted either Buddhism, Shintoism or Christianity are few indeed. For the past sixty years the holding of bear festivals has been discouraged, and the number of such feasts has grown fewer. But despite the ban, an occasional celebration is held on the quiet. My Ainu hostess in Noboribetsu said no bear festival had been held in her girlhood village during the past ten years. Imekanu spoke with sadness, for this feast is the happiest time for the Ainu. Women love to dance and sing for the pleasure of the gods, and the men love to drink to the gods.

The Reverend Archdeacon John Batchelor, the missionary, who has lived among the Ainu for half a century, probably used his influence to have the rival religious celebration banned. When Doctor Gordon Munro (who has done much to aid the Ainu in Nibutani, by giving those who could not pay free medical advice and free medicine) wished to film a bear festival for posterity and for the museum shelves, the Reverend Batchelor opposed the project. He even went so far as to pay a visit to the man of medicine, urging him to abandon the undertaking. But the bear festival was held at Doctor Munro's expense, and excellent films were made. I saw the movies at the Ainu Museum in Sapporo.

The last bear festival in Nibutani was given by Kunimatsu some five years ago. The bear used in the sacrifice cost him *Yen* 50. Such a feast will soon be a thing of the past, but it will not be forgotten by the Ainu and the banning of their religious worship is not going to make Christians or Buddhists of them, so long as the Goddess of Fire watches over their household hearths as she has done for the past twenty centuries.

The Ainu may well respect the bear, for he is the most magnificent and ferocious animal roaming the forests of their island home. Bruin furnishes food and clothing. For many years bear skins were the principal source of wealth. The bears of Hokkaidō, like the brown and grizzly bears of North America, are large and dangerous and at certain seasons do not hesitate to attack man. Ainu hunted with bow and arrow and bear traps, and in the not so distant past it was extremely dangerous to wander in the woods. Each hunter has his own bear trap which, when set off, released a poisoned arrow. A mere prick of the arrow was sufficient to kill the animal or man within fifteen minutes, and no antidote for the poison was known.

The method was to place the poison in a hollow at the back of the arrow point. Although manufacture of poison is secret, it is known that the Ainu used the young roots of the *Aconitum Japonicum*, a plant distinguished by its purple blossoms which grows in many parts of the island. When the roots, gathered in summer and dried in the shade, become soft they are skinned and rubbed between two stones until a paste is formed. It is ready for use and maintains its potency for about half a year. When the poison-maker wished to test the strength of his product, he did so by placing a bit of it on the tip of his tongue. If the tongue became numb, the poison was right.

Another poison used by the Ainu until recent times, especially in bird hunting, was made from the roots of a milk weed called *penup*. This root may be gathered either in the spring or in the fall after the leaves have withered, and can be used either in the fresh state or dried. Indeed, the Ainu hung it from the beams of their houses and used it in many ways, according to Doctor Inukai, who made a study of the poison. Evil spirits and ghosts, which Ainu believe

cause sickness, especially dislike *penup*. A few roots hung above the door will serve to discourage their entrance.

When a member of the family is ill, the roots are chewed up and sprayed by mouth throughout the house. In an epidemic, the entire village engages in blowing *penup*. It is also efficacious as an antidote for food poisoning, stomach-ache, and smallpox. Men wear bits of the root tied about their waists, while women hang it about their necks as a charm, ready for instant use. Eaten raw, *penup* has a sweetish flavor, and like *marihuanu* produces an intoxicating effect followed by faintness. Yet, when thoroughly cooked, the roots are palatable.

Penup poison is especially effective in trapping the Behring Island raven which flies down from Kamchatka to northern Hokkaidō to hibernate. The hunter prepares the bait by digging the flesh out of a salmon, mixing it with *penup* and restuffing the fish. He then places it carelessly about where the raven frequents, and waits in ambush. After feasting on the poisoned salmon, the bird flounders helplessly about like a drunken thing, and loses control over its wings and legs. The hunter emerges and easily captures the giddy raven.

A crow may be brother to a raven, but he is made of tougher stuff. When fed the poisoned fish, the crow feasted, then flew blithely away, unaffected.

The Hokkaidō aborigine hunts the eagle in exactly the same interesting manner as does the Lofoten Islander. Ambushed near the place frequented by the eagle, he snares its leg with a hooked wire. The Ainu hunter saves himself the trouble of struggling with the angry bird by chewing and spitting *penup* in its face. This quiets it at once.

The poison used in hunting larger game, such as bear, deer, and wolves, is more potent and not to be trifled with. A hunter accidentally injured by a poisoned arrow faces certain death unless he immediately cuts away the flesh from the wound before the poison spreads.

Kuroda-san told me the story of a Nibutani youth shot by a poisoned arrow when he released a set bear trap. He courageously cut away the flesh with his hunting knife, but worked too slowly.

The leg remained swollen, turned purple, and after a year of agony the boy died from his injury.

Another story was of two hunters in the woods. One of them accidentally sprang a set bear trap and was shot in the leg with a poisoned arrow. The injured man cut a generous area around the wound and tossed away the flesh. Because death usually occurs within fifteen minutes, his companion ran to the village to seek help in bringing the body from the woods. When he returned, the injured hunter could not be found. The rescue party finally located him in Piratori having a drink.

"Where is your injury?" they said.

He lifted his trousers and showed them a large hole covered with a piece of paper.

"Your speed and courage saved your life," they said as they sat down and joined him for a drink to celebrate the success of the operation.

Woodsmen are careful, however, and accidents are few as each hunter is supposed to stay within a certain area.

Chapter Twenty-Three

A NIGHT IN TOYIKA INN . . . SAMANI

The eastern half of the Kuroda household began to look like an unorganized museum when Fosco, Hiroyuki and I spread our loot. We took one day off from exploring to brush, sterilize, and label our possessions. I placed my beads on the grass in the garden exposed to the sunshine, and dipped *ikubashi* and blunt arrows in a weak solution of lysol, and hung my fifty-year-old *attush* on the clothesline to sun, together with mats, woven headband, and rope. We inspected each other's loot with appraising eyes, while Matsuishi stood clear, polishing a square, carved wooden plate. The cradle, although inconvenient to transport, was Fosco's most prized article. My string of blue and white beads with wooden pendant was my best. We admitted that Hiroyuki possessed the real prize—a bear skull. It had been the sacrifice at a bear festival, of that we were certain, for there was a hole in the right side of the skull where the brains had been removed. A few sacred shavings clinging to it caused me actually to wonder if our friend had not come by it in an unorthodox manner. It was only a fleeting thought because I was jealous. Hiroyuki was, of course, an honest lad.

The two men prepared to depart, going around the point, up through the center of the island and back to Sapporo, and invited me to come along. Matsuishi insisted that the police would not allow me near the Cape.

"Soldiers are stationed there, engaged in target practice," he said in a hushed voice. "Why in Samani you can even hear the sound of the guns firing." For some reason Japanese hold soldiers in the greatest of awe.

"Well, I don't mind the noise of the guns," I said facetiously.

He was exasperated. "Don't you understand? A foreigner cannot go near a cantonment."

I held my peace and made my own plans and kept them to myself. There were Ainu villages all along the southern coast of Hitaka Province, and the railway went as far as Samani.

We paid a farewell visit to Penakori. I took a string of red beads purchased in Tokyo to the blind woman who had sold hers to me. I found Tekianri seated on a mat finishing tying the bark thread together which would go to make my new *attush*. She had three large balls rolled like yarn, and was now ready to set up her little wooden loom, wind the thread on the flat shuttle and begin weaving.

We loitered about the village. The potato harvest season was on and the village children stood about nibbling boiled new potatoes stuck on the end of sticks. We rode down to the ravine and watched the new road being made, and the women pile drivers at work. Like Maypole dancers each holding the end of a rope, they stood in the tall grass about a derrick, hauling the weight up, dropping it with a thud on the pile which sank several inches in the earth at each pounding. They worked rhythmically, chanting the while. A baby slept in the near-by grass, shaded with a *fuki* leaf, oblivious to the noise of work going on.

Returning from Penakori, we stopped and visited Ainu along the way. We dropped in at Kantaroo's to see how the figures were emerging from the two blocks of wood. Kantaroo had temporarily abandoned the whisker problem and was working on the feet, well pleased with his art.

Chiyo-san had a special dinner awaiting us. Among other dishes there were raw fish, delicious seaweed soup, and fresh ripe cherries. Dinner over, I informed Matsuishi of my plan to go down the coast. He could remain in Nibutani until my return.

"Doctor Mariani is a foreigner. If the gendarmes allow him on the train it isn't likely they will molest me." I tried to speak calmly. He was excited and would have raced at once to a telegraph station to inform Tokyo but for the fact that it was dark and there was none nearer than Piratori.

I tried to soothe him. "Of course, if anything happens and I do not get to Samani," I said, "I shall not worry. We can always go exploring up the Saru valley to the very end and climb the mountains to see where the river rises." My words were as nails driven into Matsuishi's coffin. He remembered that long bicycle ride in the dark.

We dropped the subject, but the more I thought of going to the end of the valley and climbing the mountains, the more interested I became in the project. I can change my plans readily because one unseen place holds as much adventure as another.

After breakfast the following morning I stood watching Fosco and Hiroyuki loading their bicycles when Matsuishi entered.

"We can go to Samani," he said. "It will be all right."

There was no time to ask questions. The clocks were off and we'd have to leave in five minutes to make the train. I dumped my railroad ticket, powder puff, camera, and films, sweater and raincoat in a *furoshiki* and tied it gypsy fashion and strapped the bundle to the rear of my bicycle and was off for a week's trip. There was no time to finish packing, and Fosco and Hiroyuki had to leave some of their loot at Kuroda's.

According to our watches we had twenty minutes to spare at Piratori, but the station clock was different and we all but missed our train. Few clocks in Japan are synchronized. Annually a Time Day is observed when all clocks and watches are corrected, but since speed varies, in a very short time the effect of the corrected time is *nil*, and each clock and watch merrily ticks off its own individual time.

The dinkey connecting Piratori with Sarahuto was built about twenty-five years ago for the purpose of transporting the ore trucked from the mine up the valley. Passenger traffic was served by two cars attached to the end of a string of flats on the ore train. But it was transportation; otherwise we would have had to travel on horseback. With an hour between trains at Sarahuto, we found a hole-in-the-wall restaurant and ate a luncheon of cold rice and pickles from little wooden boxes, washing it down with tea. We found a Japanese with an Ainu collection, but he wanted *Yen* 50 for a string of beads. Both Fosco and I wanted an old carved bear spear and box for

mixing poison which he agreed to sell for *Yen* 5, but it was inconvenient to carry on a vagabond trip. I secretly planned to get it upon my return journey. So did Fosco.

Samani was at rail's end about twenty miles from Cape Erimo, and the railroad followed the shore line. In places the mountains came right down to the sea and there was barely room for the railroad. The smell of drying fish wafted on moisture-laden breezes floated in the windows. Horses pastured alongside the track raced the train, their manes flying in the wind. Everywhere there were horses, grazing singly, or being driven in droves. A unit of cavalry galloped past along a dirt road, strangely out of place so far out in the country. We passed several large horse farms, with modern barns and equipment, their silos filled with fodder. Many Ainu moved about in thatched villages along the seashore. I jotted down the names of several interesting-looking villages, intending to stop on my return journey.

The train sped past the end of many cultivated valleys with steep wooded walls, each with a swiftly flowing shallow river which curved and twisted its way to the sea. There were many acres of flooded rice paddies, corn fields and patches of blossoming beans. The landscape looked as if it had managed to get out of hand and was a scale too large for the imagination of the farmers. Small fisheries dotted the shore line and women worked pressing the oil from sardines and spreading the fertilizer to dry. The finest seaweed in the world grows in the waters around Hokkaidō, and the cream of the crop is fished up from the bottom of the sea along the coast of Hitaka Province. The long green fronds stretched to dry on the sandy beach looked like the tresses of a giantess.

Doll-faced school girls with black bobbed hair got on and off the train at different stations. All wore foreign-style clothing—middy blouses and blue skirts—a change from the kimono urged by the eminent German physician Doctor Baelz back in 1870. I easily distinguished the Ainu children by their large skulls, round eyes, and long black curly lashes and sturdy physiques. Many looked like Hawaiian girls.

Arrived at Samani, Hiroyuki and Fosco hopped on their loaded bicycles and were off, while Matsuishi and I walked, carrying

our luggage to the *yadoya*. On the train I remembered to tuck my camera in the *furoshiki*. Nothing antagonizes a Japanese official as quickly as the sight of a camera. I did not need a second glance to tell me that the man in business suit who approached us at the station was a gendarme. My suspicions were confirmed when I overheard him tell Matsuishu to report to the police station the following morning early.

Samani was worth any trouble which might be in the offing. Built along the beach of a curving bay between the hills and the water, it was a natural peninsula ending in a Gibraltarlike rock which formed one end of a sheltered bay. A sand bar joining the rock with the shore had been built into a breakwater, completing an almost half circle of protected waters. A smaller protected basin beyond the breakwater was filled with fishing craft huddled behind the rock like ducklings around a mother duck. In the distance a huge volcanic rock balanced atop a flat ledge seemed to float on the surface of the calm silver sea like a Japanese rock garden on a tray. To the southeast the rugged mountains formed a midrib to the peninsula right down to the sea. It was this rocky range which caused the railway to stop at Samani, where a bus line took up the burden of transportation and wound its tortuous way up and over and around the mountains, crossing the tip of the peninsula to join with the railroad at Hiroo.

The Samani River came down to the beach and meandered along the black sandbar for a quarter of a mile before flowing into the sea. The rocky coast line was like Oregon; the rain-drenched valleys were a bit of Hawaii, while the glassy sea and green coast line could have been dragged up from the South Seas and anchored here. The village was a double row of houses along a winding dirt road which conformed to the contour of the beach.

Before we reached the *yadoya*, so many children followed that I felt like the Pied Piper of Samani. Heading a crowd of small fry, Matsuishu and I circled the point and arrived at the Toyika *yadoya*. They halted without while we checked our shoes at the entrance, received soft-soled slippers to slide along the highly polished hardwood corridors and up the precipitous steps to the second floor. Little discrimination is made in sex on Hokkaidō and I think the

men almost resented being crowded three together while I had a lovely room alone.

It was simply furnished. The usual *tokonoma* contained a scroll, and a small flower arrangement. There was a Japanese ladies' dressing table, a small *torii* for hanging my towel, a screen, and a *hibachi* for heating, a complete set of equipment for making tea in a circular lacquered box. Atop this was a flat box filled with candy labeled in English.

A maid arrived almost at once bearing a kettle filled with hot water, some live coals, a flat basket containing *yukata*. She placed the basket in a corner, and squatted before the *hibachi* and made tea for me. This graceful gesture of tea and candy filled me with gratitude. Making tea is such a simple act, but what a world of welcome and hospitality it expresses. She reversed my slippers left at the door when she went out.

So accustomed had I become to the artistic sliding panels and opaque *shoji* that I was somewhat shocked to note that my walls were substantial and stationary. An ugly orthodox window hung with curtains pierced each of the two outside walls. But the most incongruous note was the door. Matsuishi had never seen a *hinged* door in a Japanese house before. The floor was *tatami* and there were the usual stacks of flat cushions. In living Japanese style I had never before felt keenly aware of the fact that life was carried on at floor level. In this hybrid room with its foreign windows and door, I actually felt as if I were sitting on the floor. The psychology was all wrong.

A *yadoya* supplies sleeping kimono, slippers and clogs, but the guest is required to bring his own *tengu* (towel). I put on clogs and started across the street to buy a length of *sufu* for a towel. The children had remained waiting before the *yadoya* and when I emerged they followed me. Neither Lindbergh nor the Queen of Rumania ever had more persistent spectators.

I bought two yards of blue printed *sufu* a foot wide and the shop keeper cut it in half for two towels. Matsuishi had somehow persuaded himself that in small shops in remote villages one might still find a few yards of *jun min* (cotton), or even a woolen garment. On the outskirts of Tokyo one did occasionally come by a

kimono length of cotton material, and he was ever hopeful. The shopkeeper brought out a box of gray sweaters which he said were pure wool. Matsuishi asked my opinion. I felt one and said "part wool." The shopkeeper insisted they were 100 per cent wool. I re-examined the sweater and saw that it was labeled in English "Silk and Wool Knit."

During our stay Matsuishi and Hiroyuki combed the shops of the town in search of *jun min* and wool. Their efforts netted three cotton undershirts.

Everywhere I went, the children followed. If I turned and looked quickly at them they fled like frightened sparrows before a hawk, but gradually surged back and followed again a hundred strong. They stood in a semi-circle and watched me step out of clogs and into slippers. When I looked up they screamed and fell over each other in their retreat. Curiosity brought them back again. They remained standing before the *yadoya* long after I had forgotten their existence.

Like all Japanese inns, the Toyika *yadoya* had no dining room, and no room with a private bath. The maid set up the trays in my room and we sat in a circle on the floor and dined leisurely. It has been said that American food is designed to please the nose, Chinese the tongue, and Japanese the eye. The red lacquered trays, colorful platters and bowls and exotic food were certainly an eyeful. The only food I balked at was the bowl of tiny bright red dried shrimp designed to be eaten whole, whiskers, feelers, tail and all. The men ate everything. The maid sat to one side presiding over the rice tub and was kept busy filling the rice bowls of the men. The long fingers of the rationing octopus had not yet reached Samani.

My shins, skinned in a bicycle accident, were painful to sit upon. Matsuishi pointing to my bruised and swollen ankle said that I had *beri beri*. He poked it with his finger saying, "If the flesh remains punched, you certainly have *beri beri*."

"If the flesh remains indented, I'm dead."

After a round of smokes while the maid removed the eight trays, the men returned to their room, and the maid returned and made up my sleeping place. She slid back a panel, fetched out a *futon*, a padded kimono, sheet and blanket, rolled the *futon* on the floor and

brought out a rice-stuffed pillow, and closed the windows. As soon as she departed I opened the windows. The electric light was bright, but since I had neglected to bring any reading matter, I turned in. However hard the floor, if I am sufficiently exhausted I never suffer from insomnia.

Chapter Twenty-Four

TREASURE HUNTERS . . . HIGASHI SIZUNAI

We were treasure hunters all; we sought not pearls and rubies, but a strange assortment. Fosco was happiest sketching an old grass roof, or collecting Ainu words; Matsuishi desired above all *jun min*; Hiroyuki at the moment sought woollens against another Hokdaidō winter, while my Holy Grail was a bear skull. We sat on the floor in my room discussing our desires over a six o'clock breakfast. It was an exotic morning meal—seaweed soup, boiled sardines, pickles, raw eggs, rice, and tea. Already I was accustomed to the native food and was beginning to enjoy it, especially the seaweed soup which is as important to a Japanese breakfast as fruit juice is to an American.

Fosco and Hiroyuki had but a brief time to loiter before returning to Sapporo. As for myself, I felt a month would be too short a time. But for his "official" worries, Matsuishi, too, would have enjoyed Samani.

After warning me not to take the camera out of the *yadoya*, Matsuishi hurried from breakfast to confer with the police while I strolled out and watched the village come to life. The fish carts, made of boxes fastened to three-wheeled bicycles pushed by women in kimono, were brimming with colorful treasures fished up from the sea. There were gorgeous purple starfish, butterfly fish, blue fish, one-eyed flounders, sea bream, silvery-green mackerel, opaque cuttlefish, slimy eels and many others. From the shoulder of the giant rock supporting the lighthouse on its summit, looking down upon the town I saw beyond the roofs weighted with huge rocks to the fire tower in the distance, a large bronzed bell atop a ladder. Along the beach directly below, brown fishnets suspended from poles to dry fluttered gracefully in the breezes. Men too old to fish mended

nets, seated before their houses in the sun. Others untangled and spread fronds of seaweed on the sand to dry. The broad-decked motor boats riding at anchor in the shelter of the rock were replicas of the cod-fishing boats used by the Lofoten Islanders.

A dozen urchins squatted at a safe distance on the grass and followed me down. I turned into main street just in time to see a white-clad officer with sword gleaming in the early morning sun enter the *yadoya*. Without reason I walked back to the sea. A boat had just finished unloading, piling half a ton of starfish on a net, a gorgeous mountain of lavender, blue, and yellow, a giant's armful of oversized orchids.

At the *yadoya* Matsuishi waited as impatiently as if he had stinging ants in his pants.

"We must get out of here as soon as possible," he said. He grew almost hysterical when I suggested that we take the bus across the peninsula. He was ready to promise the moon and stars, too, if only I would leave Samani quietly and at once. I waved good-bye to Fosco and Hiroyuki as they rode away toward the bus station.

It required but a moment to roll my things in the *furoshiki*. Within a few minutes we were on the road, walking to the next town. Carrying my luggage gypsy fashion, I felt like an escaping murderer. A crowd of children followed until I gave them a bag of candy. While they stopped to divide it, we left them behind. A foreigner in this section was a curiosity. The children were a give away to any passing gendarme who otherwise might fail to notice me. I was in the category of a hiding thief with a faithful dog. The youngsters were cleaner and better nourished than elsewhere, and their heads and eyes were free from sores. However attractive they were, like Garbo, I wanted to be alone.

I do not know why we hurried away from Samani; we merely waited at Nisi Samani for the train to journey to the end of the line and return. The platform was piled with bundles of seaweed, bound in mats and ropes like mysterious pinched-in jars, waiting to be put on the train.

We left the train at Higashi Sizunai and walked a mile to the village, keeping a sharp eye for a place to eat. There was little choice. We entered an eating house. A painted girl came to inform

us they had no food but could supply beer and female entertainment. The next was a floorless hole-in-the-wall place with a single table planted in the hard-packed earth. The woman was pleasant and clean and quickly cooked up a bowl of *oyaka donburi* and served it with fresh chopsticks. In reply to my question she said her family came to Hokkaidō when she was a child and that she really liked living here.

The village was on the shore at the end of a broad, flat cultivated valley with many thatched farmhouses dotting the fields—houses that I wished to explore. Entering a Japanese shop to park our luggage, we made a discovery which changed the trend of our treasure hunting. It was a pawnshop. Among other things I discerned an old Ainu sword hanging on the wall. Upon inquiry, the pawnbroker brought out a number of Ainu objects, ceremonial bowls, *ikubashi*, *attush*, beads, which he was not at liberty to sell. The sword had been forfeited and I resolved to buy it if I did not find a superior specimen. Thereafter in each village we sought for the pawnshop. Unfortunately this proved the best source of the rapidly disappearing Ainu treasures. Knowing the reluctance with which Ainu part with anything remotely worth a farthing, I realized how great was the need for money when they pawned their best *attush*. Once their poor distinctly Ainu possessions are gone they have nothing. Even a string of beads lends a degree of self respect and racial consciousness.

As we walked up the straight dirt road running the length of the valley, we were overtaken by two men riding bicycles. They were almost dudishly clad and wore stiff straw hats. We asked a direction of them. Had they begun the conversation I would have immediately spotted them as gendarmes. Although they looked like traveling salesmen, Matsuishi said they were insurance men. They rode slowly, talking the while, and at length invited us to accompany them to the home of the most prominent Ainu in the valley.

We drew up before a typical Hokkaidō house, hybrid Japanese with added features to keep out the cold. Opposite was a large barn with stalls for six horses, a wagon, saddle, snow sleds and farm implements. Mr. Baba, a pleasant, clean-shaven Ainu in his late twenties, welcomed us. He was indeed a man of ability. He not only

had increased his acre holding until he possessed the finest farm in the district, but Mr. Baba was the only Ainu in the valley who could afford the luxury of a concubine.

The concubine was in the house, suckling a new-born infant, the wife was knee deep in the muck, weeding an adjoining rice paddy, while six young children played about the barn. Mr. Baba had time on his hands. He tied on a flop hat and volunteered to go with us to the home of an Ainu woman who owned many "treasures."

"Some Ainu have treasures of gold bars which they never show to any one," Matsuishi said to me. "There is the story of an Ainu who possessed a most wonderful treasure, a fine sword which he kept in a case of gold. He steadfastly refused to allow any one to see it. Finally an enemy plied him with wine, got him drunk, and persuaded him to show the treasure. It was but a short time before the owner of the treasure was involved in trouble in a neighboring village. The Chief demanded and got the prized sword and case."

"The story sounds illogical, but perhaps it is legends like that which cause the people to be reluctant to exhibit their treasures," I replied.

Certainly tattooed Tana, the Ainu woman living in a small thatched hut set in the middle of a bean patch, showed no inclination to show her valuables. Hers was a typical Ainu house, without furnishings save a few mats, the beams above ebony with smoke and grease. An anteroom contained a god shelf, some *inao* and ceremonial drinking bowls with *ikubashi*. A young woman nursed a week-old baby and placed it on the floor in a corner to sleep. Mr. Baba was embarrassed when Tana refused to bring out her treasures. Finally after I had talked about an *attush* for some time, the younger woman brought out three beautifully appliqued garments, more colorful than any I had seen. But Tana would not be persuaded to part with even one of them for any sum. Her reason was not entirely sentimental. Cotton material from which they were made was unobtainable in Japan. The woman brought out three strings of beads and I feared Mr. Baba would offend her when he insisted that I be photographed with the beads and a mustache, which he painted on my face.

Tana's neighbors, having seen me crossing the field, came to call,

saying they thought her cousin had returned. All agreed that I did resemble her cousin, and they were immensely surprised to learn that I was a North American.

Mr. Baba and Matsuishi finally arranged with Tana to make an *attush* for me in return for my sending her material for a garment for herself from China where I planned to travel later. She would not allow us to look at the god shelf where she kept a bear skull among her fetishes.

The Ainu in this district spoke a slightly different dialect from Nibutani people. Also they appeared in better circumstances generally, perhaps because of their income from fishing and gathering seaweed. We visited several Ainu homes. All were alike, without any human conveniences. Not one had a stove. We passed many women and children at work in the millet fields. One handsome child of eight years, pure Ainu, squatted pulling up unwanted grass with her small graceful hands. Stooping to weed and hoe the plants was back-breaking work. One heavily tattooed woman squatted planting horseradishes between millet rows.

The valley was flat, fertile and grew narrower toward the mountain. Tops of rounded hills were many shades of green like a patched quilt. One black square proved to be yellow grain when a swarm of crows, frightened, rose and winged overhead.

In the villages along this coast there was a sharp paper shortage. When I bought some bananas the shopkeeper wrapped them in old newspapers. Newspapers cut and glued formed paper bags. At all stations where I bought cigarettes the vendor demanded the return of the carton. I had either to trade an empty carton or to remove the cigarettes.

After retrieving our meagre luggage from the pawnshop, we caught the train for Sizunai, and walked from the station to the local *yadoya* followed by swarms of children. The *yadoya* was pure Japanese architecture in every way, with no concessions to the cold of winter. Three sides of my room were formed of *shoji* and sliding panels. There were no locks on any of the hotel rooms as guests are credited with being honest, a trait which serves to simplify life. My room, severe in its simplicity, was furnished with the usual scroll, Buddha, vase of flowers, chess board, screen, polished wooden

tray for *yukata*. The unusual thing about it was the foot-high flat-top writing desk and the little upholstered arm rest.

An indication of a changing Japan was the coat hangers on the wall which I observed in almost every inn. When Japanese men abandon kimono and take to trousers, the repercussions are far reaching. They need closets, hangers, and furniture. With the adoption of foreign-style clothing by Japanese, they will gradually rise from living on the floor to chairs as a matter of expediency. And the first thing they know *futons* will disappear and they'll find themselves sleeping in beds.

Hardly had I stepped out of my slippers at the entrance to my room when a maid appeared bearing an iron box glowing with live coals, a tea kettle of hot water, and a round lacquered box containing tea equipment. Soon I was clad in fresh starched *yukata*, seated on a cushion leaning on the arm rest drinking delicious hot green tea.

The bathroom was for one and all and had no lock. The bath was a pool of hot water, without running hot and cold water to temper it. I did not enter the tub. It seems to me there should be a spread of skin ailments with the common use of bath water, but Matsuishi says germs cannot live in the hot water. I am not quite convinced. Can a germ not survive if a Japanese can?

Dinner for the two of us was served on legged trays in my apartment.

The children gave up waiting at the door of the *yadoya*, and having discovered the location of my room, went to the rear and climbed to a roof on the level with it and sat staring until the maid closed the *shoji*. As soon as she rolled down my *futon* I turned in. I substituted my folded sweater for the little blue and white porcelain pillow curved to fit the neck.

Guests in the inn slept with their electric lights shining down in their faces all night.

In the villages and on the farms the people arise at dawn and follow the chickens to bed. Promptly at five A.M. my panel slid open and the maid brought in a tea kettle of hot water. Even the children were up early, perched on the roof to watch my toilet and breakfast.

I noticed the proprietor of the *yadoya* wore foreign-style clothing and pink nail polish, when he came to chat with me.

At Sizunai there was no pawnshop but we discovered a second-hand shop with three Ainu swords. We inquired for *jun min* and wool but none was to be had. However, the shopkeeper had some pre-war pure silken kimonos. Matsuishi bought two and mailed them to his wife in Tokyo. I guess a Japanese man doesn't know any more about shopping for his wife's clothing than does an American. By return mail he received a letter saying, "Thank you, the kimonos are lovely but the pattern is for a woman of forty. It will be ten years before I can wear them." In the meantime Matsui-shi had bought two more kimonos and forwarded them home.

My treasure hunt was not very fruitful. I finally gave up the idea of finding a bear skull and resolved upon my return to Nibutani, to ask Kantaroo about making a man's crown for me.

Chapter Twenty-five

UPPER SIZUNAI VALLEY . . . MIKADO'S HORSE FARM

Sizunai was a fair valley, there were many Ainu living there, the beach was near by, and I had not been accosted by a single gendarme. Matsuishi was in good spirits, and all in all I was pleasantly situated for the nonce.

We rented bicycles from a local Japanese shop and made excursions along the beach, about the town, and up the valley. The seaweed season was at its height. Both men and women worked hauling it up from the sea, stretching the long slimy fronds to dry on the beach, bundling it for shipment. A number of little oil plants along the beach kept the sardine boats busy.

Riding our bicycles up the valley along the dirt road we passed many familiar trees. We found no one at home at the prosperous Ainu farm where we stopped and, disappointed, we were about to leave when an Ainu woman approached wearing peg-topped trousers over her kimono, and a straw flop hat tied beneath her chin. We sat on a log in the barnyard and chatted with her. She was a good-looking woman, quite fair, with brown eyes and a tattooed mustache encircling her mouth. When she rolled down her elbow-length blue cloth mittens, her tattooed arms were whiter than my own sun-tanned limbs. She was in distress and appeared grateful for some one to tell her troubles to. Seven of her horses had strayed and she had searched all morning in vain. She stretched her trousered legs, wet to the knees with dew, in the sun as she told us about her family.

Both she and her husband were half Ainu. Of their seven children only one remained at home. Two were well-known jockeys in Tokyo. Her husband, Orita-san, was away gathering seaweed. I was

delighted to learn something of this industry which elevated local Ainu a notch in the economic scale. According to Mrs. Orita, workers gathered individually; a buyer took the entire output. A bundle of seaweed brings from twenty to thirty *Yen*. A fast worker may earn as much as one hundred *Yen* for a single day's labor, while others take in only sixty to eighty *Yen*. This was good pay indeed considering a Tokyo white-collar worker averages from sixty to eighty *Yen* a month. The season for gathering seaweed lasts from July 26 until the end of September, and the industry pays better than any other, not excepting fishing.

While we sat in the sunshine chatting, a boy arrived by bicycle and handed Mrs. Orita a note. It was written in Japanese and she was unable to read it. Matsuishi translated. Knowledge of the contents only added to her worries. The note requested her to send a horse to Sizunai at once, a matter which only her husband could handle. We volunteered, but she said no.

After resting, we said good-bye and rode on up the valley, following paths winding between farms, and stopped at a thatched house. Six Ainu children, the eldest perhaps twelve, played about. Their parents were away gathering seaweed. The house had but a single room and small alcove. A feature which I had not previously seen was a ceiling made of woven reeds which could be rolled back in summer. Two low tables constituted the sole furnishings.

By way of entertainment the children led us to see an old woman, Kebu Haru, who lived in a "lair" in the rear of their house. Emaciated, practically blind, she lived in a state of utmost poverty. I saw no evidence of rice or potatoes or food of any kind. Her hut, an 8' x 10' shack four feet high, had no door, and the earth served as floor. I discovered the woman sitting on a mat on the ground just doing nothing. She said she had not the energy to move to the light, but made the supreme effort when I placed some coins in her hand. Surely the hut was built for her to die in that summer, otherwise she most certainly would freeze when winter came. I resolved to bring her a bag of rice, forgetting that it was rationed and I could not buy even a pound.

The Sizunai valley is one of the best horse-raising sections of Hokkaidō, and in addition to supplying mounts for the Japanese

cavalry, many racing horses are bred here. Both English and American strains have left their imprint on horses of the valley. At the Ito Racing Farm, Osbeo, a beautiful bay mare valued at *Yen* 32,000. was bred to an English stallion which brought *Yen* 180,000. Mr. Ito values the foal at *Yen* 6000. His Queen Chato won a recent race in Yokohama. There were thirteen baby racehorses on the modern, well-equipped farm. Another foreign influence was the fashion of assigning English names to Japanese racehorses.

We passed a number of large racing farms. It was haying time on Hokkaidō and I could not think of enough wishes to place one on each hay wagon that we saw during the day. The giant piles of golden hay completely hid the wagon and almost covered the horses drawing it. Hardly a hay wagon but was followed by at least one baby horse.

Ever since leaving Tokyo I had heard in a vague way about the Emperor's "place" on Hokkaidō. No one seemed to know exactly where it was. It was a farm . . . it was a racing farm . . . it was a place where the Son of Heaven bred his own white stallions, mounts used during army reviews, were some of the many rumors.

It was not until we were halfway up the Sizunai valley that we learned that the Emperor's farm was actually at the end of the valley, "not far" away.

It was almost noon and the sun beat down upon our bare heads, but we decided to bicycle up and take a look at this semi-mythical acreage of the Mikado. We rode across the valley, pushed our bicycles up a steep incline to a plateau on a higher level, where we found a specially built gravelled road, the nicely mown grassy parking strip fenced in leading directly to the Imperial Horse Farm. The attractive road stretched on and on, miles and miles of it and we pedalled steadily in the hot sun for nearly three hours before sighting the first Imperial haystack. The Emperor's were like any other grain fields except, compared with the average on Hokkaidō, the size was fabulous. Millet, wheat, oats, and corn grew in 10,000-acre plots. Whereas the ordinary farmer used hand labor, the Imperial Farm was equipped with modern machinery—a hay mower, rake, and automatic loader.

Remembering the restrictions on photographing the Horse

Market, I was somewhat surprised when no one seemed to care if I made pictures of the Emperor's own horses and the hay that was to be eaten by them. After watching the harvesting for a while, we continued on for two miles up the road to the stables and office, which were of English architecture. After we had filled in three forms each, setting forth our names, ages, business and personal history, we sat on the steps and waited, and waited.

"Do you really want to spend so much time here?" asked Matsuishi, unsure of our reception.

"Considering the effort I expended in getting here, I certainly do," I answered with some asperity. "And I'm hungry enough to eat a horse, too." Matsuishi understands American slang and was not alarmed.

At last the attendant returned, got his bicycle and we set off in the direction of the stables, some distance away. A hen ran in front of my bicycle, nearly upsetting me and leaving a brand new idea in her wake.

"Do you suppose this man could get us some boiled eggs . . . *tamago* . . . eggs . . ." I stuck in *tamago* so the man would know I spoke of eggs in the event Matsuishi balked at interpreting my unorthodox suggestion. "*Tamago*, . . . perhaps he could get us some *tamago*."

"Wait," said the attendant.

Presently he returned with four eggs, freshly laid by Imperial hens, and handed us two each. Never in my life have I even remotely imagined myself sucking a raw egg. However, my stomach is rarely surprised at anything, even a raw, Imperial egg. I swallowed the contents in one gulp. This, I hoped, would generate energy to pedal all the way back to Sizunai.

The Emperor, who always rides a white stallion, is reputed to have a racing stable, a horse-breeding and grain farm, but everything relating to his estate was a "secret." Even the number of horses could not be divulged, according to Matsuishi. We apparently arrived at an opportune moment. A commercial photographer had his camera set up and the Emperor's thoroughbreds were being led out one by one, brushed, sprayed and photographed. I, too, made pictures of the Emperor's own horses. The best animal, the son of the

American thoroughbred Manoa, was valued at *Yen* 30,000. Belle Ami, the next, was an Arabian. They were beauties. I looked in vain for a herd of white stallions.

I gathered that the total Imperial holdings in the upper Sizunai valley amounted to some 40,000 *cho* (100,000 acres), and that the average field contained about 10,000 acres.

When we were ready to leave, the attendant was solicitous about our hunger. He even rode along beneath an avenue of pines with us to point out the right turn to take to reach a near-by village. When we arrived it was far past luncheon hour at the hotel; we went to the local restaurant, waked the proprietress. The best she could do was to sell us some ripe peaches and lend us a knife.

All along the valley we watched people gathering the hay. Men driving huge two-wheeled carts loaded with hay passed us on the road. We overtook others. The workers were in a gay mood, calling out to us when we passed. Others unloaded hay into the second story of huge thatched barns. Young horses frisked about nibbling at the hay. At one large thatched barn, four huge loads of hay waited in turn to be stowed away.

I noted that Sizunai valley Ainu thatched their roofs differently from the Siraoi and Nibutani people. Here they were made of the same reeds but were all one piece in contrast to the bristly layers of reeds. Sizunai roofs were more nearly like South Sea island thatches.

It was always pleasant to receive the smiling welcome and low bow of the kimono-clad attendant upon returning to the *yadoya*. I came actually to look forward to the hot, green, unsweetened tea which she brought immediately.

One day, returning from an excursion up the valley bicycling along the dirt road following the swiftly flowing Sizunai River, I saw a small figure huddled dejectedly on the steep bank in the grass. I dismounted to speak to the woman. She sat in a pool of water, wet hair streaked across her face, her sopping garments clinging to her frame. She was in a hysterical state and at first could not speak connectedly. Matsuishi finally drew the story from her. She had been gathering wood, had reached too far over the water to break a dead limb, and losing her footing, plunged in. Clutching

frantically, calling for help, she swallowed water. The swirling eddies swept her along three hundred yards. Although seventy-five years of age, it was her own presence of mind which saved her life. She reached up and grabbed an overhanging limb as she was carried around a bend in the river. There she clung until a passing youth happened to see her. It was a miracle, for the road is little used and the banks of the river grassy and precipitous. He dragged her out and left her panting and dripping at the top of the steep bank, where she might have slid into the river again in a fumbling moment. A cold wind blew upon her. We helped her to a sunny place. I removed her head band, squeezed out the water, mopped her wet black hair and wiped her face and arms which were finely tattooed up to her elbows. She protested feebly at first, but I saw she was grateful for a little attention. Her daughter, summoned by the youth, arrived, but she could do nothing until a man came to help. I gave her my new *furoshiki* to protect her chest from the cold wind, and when I tucked the silken square beneath her *attush*, I saw that the flesh of her chest, shoulders, and breasts was as white as mine and very firm.

I was astonished that she was able to pull herself together and *walk* a mile uphill to her little grass house in the next village.

The Ainu are certainly a hardy race. On the hill we met two very old Ainu women, both more than ninety, hobbling along with the aid of canes. They had heard of the accident to their friend and were coming to her aid.

Chapter Twenty-six

SUNSTROKE

Many people ask what I would do if I fell ill in an out-of-the-way place. The answer is I would do just what the people do who live in that out-of-the-way place. I had occasion to test my theory.

Having used a lot of energy seeing the country around Sizunai, after a particularly long bicycle ride in the heat, I returned to the inn with a headache. We decided to move along, travelling in the direction of Nibutani, stopping overnight at Monbetsu, a very old Ainu village on the seashore visited by Miss Bird in 1878. The *yadoya* recommended to us by our host in Sizunai was a mile from the station and we travelled on foot carrying our loot and luggage.

Inns throughout Japan formerly provided feminine entertainment as a side line. I remember the rouged and painted kimono-clad Japanese girls who haunted the corridors of the élite hotel at Miyano-shita after midnight during the Christmas holidays. They were on call. This custom, together with mixed bathing, has of recent years been frowned upon in Japan proper, but not in the provinces. The *yadoya*, on a little peninsula jutting into the sea, was an old-fashioned inn and my spirits slumped when I saw the painted maid. Her kimono was a shade too elegant for that of a servant. It was indeed a provincial *yadoya*. By this time I was so ill, all I wanted was to lie down somewhere.

The *yadoya* proved the worst I had ever seen. My room, built flush on the earth, was damp. The food was not really clean, a most unusual thing in Japan. I longed for a hot bath and a bed. The mutual waters of the bath floated with grease of guests as careless of their bath as of their morals. The sight of the tub was revolting.

Matsuishi blithely bathed, comforting himself with the knowledge that heat kills germs.

The dinner, served on the floor in my room, consisted of sour soup, raw fish, raw salmon eggs, pickled *daikkon*, raw ginger, barrel-shaped cuttlefish stuffed with its own whiskers, stewed in *soya* and sugar. The rouged maid served rice and tea, and made jokes with Matsuishi. In her profession, serving a woman was a waste of her time. There was no future in it. I nibbled a few cuttlefish whiskers, drank some tea, and ordered my *futon* made ready.

At daylight the maid, wearing the make-up of the night before, appeared with tea water followed by the breakfast tray. I waved away the raw fish and cold fried egg, but kept the bottle of hot goat's milk. From the feel of my sensitive scalp, I suspected a touch of the sun and was eager to get back to my friends the Kurodas. As soon as Matsuishi was ready, I pulled myself together and started walking toward the station to catch a train for Saruhuto, Piratori and good old Nibutani, where a clean room awaited me. When a gendarme began to follow us I became so irritated that Matsuishi was worried lest I say something to offend the officer. We were en route to the station, but Matsuishi's quest for *jun min* and my desire for a string of beads owned by a chiefess, led us on a wild goose chase which ended at a poor shambles of a hut across the valley. The tattooed woman, impelled by vanity to show us her beads, opened the door. Within the place was filthy, rags strewn about and a god shelf and fetishes in the corner. She, a former chiefess, dug into her burial things and brought out two of the finest strings of Ainu beads I had ever seen. But not even for a hundred *Yen* would she part with them.

I left her house, again wondering how the Ainu keep from freezing during the long, bitter winter nights.

The train fairly crept to Saruhuto, the ore dinkey bumped and rattled along to Piratori, and a crowded bus finally landed a miserable vagabond at the Kuroda farm, which at the moment was the most desirable haven in the world.

Mrs. Kuroda, deeply concerned, prepared my *futon* at once and tested my fever. The symptoms were sunstroke and dysentery, and Mrs. Kuroda knew exactly what to do, but hesitated. Her prescrip-

tion had been in the family for three hundred years, and worked well on Japanese, but she had never dosed a foreigner. I was impatient to begin any treatment at once. She gave me some small seed to swallow, followed by a hot bitter brew. She disinfected my various wounds and placed cold packs on my head. When my fever cooled, she fed me soft cooked eggs and boiled goat's milk.

Sleeping on a *futon* at night was a perfectly natural thing to do, but in the daytime it was different. I had the feeling of being on the floor. Looking upward at human beings, I had a cat's-eye view and got a new perspective. I have frequently wondered why Mrs. Kuroda kept the old *London Times* newspapers given her by Doctor Munro, as no one in the family reads or speaks English. She brought them from a storeroom to amuse me during the several days I was ill. I arranged them in chronological order, beginning with May, 1934. I lived in the past which seemed long ago, indeed, and got a British slant on those amazing Americans. I read the English version of the Lindbergh kidnapping, the Hawaiian scandal involving the Massey murder, the diplomatic intrigues of European nations. All passed in review like ghosts out of the past. A theatrical review panned an unknown actress, saying she was pretty but could not act. Her name was Vivien Leigh. I felt like a seer looking into the future. I already knew that regardless of what was being written or done, war would result. It had already started.

Mrs. Kuroda was both surprised and pleased that her remedy had worked on a foreigner. She planned to relay the information to the Munros.

Fully recovered, I set about checking on my *attush* material, and dolls, and photographing some of the older Ainu in Nibutani. My first subject was Hise, a neighbor who readily consented to be photographed after she had donned her finery. Her son fetched her chest from an adjoining room. He insisted she comb out her coarse wavy hair before tying on her best head band. Her blue mustache showed to good advantage against her fair, plump, unlined cheeks. I gave her a ring and fifty *sen* and she was pleased, but she insisted that she was not an "old woman." She was only seventy-three years old. Tekate, an even hundred, was the oldest in Nibutani. Hise went with me to call upon her.

We found a shrivelled up little old lady, totally blind and almost deaf, seated on a mat near the fire box in the center of a dark hut busily twisting bark rope. Tekate spoke no Japanese. She was too old to bother when the new language edict was effected. The two old ladies whispered together in Ainu, Hise persuading Tekate to allow herself to be photographed. The older woman consented, but first she must dress for the picture. She hobbled to a dark corner, found her chest and brought it to the door. Within I saw a tin hot-water bottle, burial lacings, beads and trinkets. I gasped at the bright colors in her *attush*. Dressed in her best, she did not appear as mummified as one might expect. Her hands, wrists, and arms were tattooed in an elaborate pattern, and the mustache around her mouth was still a good blue after ninety years of wear. Her shoulder-length shock of hair, grayer than Hise's but far from white, was bound with a black bandeau. With the aid of a stick, she came out and sat on a box in front of her grass house and continued her weaving. Upon learning that I had a movie camera, the two women sang, clapped their hands and performed a sitting dance, changing in unison at the proper places. Tekate was pleased to be out-of-doors and enjoyed the attention and human companionship. Interpreting was slow work. I asked questions in English, Matsuishi relayed them in Japanese to Hise who translated them into Ainu. The answers ploughed through two intelligible languages and emerged in lucid English.

I called at Penakori to see Tekianri. She had the loom set and had begun to weave the bark material, promising the completed garment by October. Kantaroo continued to chip and carve upon the figures. I left instructions for mailing if he ever finished the work.

War reached out and touched remote Nibutani. One day a white box containing the ashes of a Nibutani youth returned from the front in China, and the village went into official mourning. The Rising Sun flag, tied with crepe, fluttered from each home. At the store I saw two men in formal black uniforms and white gloves, a strange sight in this village. The funeral, attended by a representative of each household, was held in the schoolhouse next door. The funeral procession wound down the road and up the hill to

the final resting place for an Ainu youth who gave his life for his country, his Emperor, and an alien God.

I had forgotten that I was travelling in a land visited by frequent earthquakes until one night I was awakened by the thumping of my heart, the rumble of a distant vibration, and the sensation of having the floor snatched uphill from beneath my *futon*. I pictured the damage wrought by the tremor. The following morning, to my surprise Matsuishi and the Kurodas ridiculed the idea of there having been an earthquake. They had felt no shock. I was vindicated when I arrived in Sapporo and read a report of the worst earthquake and tidal wave in eighteen years which caused great damage in Otaru and sank twelve hundred fishing craft. No account appeared in the Japanese language papers. Matsuishi said it was not of sufficient importance.

One day Kuroda-san volunteered to show us some ancient Ainu trenches on his place. Near a wooded cliff in a bend of the river we saw a half-hidden but definite trench, 4 feet deep bowed inland for 150 feet back of the cliff. Goodly-sized trees grew in the excavation. Mr. Kuroda's theory was that the Ainu used the trench as a means of defense during the age of bow and arrow warfare. A quarter of a mile down the river we saw a similar trench, extending in a straight line across a high narrow plateau from the river to a precipitous cliff. Men hidden in it could easily have guarded the ridge. Kuroda-san remembers having seen these trenches when he came to Nibutani some fifty years ago, but no Ainu then living remembered when they were dug, or the use made of them. Later, in speaking of the "fortifications," Doctor Inukai said they were not Ainu breastworks, but were used by the Ainu in the practice of magic.

I could not linger forever in Nibutani if I wished to see all of Hokkaidō. Reluctantly I said good-bye to my friends and to the Kurodas.

I watched Chiyo-san as she dressed to accompany us to Piratori. She tied no less than twelve bands and strings about her waist in the process of fitting a petticoat and two kimonos and an *obi* about herself. While dressing she told me she hoped to marry a stock broker . . . no farmer-husband for her. She watched with interest

my toilet, calling to her mother to come and see the little skin-fitting latex girdle. Later I heard Mrs. Kuroda describing it to her husband. The Japanese man, like his foreign brother, is critical of the dress worn by his women. In the absence of heels and corsets, Kuroda-san frowned upon the tight *obi* (sash) worn by Chiyo-san, as being contrary to health.

It was a generous gesture for Chiyo to accompany us to Piratori. The day was warm and the bus crowded. We were barely able to squeeze in by pushing one another.

We managed seats on the ore train, but had to stand almost the entire distance from Sarahuto to Noboribetsu, where we planned to stop over en route to Sapporo and points inland. What a crowd! There was a theatrical group of fifty en route to the spa.

It was heavenly to plunge once again into the hot mineral pools of the spa. Several nude men sat gossiping on the brink of the sulphur pool, feet dangling in the water. A party of youths and girls sat together in a pool talking quietly, unconscious of their nudity. Five women on the opposite side of the steam-filled room soaped, and scrubbed themselves leisurely. One shampooed her hair. It was an off hour and the bath was not crowded. I sat neck deep in the radium pool soaking. The theatrical troupe did not rush for the main bath. Fearing blackened faces from the chemical reaction of their powder base, they discreetly used the salt pools in the women's bath.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

ESCAPE

I now proposed to leave Noboribetsu and travel throughout the center of the island and thence to the northern tip and cross to Sakhalin Island. In travelling about Hokkaidō it is well to leave logic at home. Whenever I mentioned Chichima Islands (Kurile) it had the same effect upon my listener as a dentist brandishing a drill above a patient with an abscessed tooth. Finally in a burst of temper Matsuishi explained that I could not go to the Chichima Islands because they were not fortified. He appeared to look upon me in the light of a conquering horde. The authorities objected to my lingering in Hakodate because it *was* a fortified zone.

My hunch to go directly from Noboribetsu to Asahigawa in the mountainous region of central Hokkaidō was a good one, but Matsuishi opposed it, pleading that he had to go to Sapporo to pick up a ticket. Nothing but trouble resulted.

I caught an early train and stopped off in Siraoi to visit with the Kinoshitas, pick up some films, and to say a brief good-bye to the Chief and his wife. She was busy hoeing in the garden. I found him, clad in Ainu robes, standing before the treasures in my grass house giving a lecture to some tourists. Matsuishi followed on the next train and we changed to the short line at Numanohata. On the map it appeared to be the efficient route. Cutting directly across the plains the distance to Sapporo was shortened by three fourths. But we had not anticipated the crowds. We stood the entire trip.

In Sapporo my luxury-loving soul appreciated the comforts of a real bed, of food prepared by a chef, and a private bath and news of events of the world not yet a week old. I was surprised to discover the war in Europe still in progress. I had almost forgotten it. I was

alarmed at the anti-British propaganda in the English-language press. The Cox incident (James Cox, a veteran British news correspondent had met death while in custody of the Tokyo police) had stirred a hornets' nest, and rumors of espionage by foreigners buzzed like angry bees in official bonnets. I visioned the long arm of the government reaching out and snatching me from Hokkaidō, and determined to see as much as possible before this happened.

Matsuishi enjoyed a great relief to be back in a metropolis where he could trot to the police station daily and wire Tokyo without leaving the hotel. He had been reporting to Tokyo whenever we came near a station with telegraph office and had worked himself up mentally to quite an important position, and into a dither. When I realized he had no intention of allowing me to get beyond the watchful eye of the Sapporo gendarmerie, I determined to leave him bogged down with his police while I continued my travels. Thanks to him I received a long telegram in English from Tokyo instructing me to consult the local Government Tourist Bureau and follow their advice. At the Bureau they discussed travel in a vague manner, always ending with, "Ah, it is very difficult. There are no foreign hotels . . . but you don't understand . . . Hokkaidō is a difficult place to travel. . . ."

For people in business to promote travel, they impressed me as woefully inefficient. I took matters into my own hands. Packing the tiniest possible zippered bag which I could handle myself, I offered Matsuishi his choice of coming with me or of remaining. I hoped he would stay. Armed with my dictionaries, phrase book, and information obtained at the hotel desk, I set out for the station. There Matsuishi confronted me with two gendarmes and two officials. The scene which followed added zest to the monotonous travels of hundreds of Japanese.

I spoke to the officials, smiling pleasantly as I informed them I was going to the interior of Hokkaidō. Matsuishi had thought to frighten me with a few brass buttons. They followed me through the wicket and upon the platform. Matsuishi literally jumped up and down and shouted at me, creating such a commotion that the Japanese passengers, thinking another foreigner was being arrested, gathered in a circle to watch the proceedings. Shy Japanese women

marvelled at one of their sex defying not only men, but men in uniform. With pleasure I could have wrung my trusted interpreter's neck from his body. A tense minute ensued when, as in a movie, the express clanging and puffing rolled into the station. I hopped aboard. Matsuishi, baffled, capitulated. He urged me to wait for the next train when he would come with me. Suspecting a ruse, I warned him that regardless of his presence I intended taking the next train. With a sigh of temporary relief the five men followed me back to the waiting room where I checked my small bag.

"A gendarme will have to come with us," was Matsuishi's parting shot as he went off with the officers.

"Bring the whole Army, and the Navy too." I flung the words at him. "The more the merrier."

There was a small sensation among the bell hops, check girls, and attendants when I returned to the hotel after having checked out and stored my luggage.

At noon, once again I walked to the railroad station. I had a map and the name of a village with a *yadoya*, but I had no further plans. Matsuishi and the gendarmes were waiting. He began at once to try to dissuade me from the journey.

"There is a military post in Asahigawa. They are at the moment searching for foreign spies," he said.

I pretended not to care, but resolved to travel the southern half of the interior quadrangle of railroads, leaving Asahigawa until last. I was surprised that the gendarmes made no effort to restrain me. They talked in Japanese to Matsuishi, but I had no confidence that he interpreted correctly for either of us.

The morning paper had played up the suicide of Cox and his purported confession that he was a British spy. The whole of Japan was suddenly spy conscious. Citizens were warned to consider every foreigner a potential spy and to treat him accordingly.

No gendarme accompanied us. Matsuishi and I did not have to make excuses to each other to explain our mutual desire to sit in separate seats. We both had to stand. It was only an hour and a half to Takikawa, the key station from which we could travel either the northern or southern route. I suggested that we leave the train at Simo Hurano near the base at Mt. Takati and make the climb.

A little mountaineering would be just the thing to take our minds off the present unpleasant situation. My proposal was so depressing Matsuiishi did not comment.

The Isikari River is the Mississippi of Hokkaidō. The main stream runs parallel with the Japan sea coast, veering at right angles just north of Sapporo to enter the Isikari Bay. Long slim streams manage to reach among the mountains and drain the interior of the island. The railway runs north, following the river. To the left lie the Isikari plains, the most highly developed agricultural section of the island. To the right the mountains and volcanoes form the real wild scenery. Small rail lines branch off from the main line, like the teeth of a coarse comb, and tap the extensive coal fields between the river and the mountains.

Takikawa was a planned pioneer town with exact square blocks, broad streets, shade trees, and concrete buildings. At a glance it looked like a new American town, symmetrical and uninteresting. Fortunately the shops were typically Japanese. During the hour and a half we waited for our train, we buried the war hatchet and walked abroad in search of *jun min*. But our hearts were not in the shopping and after a while we abandoned it.

From Takikawa the railway inland follows along the branch of the Isikari River as far as the great divide in the Daisetuzan National Park beyond which the rivers flow southeast into the Pacific Ocean. Curving and winding across a narrow, high plateau the railway continues to follow the River Tokati to the coast and thence almost due east to Nemuro. It saves tunnelling to build the railroad along the valleys. Scarcely half an hour from Takikawa we entered an area of coal fields. Indeed, experts have estimated that *one hundred and fifty billion tons* of this precious fuel lie buried in Hokkaidō. With adequate mining and transportation, how could Japan ever want for fuel? Yet in 1933 her imports more than doubled her export of coal. Wheatfields lit by the afternoon sun lay like a spun gold spread over the rounded tops of hills. The more rugged hills were covered with virgin forests, and beyond the blue mountains were like a backdrop. The coal mines which climbed up to the fringe of the wheatfields on either side of the valley marred the beauty less than any mines I have seen. Huge iron buckets used in

aerial transport laden with black gold flew through the air like overfed vultures, and disgorged into huge bins. Homes and barracks for miners and their families were built on little elevated mounds between rice paddies.

The names of villages were not shown on my map and I jotted them down in order for future reference in the event I became lost. The mines extended along the valley from Kamikabari to Hiragisi village and thence to Simo Asibetu. The next village Kami Asibetu, in addition to the coal, had an extensive lumbering industry. Large logs were piled high along the railway. Another village had a shingle mill and thin yellow shingles shaved from a circular surface were stacked in frames to dry. There was the smell of sawn timber, the sight of new homes and barracks, and the busy coal and lumber industries, land on the hillside was being cleared to make new fields—truly this was a pioneer land.

Farther along, three power plants harnessed the water and transformed it into electricity for the mines. The sky cleared and when we emerged upon a plateau, Mt. Takati, the summit wrapped in summer clouds, stood out against the blue background, its barren purple shoulders highlighted by the setting sun.

Had he been led by the hand through a dense jungle inhabited by poisonous reptiles and dangerous head hunters, Matsuishi could not have been more out of his element travelling through the wilds of the interior of Hokkaidō, where even his confreres had never taken the trouble to visit, therefore could offer him no aid.

"Don't worry," I tried to reassure him. "Think of the valuable information we can compile for them when we return. And you will be the only man in the business who knows a thing about central Hokkaidō." The thought of ever returning to Hokkaidō under any circumstances caused him to shudder.

I handed my zippered bag to a coolie from the *yadoya* at Simo Hurano station and followed him, while Matsuishi entered the station master's office. It was some time before I realized that when he tarried to "see about a ticket," or to "change tickets," he really went to despatch telegrams to Tokyo and Sapporo.

At the Shimizukan *yadoya* I had a hybrid room on the second floor. One wall was sliding *shoji* while the other was pierced with

foreign windows. The floor was covered with *tatami* and the *hibachi* and foot-high table were pure Japanese. But there was a regular office desk with a chair, and the door was hinged, both foreign touches. The inn was run by a salt-of-the-earth pioneer Japanese family.

Snow comes to Simo Hurano in November and during the winter the temperature drops to 35 degrees below zero.

The daughter of the family served my dinner of plain but good food. She rolled down my sleeping *futon*, and hooked up a green mosquito net which exactly fitted the room.

After breakfast Matsuishi set off to enlist the aid of the station master in preventing my going farther. On Hokkaidō the station master's extra-curricular duties compare with those of a head man of a village. I negotiated for the use of the private bicycle of the master of the *yadoya* and was about to start out exploring when Matsuishi returned.

"The station master wishes to see you," he reported.

My hopes dropped like mercury on a cold day.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

TWO GENTLEMEN FROM TOKYO

I was in a rather belligerent frame of mind and had no intention of spending the day, which was bright and warm, in the railway station.

Arrived at the station, Mr. Kimura, the chief, clad in the dark uniform of the railway, greeted me pleasantly and invited me into his office. It was a large room half the size of the building where a number of uniformed clerks worked at desks. The sight of an expertly done arrangement of water lilies in a flat glass dish, and a bowl of gold fish on a table near the chief's desk, indicated the character of my host and gave me confidence. A wooden plaque of the Rising Sun emblem with the inscription, "In this direction lies the Imperial Palace," hung across a corner of the room behind his desk. A small shrine with offerings of food before it, was fastened half way up the opposite wall.

A youth brought in a tray and passed little handleless cups of hot green tea around. Mr. Kimura was on the long-distance telephone.

"There are two men arriving from Tokyo who wish to see you in Sapporo," he said through Matsuishi.

I covered my surprise and answered, "If they wish to see me they must come here, or rather to Lake Akan. Tell them to meet me at Akan," I quickly picked a destination at the opposite end of the island.

It was his turn to be taken aback. "They're important men. You must return at once to Sapporo," he held his long-distance connection. However time did not matter. The telephone belonged to the Government.

No woman in her right mind would care to make the six-hour journey on a hot day from Simo Hurano to Sapporo to talk with two men in whom she had not the slightest interest.

"I'm sorry, but Sapporo is in the opposite direction from where I wish to go. Tell them I cannot come, but will telephone them tomorrow."

"At what time?"

"Nine o'clock," I promised.

That unpleasant duty performed, Mr. Kimura donned his coat and, transformed into village host, inquired my pleasure.

"I'd like to climb Mt. Takata," I said. At the mention of this distant peak Matsuishi flinched.

"Such a trip is possible, but you must travel by train, and then by cart. The final twenty miles you will have to walk. There is only one *yadoya*, which will be crowded. Unless you have reservations, you will find no place to sleep." When Matsuishi finished interpreting Mr. Kimura's information, I saw that a trip to Mt. Takata was fairly out of the question.

Mr. Kimura volunteered to show us Simo Hurano. It was a pioneer town, laid out by engineers in the heart of a fertile valley, now blocked out in rice paddies as far as eye could see. Higher land near the sloping walls of the valley was planted in corn, flax, onions, beans, potatoes, and hops. Fields of yellow grain spread over the rounded tops of hills like a mantle. A little tunnel high on one wall of the valley produced coal sufficient for local use. It was a beautifully situated village of perhaps a thousand prosperous pioneers. Men and children wore pioneer dress while women clung to kimono. We walked down the main street and along a road leading to a bridge which spanned a swiftly flowing river.

A foreign woman in shorts had never been seen in this town. Children dared not follow the station master, but a few of the more adventuresome darted out and called to Matsuishi, "What is it, a he or a she?"

The hillside was so steep farmers used a ladder to climb up to their fields. The road spiralled up. It was a steep climb. The top of a small hill had been levelled and transformed into a playground. There were swings, see-saws, benches and a picnic pavilion. A half a dozen gods, cast in concrete, whose especial mission is to look after children, stood about the park. Devout youngsters had tied a red scarf on one of them. When they came up to play, each child

brought a scythe and cut the grass. The park was remarkable in that it was the only real public playground I had seen in the Orient.

The local gendarme, suffering an attack of stomach trouble, was unenthusiastic about trailing a foreigner, but duty called. We met him trudging along, looking as miserable as he felt. He joined us and gleaned more information from the two men than he cared to have.

We passed a cherry tree by the side of the road and Mr. Kimura walked over, cocked his ear and remained motionless. Finally a plaintive little chirp came from the tall grass. He listened attentively.

"My favorite cricket lives there," he explained.

Although my ear isn't trained to distinguish the songs of crickets, I esteem a man who appreciates crickets. I thought I would get along rather well with the station master.

It was noon and our thoughts turned to food. In Japan there is a vast difference between a café and a restaurant. Both serve food, but a café caters principally to men and their lighter pleasures. The citizens of Simo Hurano ate at home and found no need for a restaurant. A café flourished. We sat at a table and ordered *udon*.

After allowing time for the cook to prepare the food, a maid appeared with a stack of lacquered boxes on her arm and distributed one to each. They contained the materials for *udon*, i.e., a box of cooked green spaghetti, a cup of sauce and chopsticks. We combined them. The poor gendarme, unable to eat, was driven from the café by the very smell of food. I did not see him again.

Mr. Kimura suggested a visit to a fox farm on the edge of the village while he returned to his office for an hour. After that he promised to show us a magic spring, one drink of which would lengthen life by five years.

The fox farm was of interest only because some one in Simo Hurano had the initiative to attempt the cultivation of fur-bearing animals. Many of the half a hundred silver foxes suffered from mange. The most interesting animal on the farm was a semi-amphibious nutria, a cross between rabbit, rat and beaver, with two large red tusk-like front teeth.

Before sunset I had seen everything in and about Simo Hurano.

The trip to the magic spring was interesting. We bicycled along a canal between rice paddies.

"See, some rice ears are already out." The station master stopped to examine them.

The rice was indeed large and flourishing. A bumper crop was in prospect, doubly welcomed since the current shortage. It is a real event when the first rice ears appear. In Sapporo I had seen photographs of rice ears in southern Japan, which, because of the difference in climate, were a month earlier than Hokkaidō rice.

The magic spring looked like an underground river gushing from the foot of the hill. It was thirty feet wide and the clear water icy cold. We climbed down and sipped its waters. If one sip lengthens life's span by five years, we'll probably live to be Methuselahs.

En route back we stopped to inspect an apple orchard. Hokkaidō competes successfully with the American market in supplying apples to Japan. With apples, cheese, and butter coming from Hokkaidō, it surprised me that the average Japanese was not more interested in the source of supply. However, basic human nature the world over is the same. A New Yorker does not develop an overweening desire to trip off to Alaska simply because he finds an occasional reindeer steak on his luncheon menu.

Upon learning of my liking for hot mineral baths, Mr. Kimura suggested that we go to a *yadoya* near Simonosita, the next station. Both men assured me the inn had a telephone. We hurriedly packed, paid the bill and arrived at the station just in time to catch the west-bound train.

Simonosita was just a two by four railway station. We were both surprised.

"The *yadoya* is up the mountain, about three miles," said the local station master as he prepared to close the office. "The way to get there is to walk," he replied in answer to Matsuishi's question. "Just follow the road."

We did not walk. The hired man from the *yadoya* overhearing the discussion, offered a ride in his two-wheeled freight cart if we waited for him to load some beer. We delivered a few bundles along the route. Old dobbin trotted along. Harvested wheat was piled in stacks. Houses were far apart. Ordinarily a Japanese garden is on

a small scale and consists principally of rocks and dwarfed plants. Brilliantly flowering giant hollyhocks which completely dwarfed a farmhouse were like flowers run amok.

We travelled up, up, up, until, out of sympathy for the horse, we got out and walked. The Horekawa *yadoya* was an unpainted farmhouse which had been added to until it extended like a caterpillar hugging the mountain, completely hidden by the forests. As the curative powers of the magic spring bubbling from the side of the mountain became known, ailing people unable to finance a trip to Noboribetsu, came to bathe and went away cured. The comely serving maid was a living testimonial. She came for a week-end and remained two years.

My room was among the tree tops, with a magnificent view of the valley below. From my balcony I could see four different mountain ranges, one behind the other until they blended with the distant gray-blue sky.

Guests who came for the cure spent their time in the bath. Men, women, and children sat chatting in the shallow pools. I found the tub overflowing with a fat man, his wife and six children. They politely moved over to make room, but I did not join them in the tub.

The only singing birds I have heard in Japan were here in the forests. They were whippoorwills. Perhaps the reason they have managed to survive the crows is because they sing at night when the black-feathered pests are asleep.

I dined seated on the floor enjoying the view of the distant mountains, and went early to my *futon*. Little did I dream the surprise in store for me on the morrow.

Promptly at nine o'clock, as I had promised, I went downstairs to telephone. The *yadoya* possessed no such luxury. Of course Mr. Kimura and Matsuishi had been aware of this fact. A sudden rage swept over me at their deceit. I fumbled up the darkened stairway. A strangely familiar voice said "Hello," in English. I looked up and saw one of the gentlemen from Tokyo. One cannot entertain two overwhelming emotions at one and the same time. Surprise vanquished anger.

Breakfast had just arrived and I invited Egami, whom I had previously met in Tokyo, to join me. He ordered his tray brought into my apartment. Considering his nationality, Mr. Egami was a very frank young man. He came to the point of his surprise visit at once. He had been despatched to bring me back to Sapporo, where I was to discuss with an official from Tokyo further travels on Hokkaidō.

"Then it was you who double-crossed me: You sent me a wire to consult the Bureau in Sapporo, and you sent them a wire to discourage my travels," I spoke in a level voice, lights dawning on me at once from several directions.

"Yes," he admitted. "The political situation has changed. Foreigners cannot now travel about Hokkaidō. You must come to Sapporo to discuss the matter with my chief."

I did not agree one way or the other. I thought the matter over while eating. Instead of worrying about my own dilemma, my contrary mind wondered how Egami had learned to speak English so well and so fluently. I noted that the usually immaculate young man was sadly in need of fresh linen and some sleep.

He apologized for his appearance. "I was ordered to Hokkaidō in haste and missed connection with my baggage. I could get no sleeping accommodations on so short notice."

His luggage, tied in a *furoshiki*, was unique. It consisted of a thick Hokkaidō railway time table, a copy of my first book, *Petticoat Vagabond: Up and Down the World*, and Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. That was all.

"Mr. Carnegie's theory is all right but it doesn't work," the serious young man explained when I stopped laughing long enough to ask his opinion of the rival book. Mr. Egami had come directly from south Japan, where he went to induce some tourists to change their plans. He stood all night on a crowded train studying the technique of influencing people only to have it fail to work in actual practice.

A stranger to his country's pioneer island, Mr. Egami had experienced his troubles. In order to overtake me before I continued my journey after making the nine-o'clock telephone call, he had found it necessary to hurry, taking a train at once from Sapporo to the

junction at Takikawa, spend the night there in a "terrible" *yadoya*, as he expressed it, and arise to catch a five o'clock train the following morning. This landed him at Simonosita at seven. The young assistant at the Tourist Bureau in Sapporo guided him.

"But of course, I thought the *yadoya* would be near the station! But no. It is three miles up the mountain, and we had to *walk*!" said the city dweller. "How in the world did you find such an out-of-the-way place way up here?" He looked about him as if to verify the height.

There was no use to protest. I therefore allowed Dale Carnegie to triumph and agreed to go as far as Sapporo to meet the other gentleman from Tokyo. History was being made at this remote inn. I was the first foreigner they had ever entertained. Now, at the dawn hour, two city men had arrived to snatch their star guest away. Surely the Horekawa *yadoya* was becoming widely known of a sudden.

By the time the two newly arrived guests had enjoyed the mineral bath, it was time to begin the long trek to the railway station. I now deliberately amused myself at the expense of the three men who were upsetting my travels. The cart brought to transport luggage to the station could accommodate but two passengers. Having piled their meagre luggage in, the men said we'd walk to the station. A Japanese woman was seated in the cart. I climbed up beside her and called to them, "I guess I'll ride." And off we started down the mountain. The cart went early to meet the east-bound train for Akan. When the men were half way down the mountain, striding along the dusty road in the hot sun carrying their coats, it dawned upon them that it was possible that I might play a trick and take the east-bound train.

I had hoped they'd think of this.

What a lot of face they'd lose allowing a mere woman to outwit them. Their first thought was to hurry to a farm house and telephone the station master at Simonosita to prevent my boarding the train. But there was no telephone. They trotted down the mountain, perspiring. The Japanese language contains no swear words.

When they arrived at the station the east-bound train was well on its way to Lake Akan. Where was the petticoat vagabond?

Chapter Twenty-Nine

OTARU . . . WHITE DRAGON TEMPLE . . . PRIMITIVE ROCK WRITINGS

Three perspiring, coatless men hurried pell mell through the station onto the platform, looked quickly up and down the railroad track, returned to the waiting room, sat down and began mopping their brows. Their faces were three studies in frustration.

"You must have hurried," I called to them from a corner of the dimly lit waiting room.

They jumped as if they had seen a ghost. But I cannot remember when three disinterested men have been so happy to see me.

We boarded the train travelling in the direction opposite from that which I wished to go and I was not very happy about it. The tiresome journey did not end at the capital city where we had intended spending the night in the Sapporo Grand Hotel. The second gentleman from Tokyo, Mr. Kobe, met us at the railway station with the information that the hotel was filled, as were all of the *yadoyas* in Sapporo. We could try Jōzankei, the hot spa (which was probably full), or remain on the train and continue to Otaru, where we'd have a better chance.

The ways of Fate are unpredictable. When there was less tension I was not permitted to go to Otaru, an important seaport. Now when a spy scare was on and the nation's nerves taut, I was actually taken to this third city on Hokkaidō. The precipitous coast line of the Isikara Bay near Otaru is one of the beauty spots of the Orient and I was cheered by the prospect of seeing it. The men found rooms in the Japanese section and I in the foreign part of the Etchura Hotel. It had once been the grand hotel of the town, but that had been a long time ago.

In the dining room I met the only other foreign guest there, a pleasant middle-aged woman, Mrs. Dawes, wife of the British Consul. She loaned me recent newspapers and told me of the earthquake which they had experienced. She and Mr. Dawes were in their fifth-floor apartment in the hotel when the most severe earthquake they had experienced in Otaru in eighteen years rocked the town. Windows were broken, furniture tossed about. Having retired, they clung to their beds which banged about the room. Others in the hotel fled to the streets. The tidal wave followed, rolled in and swept everything moveable, including houses, lumber and logs, out to sea. Many victims were drowned in their homes, and thirteen hundred fishing craft were wrecked. This was the tremor which had jerked my *futon* from beneath me in far-away Nibutani.

Mr. Kobe, the second gentleman from Tokyo, had been born and educated in Seattle. With his wife he had returned to Japan to seek his fortune, assumed Japanese citizenship, and now held an important post in the Government Railway Department. Easy to talk to, understanding, he was firm in executing his assignment. Because he had an intelligent interest in Hokkaidō, which he had not hitherto visited, Mr. Kobe proved pleasant company. Before venturing near the seashore it was necessary to consult with the police. Our destination was a pleasure resort, hanging like a fly to the precipitous cliffs overlooking the Japan Sea. The gendarme who accompanied us was a native of Otaru and contributed to the pleasure of the day's trip. A few miles up the valley and over cultivated hills from Otaru we entered the Dragon Gate and followed the dirt road, flanked by paper lanterns, which ended at the cliffs above the sea. A trail carved out of rock ran along the face of the cliffs a thousand feet above the water, ending at a Shinto Shrine.

Japanese have a highly developed æsthetic sense, and it is in the beauty spots one usually finds the shrines. In a sense the lantern-decorated trail along the cliffs was a sacred one. We strolled along beneath sheer purple cliffs topped with green shrubbery and above the calm sea a thousand feet below. A little tea house with upturned roof of red tile overhung the sea as if glued to the cliffs. The broad-minded gendarme allowed me to make photographs so long as no water was visible in the background. However there was no objec-

tion to my buying photographs far better than I could have made.

This coast is the scene of the famous legend of Urashima the Fisher Boy, a story familiar to every Japanese child. Hakuja Benten, or White Dragon Temple, on the trail was named for the Dragon Palace beneath the sea to which the legendary Fisher Boy was taken. To actually see the temple was indeed a charming surprise. The Legend of Urashima the Fisher Boy is a combination of Rip Van Winkle and Pandora's Box.

"URASHIMA, THE FISHER BOY

"Once upon a time a fisher boy named Urashima who lived in a small seaside village sat in his boat fishing far out at sea. After baiting and rebaiting his hooks without catching anything, utterly discouraged, he was about to row back to shore when he caught a turtle. Being a kind-hearted youth, he dropped it back into the sea. The sun was warm and soon the Fisher Boy fell asleep. The turtle, in return for his kindness, transported him on his back to a beautiful palace below the sea.

"At the king's Dragon Palace many vassals—sea bream, sole, flounder, sardine, cuttlefish and others—came to welcome him. It was a wonderful palace, coral pillars were reflected faintly on floors paved with pearls, and embroideries of gold cloth hung from the walls. Beautiful maidens entertained Urashima with songs and dances and fed him rare delicacies. Princess Otohime, the king's daughter, clad in gorgeous raiment fell in love with him. He married her and lived for three dreamy years in the Dragon Palace.

"One day Urashima decided to visit his former home, promising to return soon. When she was unable to dissuade him, the Princess gave him a Jewel Case as a keepsake in remembrance of their love, telling him not, on any account, to open it.

"Upon returning to earth on the back of the turtle, the Fisher Boy was unable to recognize his former village. He searched for his family. But the villagers were all different people. Extremely perplexed, he recalled the Princess' present. Scarcely had he unbound its silken cords when a puff of white smoke issued from the box, lingering a moment, before floating away over the sea. Bitterly regretting having broken his promise to his wife, he tried in vain to

recapture some of the smoke. Suddenly his black hair turned snowy white, his sturdy youthful limbs withered and in a moment he was an old man. Three years in the Dragon Palace were equal to three hundred years on land. Urashima fell dead on the beach."

As Mr. Kobe finished repeating the story, we stood deep in thought before the little shrine, a cavern blasted out of solid rock beneath a cliff. Entering the Dragon Temple dimly lit by two candles burning before a small god, I saw a tray of fine fresh vegetables, another of juicy fruits and vases of flowers placed there as offerings by pilgrims. We dropped a small offering in a box and drew forth a fortune. The Japanese are the only seers I know with courage enough to predict anything but a happy ending to one's future. The gendarme drew a number so favorable it was almost too much good luck for one man, while Mr. Kobe and I drew utterly dismal fortunes. Everything in his went from bad to worse, misfortunes piled one upon the other. At the very end it said, "You will live." This seemed ominous in view of all the bad luck in store for him. Mine predicted trouble, sick friends would grow worse, any betting and I would lose, any law cases I was most certain to lose. There was family trouble. People I was to meet would not show up. In fact everything would go wrong. "It is problematical whether you will live," it ended.

Somewhat sobered by the unhappy futures we had drawn at the White Dragon Temple, we walked along the narrow trail protected by a strong railing and came to a little shrine. It was a small building with upturned roof perched on the edge of precipitous cliffs high above the glassy sea. En route the gendarme related the story of the temple.

"Once upon a time a fisherman and his wife went out to sea to fish and she was drowned. Her body was recovered and brought home. Her young child nursed the dead body and received nourishment. The shrine was erected to her memory. It is believed that any woman lacking sufficient milk to nurse her baby can increase the supply by making a pilgrimage to the shrine and saying a prayer."

A large stone god occupied the center rear of the temple. A thousand small stone figures, gods entrusted with the spirits of children,

were ranged around the room. Before these were piles of pebbles and little stones, each placed by a pilgrim to ease the journey of some small spirit on its way to the nether world. There were also offerings of food for the spirits of the gods. A large *torii* framed the view of the sea had from the temple. Pilgrims stood before the temple, tossed a coin in the large collection box, jerked the prayer rope, clapped their hands, bowed and uttered a prayer. But the visitors with definite requests, mostly women and children, were on more intimate terms with the gods. Removing their shoes they actually entered the temple, went forward, rubbed forefingers on the stone breast of the large god, then each rubbed her own bared breast. One tot of six prayed before a small stone figure before which she had placed a rice cake as offering.

Certainly a tangible religion, something they could touch and see afforded great comfort to these pilgrims, many of whom had walked long distances to visit the shrine.

An adjacent shop sold picture post cards and soda pop. On the beach below men in black gee strings fished, bathed, and dived for seaweed in the chill Japan Sea.

A scenic highway chipped into the cliffs high above the sea would be a heroic feat of engineering, but it would be world famous for its beauty.

Otaru is an Ainu name and this section of the island has been prominent in Ainu history for unnumbered centuries. Through the gendarme, Mr. Kobe and I were enabled to see primitive rock writings, a sight unique in Japan. We drove across the city to a cave called Temiya, which was enormous in size at one time. About seventy years ago it was broken open, revealing the picture writings, when a railway was cut through. No one knows the exact meaning of them. Doctor John Milne, an archæologist who once came to Otaru to study the inscriptions in the cave pronounced it primitive writing relating to a race which formerly inhabited Siberia along the Amur River. According to him, the pictures carved on the rock walls represent a leader, his followers, the sea, something indicating fighting, and a character indicating coming into the cave. The archæologist translated it as follows: "I come with my followers from across the sea and fight and enter this cave." I sketched the

hieroglyphics which were about two and a half feet high and five feet long.

I strove to get Mr. Kobe to secure permission for me to complete my travels on Hokkaidō. This necessitated much telegraphing, telephoning and time for arranging. In the meantime we could not remain longer in Otaru. There was as yet no room at Sapporo. Mr. Kobe decided that we would go to Jōzankei. Finding space for one is far simpler than getting accommodations for four, and it was my thought to travel alone, rejoining the three men in Sapporo. But arrangements were now out of my jurisdiction.

The cross country trip over the mountains, along valleys and through the forests to the spa was wild and rough. Ours was a charcoal-burning bus and it had little pick-up on the hills. A circular container like a hot-water tank fastened above the bumper in the rear powered it. This wonderful car not only made gas from charcoal, but it manufactured its own charcoal. A filling station for it was a woodpile and the operator a man with an axe. At intervals the driver halted near a woodpile, opened the top of the tank and filled it up with short sticks of wood.

The Jōzankei *yadoya* was a luxurious place and it was a pleasure to return. Although cold and late when we arrived, it was not too late for a dip in the hot out-of-doors pool.

I travelled as if in a dream, not knowing what the day would bring forth. When alone, this happens to be the way I like to travel.

Chapter Thirty

SPY HUNT . . . SŌUNKYŌ . . . AKAN . . . AINU POEMS

When arrangements were completed, I, the Petticoat Vagabond, accustomed to travelling alone, set out to see the interior of Hokkaidō accompanied by the two gentlemen from Tokyo and Matsuishi. From Takikawa we took the northern route but I did not see either Tikabumi, the Ainu village, nor Asahigawa. Our trip had been mapped, gendarmes and station masters en route notified in advance of the time of our arrival and no deviation could be made. I was especially interested in the Ainu village.

"Tikabumi is only two stations from Asahigawa," explained Matsuishi. "There are military barracks at Asahigawa."

This startling information did not alarm me, as I had no intention of molesting the soldiers. I merely wished to visit an Ainu sculptor, Kaneto, who lived in Tikabumi. My three companions appeared unduly alarmed when I again suggested that we stop at Asahigawa and drive to the village. Four gendarmes on the platform checked us as we passed through without leaving the train. Later I learned that Asahigawa (population 200,000), a town the size of New Haven, Connecticut, was staging a Spy Prevention Week. Newspapers co-operated. They printed spy stories; articles on how to detect a spy; types of information sought by spies; how spies tricked innocent citizens into divulging information. Spy skits appeared in the theatre as a patriotic gesture by the management; students wrote essays on how to detect a spy. Warnings against spies, printed on small bits of paper, were mixed with candy sold in bulk, so that even the merely greedy received their spy education. With one of their number playing the role of spy, groups held practice in detection. Colorful covers of match boxes were replaced with a caricature of a large evil eye bearing the caption "Beware of Spies." Information was broadcast warning that every foreigner was a potential spy and should be treated accordingly.

During the week a "spy" circulated among the shops, factories, and barracks of the town. Anti-Spy Week ended with a real spy hunt. The detector was awarded a prize and the week of fun and enlightenment ended with a spy trial. Public education in spy detection threatened to spread to other towns.

For a foreigner to have appeared in Asahigawa during Spy Prevention Week, as I innocently desired to do, would have been like dropping a fox in the midst of a pack of hungry hounds.

During the Asahigawa celebration, the Tokyo affair of the Britisher Cox was being unfolded in detail. Papers played up the alleged story of this foreigner, a respected and credited journalist who had been in Japan for years engaged in espionage. They printed his confession purported to be in his own handwriting. Stories of smugglers, and of foreigners detected dealing illegally in the exchange, were given prominence. Being a foreigner was unpopular and hazardous at the moment. With me in his charge, Mr. Kobe was in the position of a man with a tiger by the tail. No one seemed to realize that due to distinctive racial characteristics, psychology and language, only a Japanese could spy successfully in Japan.

The train rumbled out of Asahigawa and this spy-conscious town passed out of my life without ever really having entered it. I meditated upon the vagaries of human nature. Here was an island new to all of us, yet Matsuishi buried himself in some old folders setting forth the glamor of travel in Germany; while Mr. Kobe and Egami were lost to the world in translating a copy of *Hitler Youth* from German into Japanese for publication in Tokyo.

At Kamikawa station we left the train and took a bus inland to Sōunkyō to spend the night at a hot springs *yadoya* situated in a deep gorge in the Daisetuzan National Park. We barely managed standing room in the crowded bus for the fifteen-mile trip. After our bus had broken down several times, Matsuishi made the sage observation: "This is a gasoline bus, but it doesn't run as well as a charcoal burner."

A dozen maids in crisp kimonos stood in a row and bowed a welcome, relieved us of handbags, cameras, and encumbrances. Expecting a quiet mountain retreat, I was surprised at the large number of shoes parked at the entrance to the *yadoya*.

Mine was a luxurious Japanese room overlooking the river. It had a small latticed entrance way with opaque moon windows where soft-soled slippers were left, upon entering. The petite closet with coat hangers was the first concession I had seen to the non-Japanese clothing worn by men. The maid said the *yadoya* was accustomed to entertaining foreigners and usually substituted a meat course for the raw fish. The food was excellent. In addition to two varieties of raw fish, I had two kinds of soup, boiled *fuki*, a whole broiled trout, rice and tea.

The bath was a delight. There was a special room reserved for women. The hot radium water bubbled out of the volcano at a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit and was piped into the white-tiled pools, flowing in a constant stream. The nude women in various rather graceful poses—washing faces, scrubbing backs, stooping to lift a small wooden tub of water, dousing it over the body, or easing into a sunken pool, the hot water spilling over onto the floor—always reminded me of a Japanese wood-block print. Could I but speak the language fluently, what a source of literary material.

Seated next me, our heads wrapped in a mist of steam, chins resting on the surface of the hot water, was a Nipponese woman who had lived ten years in the United States. After five years in Japan she had almost forgotten her English. She was travelling about Hokkaidō for pleasure, and I was surprised that she was alone.

En route to my room I passed the banquet hall, a large room almost the length of the *yadoya*, with a *tatami* floor, sliding paper windows and panels for walls. A hundred slippers belonging to the management, all exactly alike, were parked in the corridor, toes facing out, before the sliding wall which served as a door. Within, fifty kimono-clad guests sat on cushions before individual dinner trays, in two long rows facing each other. We had surprised a convention banquet.

The *yadoya* was lighted by electricity, but having nothing to read, I went early to my *futon*. A cricket orchestra, a few nightingales, and some crying rabbits supplemented the music of the swiftly flowing river and prevented the night in the forest from becoming too silent.

I have often wondered why hospitals wake their patients so early

in the morning; they only begin the sooner being miserable for the day. At five o'clock in the morning, while I was dressing to catch an early bus, a company of wounded soldiers from the large military hospital up the gorge passed below my window. Clad in white kimono, wooden clogs and military caps, they chanted as they marched.

Catching the bus is not a simple matter. We were up early, but other passengers were up earlier. While we four were getting our shoes unchecked at the front door, two buses filled like a faucet flowing into a small bucket. There were passengers to spare. Another appeared and was filled before we got near the door. To miss the bus and thus the train would cause a commotion all along our route where station masters and gendarmes were waiting to check our passage. Reservations would be lost. It would be a minor catastrophe. However, with the luxury of three men to worry about such matters, my mind was untroubled. I went and sat in the sun on the bank of the river and watched a trout fisherman. An hour later we found transportation. The hotel maids came out for the third time, stood and bowed us away, a very gracious custom. The charcoal bus was more reliable than the gasoline and we jogged along, the men worrying about missing the train.

"A train dispatcher loses his job if he holds a train for a private individual," Mr. Kobe remarked. "However, I think he will hold this one three minutes, but no longer."

The train whistled. We had a long way to go. The three men sat erect, watches in hands. Across an open field I saw the train standing in the station. The men put their watches in their pockets, settled back, hope abandoned. When the train did not move, they got out their watches, hope renewed. When the bus drew up at the railway station, we leapt out and ran for the train. It had waited three-and-a-half minutes for us.

The railroad, built for utility rather than speed, took a roundabout journey. After travelling all day through foothills and cultivated valleys, changing trains twice, we arrived at Bihoro. Another hour and a half in a crowded bus landed us in the Akan National Park, where we lodged for the night in the most luxurious *yadoya* on Hokkaidō. It had been especially equipped for a royal visit. My three companions had the suite which had been occupied by royalty, but

not by the Emperor. Had the Son of Heaven rested there, no mortal might thereafter use the rooms. I thought of the many "George Washington Slept Here" inns in Connecticut.

A severely simple Japanese room does not need expensive furniture and gee-gaws. The decoration is more subtle. Beautifully carved cut-out panels above the *shoji*, an expensive scroll on the wall, a gold screen, and perhaps an ancient dwarfed pine tree in a flat dish, can easily run into money.

Mine was a ten-mat room with a six-mat anteroom where my maid, had I brought one, would have slept. It was a typical Japanese room. The bearskin rug was the Hokkaidō touch.

Hot sulphur mineral water bubbling from the side of a volcano and piped into the *yadoya* furnished water for an elaborate set of baths.

At dinner the men exclaimed at the tub of white rice.

"It's the first pure rice I have had in two years," said Matsuishi, passing his bowl to the maid for a fourth helping. Each district decrees the amount of barley, wheat, or beans to be mixed with rice. The Lake district permitted unmixed rice.

Akan is an ideal place for an out-of-doors vacation. Bear, deer, foxes, and wolves roam the mountains; streams and lakes abound in trout and salmon. There are lofty mountains, primeval forests, and crater lakes. Lake Akan, sixteen miles in circumference and studded with green islets, at an elevation of 1120 feet lies between an active and a quiescent volcano, each nearly 5000 feet high. Two other lakes, the larger Kuttyaro, thirty-five miles in circumference, and Masyu, about the size of Akan are included in the National Park. A smoking volcano separates the lakes.

Mr. Kobe arranged for a car and we spent the day motoring throughout the Akan National Park, taking our train for Kushiro at Tesikaga late in the afternoon.

The Ainu in this section of Hokkaidō live scattered over a wide area and have adapted themselves to the life of the pioneer Japanese, having abandoned their characteristic native dress in favor of the un-Japanese style of clothing worn by the pioneer. In Kotan, a village of thirteen houses, I visited in the home of Kot Kotchi, a tattooed Ainu woman with an unusually large head, even for an Ainu. Her

curly hair was in tight ringlets over her head. Snowshoes, snow sled and skis rested on the beams overhead in her wooden house. A young Ainu neighbor woman and her five children wore foreign-style dress, but held on to their treasures, beads and god shelf. She refused to part with anything. The relics reminded her that she was a proud Ainu and not just a poor settler. Kamuima, the seventy-five-year-old Chief of Kotan, a patriarch with long beard, was noted as the best bear hunter in the district.

We stopped on the shore of the warm lake to eat our *bento* luncheon— rice balls, pickles, raw ginger, slices of egg omelet, and roast pork. The Ainu in a near-by house did not have to worry about hot water for a bath. Warm springs bubbled into a pool just the correct temperature for a bath. Although in the more thickly settled places they have adopted the Japanese custom of bathing *au naturel*, in remote districts conservative Ainu, like the prudish French of old, frowned upon nude bathing and usually wear a garment.

Farther along we stopped at a village which could have been picked, spirit and all, right out of Alaska and set down on Hokkaidō. A phonograph blared, drowning our conversation as we sipped coffee in a small café. A half mile above the town I climbed up and peered into the crater of a live volcano. The hissing and sputtering sulphuric steam built up brilliant yellow sulphur cones. A river of hot water bubbled and quarrelled its way down to the village and entered the shallow lake. Every home in the town could have its steam heat and hot bath for the price of a few hollow bamboo to pipe the boiling liquid into the house. Because of the proximity of many volcanos, this district does not freeze in winter. Villagers told of wounded birds making their way here to recuperate by fluttering in pools of warm sulphur water.

Akan is accessible and the roads are good and one day people will come from afar to enjoy the beauties of Hokkaidō and to bathe in its curative springs, ski in the mountains, and fish in the streams. When the Government learns that it cannot eat its cake and have it too, *i.e.* relinquishes its many monopolies, ceases to squeeze the settlers dry with taxation, and takes a more unselfish interest in their welfare, then Hokkaidō will prosper.

We caught the train at Tesikaga as planned, travelled south to

Kushiro where we changed to the main line. Railroads on Hokkaidō usually follow a river valley. From the train window we saw a dozen old Ainu pits, several as much as thirty-five feet in diameter.

A telegram requesting permission for a foreigner to change trains in Kushiro and enlisting the aid of the station master in the subject of dinner for four produced results. An armful of *bentos* and three gendarmes awaited us. We ate the former and waved farewell to the latter. It would have given me pleasure to have reversed the process.

The second-class sleeper was like an American pullman. Takikawa, where we changed trains for Sapporo the following morning, was like an old friend. It was my fourth transfer at this place.

On the long journey we amused ourselves by translating a small volume of Ainu poems, Mr. Kobe and Egami picking out the Japanese while I jotted down the results in English. The following is an Ainu poem entitled

SPRING

Pirikka pikara shika shika pirakka
Mishika oo-he-kawa pinasuri manu
Sanke nio uka terake honchikasuka
Upopo pirikka pikara sampe pirakka.

It's a fine spring day
Mt. Akan has shown its face beyond the cloud
Rabbits jump and birds sing
It's a fine and calm spring day.

The Ainu sing of love, battle, scenic beauty, customs, companionship and history.

SONG OF CHERRIES

Karunpa apappeo pira shikewa
Kimun chikatsua ka howie sanke
Pei kara its mime heikara nema.

Cherry blossoms have bloomed
Birds of mountains also have begun to sing
Spring has come, spring has come.

Ainu is as difficult for a Japanese as Russian is for an American. For instance, it is almost impossible for the average Nipponese to write or pronounce even the names of towns on Hokkaidō. It was with great difficulty that I found any one able to address an envelope when later I wished to write to Hokkaidō until I hit upon the plan of having names of towns copied from a railway map in Japanese characters. The Ainu names could not be translated. For the first time the logic of assigning Japanese names to Ainu dawned upon me.

There may be more to the oft spoken of "mental isolation" of Hokkaidō than one at first suspects.

Chapter Thirty-one

SOUTH TO TOKYO . . . TRAVELLING POLICE . . . NISEI

When our train drew into Sapporo, on the station platform I was surprised to see my friend Doctor Fosco Mariani, waiting to board a train to the beach to rejoin his wife. Hiroyuki, he said, was travelling in Manchukuo, having won the trip as a prize in an essay contest.

He consoled me about Tikabumi, saying the Ainu there were thoroughly "Japanized." Life on Hokkaidō was becoming increasingly difficult, even for a foreign professor at the University. Many colleagues and former friends avoided him.

At the University Doctor Inukai showed motion pictures of the bear festival, which he considered of great anthropological value because there probably would never be another such festival. I had planned upon my return to Sapporo to spend two weeks checking information and interviewing old-timers. Instead, I had but a few hours there. We took the afternoon train for Noboribetsu, where we found accommodations for the night. On this, my last visit to this delightful spot, I exhausted myself sampling the many pools of hot mineral water.

I was sad at leaving Hokkaidō, but had no choice. Fate had me by the nape of the neck. We travelled south to Muroran, and along Volcano Bay, past Abuta where I had left the train to visit Lake Tōya, and down the peninsula to Hakodate.

Gentlemen in the sleeping car lounged in kimono and slippers. Two army officers left their highly polished knee-length boots standing alone in the corridor while they sat cross-legged on the blue plush seat which extended the length of the pullman on either side.

By squatting with backs to the aisle, facing the windows, passengers used it as an observation car.

It was fitting that I should have my first encounter with a "traveling police" on the train near Muroran. The car was crowded. At a signal the man seated beside me got up and went away. I noticed with surprise that my three companions and protectors suddenly disappeared. A well-dressed man with patrician face and clipped, bristly hair took the vacated seat next me. When he spoke I spotted him as an official. He left no doubt.

"How do you do?" he began. "I am a Hokkaidō policeman. Please let me see your passport and your permit to remain in Japan. How old are you? What is your purpose in coming to Hokkaidō? Whom did you visit in Hakodate?" He returned several times to the subject of Hakodate, asking what I saw and whom I knew there. Occasionally the truth is useful. It, at least, doesn't vary.

All eyes in the train were focussed upon us. We could not have been more conspicuous spotlighted upon a stage. Conversation ceased the better to hear my story. Passengers were probably trying to imagine how a foreign woman would react to a Japanese prison. Because of the uncomfortable situation, I took devilish delight in the jolt I gave him in answering his question, "How long have you been on Hokkaidō?" He naturally thought I was a tourist and with pencil poised was ready to jot down "two weeks."

"Oh, about two months," I replied casually.

He almost jumped out of his seat. A foreigner two months on Hokkaidō and he didn't know it! Passengers leaned forward the better to hear this interesting dialogue. I was pleased at his astonishment and while I had him at a disadvantage, I began to question him.

"How long have *you* lived on Hokkaidō?" I asked, following quickly with another question. Before he knew it I had learned that he had been ten years on the island, liked it, and that he spent his time on trains between Hakodate and Muroran.

Plainclothes travelling police now infest all trains connecting with ports. Such an officer has the right to demand that a passenger open his luggage on the train. He may even seize it if he thinks it contains undeclared foreign goods. His technique is to engage a passenger in conversation, asking about bargains, purchases, and so forth.

He leads up to the subject of how to avoid duty. Few travellers can refrain from boasting. Woe unto the unwary traveller who tells his secrets to a stranger on a train in Japan. A resident who had not left the country for years, was forced to submit to baggage examination by a travelling police because his portmanteau bore foreign labels several years old.

On a ship going from Hakodate to Aomori I met a plump, ruddy-faced Japanese gentleman. He was leaning against the rail admiring the same mist-enshrouded volcanos. When he spoke, my first thought was that he was a spy hunter, but that was quickly dispelled. Helma, my journalist friend, had told him to watch out for me on his trip to Hokkaidō. He spoke American English. I will call him George to avoid any embarrassment which may accrue to him.

We fell to discussing the *Nisei* and their problems. George was able to furnish first-hand information for he himself was a *Nisei*. A *Nisei* is the foreign-born offspring of diplomats, consular officers abroad and of the Japanese men and women who first migrated to the American continent and Hawaii, approximately a generation ago. These "second generation" Japanese young people, Americans by birth and environment, and at the same time Japanese by ties of blood, with dual citizenship, find themselves in an unusual and sometimes tragic position. Returning to Japan because they are discriminated against in America they meet the same situation. They have no place. Their bold deportment has given the *Nisei* a bad reputation. They have no social position.

Japanese parents in America frequently send their children to Japan to marry. But a Japanese girl without the graces, manners, and language is least fitted for marriage with a Japan-born man. His marriage is arranged for him with an eye on father-in-law's social position and pocketbook. In Nippon a man in search of a wife is a realist. A *Nisei* girl, however attractive, has little hope of finding a husband. With *Nisei* men the situation is somewhat different. Frequently a bright young man with a foreign education fits in nicely as a son-in-law for a merchant or manufacturer.

"My greatest problem is not how to marry, but how to stay single," mused George. "When I arrived in Japan three years ago, the police-

man on the beat came to check upon me every week. After two years he decided that I was alright. One day he came and said that I should marry. He had a bride picked for me. In the course of a few weeks he provided five girls for me to select from, some of them most attractive. One was the daughter of my boss. The only way I escaped matrimony was to tell him that I had a sweetheart in America."

I wondered just why George chose to return to Japan and give up his American citizenship. The moment a *Nisei* turns seventeen he is automatically inducted into the Army as is every other Japanese youth. For that reason many of them retain their American citizenship.

"When I was a small child I heard my parents speak of Japan and I had a zeal to go there. I studied Japanese. I am now a citizen," he said.

He had burnt his bridges behind him. I read between the lines that old folks have a tendency to glamorize the land of their birth.

"*Nisei* planning to return and settle in the homeland should come to Japan for a trip first," he said after a little thought.

George is a teacher of English in a school, a position he could not have secured but for his thorough knowledge of both the Japanese and English languages. Speculating upon the future he thought he'd probably be happiest married to a *Nisei*, but his fortunes would prosper best with the sponsorship of a family with solid background rooted in the land.

After talking with several *Nisei*, I drew the conclusion that it is a great mistake for a young person born and educated abroad to return to Japan and hope to fit in with the stylized, formal, inflexible life. Japanese educators are agreed that Japan is not the place for this little band (numbering some 15,000 *Nisei*), who cannot get the conveniences which America offers, and who cannot be happy without them.

George was a living example. He went to Hokkaidō to escape the "big heat" of Tokyo. Finding transportation and hotels crowded with holiday makers, he discovered he preferred the heat. Instead of spending the summer, he remained three days and was now en route home to Tokyo to face the ridicule of his friends. But ridicule and

the "big heat" were not the worst things he faced. There were air raid manœuvres and blackouts.

When we stepped off the express at Ueno Station in Tokyo and rode through the steaming, crowded streets to the Imperial Hotel, I felt that Hokkaidō and its cool climate were indeed not of this planet.

Chapter Thirty-two

LIGHTS GO OUT IN TOKYO . . . BRIDES SCHOOL

Getting ready for air manœuvres over the city was just as much work for the housewife as for the Army generals. It was more trouble than spring cleaning. Every light bulb in the house had to be put in mourning. Overhead lights not only had a black shade but a long column of black cloth extending half way to the floor, which made the light practically useless. Each window had to be fitted with black curtains. Shopping had to be done, all plans made ahead of time, for there was to be no running out in the street during blackouts. If an air raid warden stationed on a high point in the district spied a gleam of light, the embarrassment to the householder was great.

"Mrs. Takigawa, draw your curtains," he shouted through a megaphone for all to hear. Neighbors knew that Mrs. Takigawa had a light showing, far worse than appearing on the street with a too-long petticoat.

Black cloth became so scarce in Tokyo that even the password "*Yamatori hiki*" could not procure it. It's no small thing to drape the windows in the homes of 5,875,000 people. Housewives substituted black paper, which caused twice the work. Cloth drapes could be pushed aside and used again. Paper had to be torn down and put up anew.

A characteristic of the hotels throughout the Far East is the touch of black at the windows—black curtains ready to be drawn in the event of blackout practice or if bombs begin to fall.

Some women devised the plan of feeding the family early and putting it to bed, thus foregoing the use of lights at all. Others

thought to go visiting. But this was against the rules. Each family was required to remain at home with the lights turned on and black-out curtains drawn.

Many foreigners gave up their homes and moved to the hotel during the blackout periods.

Trains dimmed lights and drew black curtains over the windows. Street lights were not turned on. With streets in complete blackness and no taxis to be had, getting home after dark was a problem. I was caught in a traffic jam in Yokohama and arrived at Shimbashi station in Tokyo after dark in a pouring rain. No taxi was to be had. Fortunately the Imperial Hotel was within walking distance, but in the darkness I passed the place three times.

The damage a casual incendiary bomb could do to a Japanese city of flimsy paper and matchwood houses is horrible to contemplate. It would be far worse than the fire following the earthquake of 1923. It is well to practice the technique of protecting a city, but Japan is so thickly populated that even an amateur bomber flying overhead could hardly fail to score a hit. Then there is the embarrassing fact of Fujiyama, a conical peak rising 12,365 feet which can't be blacked out or hidden—a peacetime asset; a wartime liability.

Theatres and shops close. This causes a loss to the small shopkeeper accustomed to do business until eleven o'clock at night, but he boards up his place of business without a murmur. Large buildings were camouflaged and anti-aircraft guns on the roofs were hidden by nets.

Citizens willingly co-operated. The lights went out in Tokyo. The once twinkling city was like a dead thing. It was in practice mourning for itself.

It was good to get back to the luxury of the Imperial Hotel with its thick Oriental rugs, Beautyrest beds, private bath, and steaks served hot off the grill. The temptation to relax and do nothing was great. But one cannot see the world from the interior of a comfortable hotel. I busied myself making plans to travel in Korea, Manchukuo, Mongolia, and North China before something happened to prevent it. Already airplane travel was restricted to the



Students (daughters of wealthy families), at Brides School in Toyko hear a lecture on mental culture.



Shoe-checking cabinet at the entrance to a first-class restaurant in Japan.

military. Japanese could not go abroad for the simple reason that the already small amount of money they were allowed to take out of the country was further cut to fifty *Yen*. One cannot travel far on \$12.50. There was the matter of permits, visas, inoculations and vaccinations to be attended to. I made seven trips to the St. Luke's hospital for typhoid inoculations, cholera prevention shots, and smallpox vaccination. The precaution was almost worse than the prospective diseases.

However, there was a mild typhoid epidemic in Tokyo with six new cases daily. *The Japan Times* reported 107 cases of typhoid in Tokyo. Only twice in the history of the city had there been more. Authorities were doing a land-office business in inoculating the populace.

While waiting for reservations to go through, I set about seeing phases of Tokyo I had not seen. I visited several schools.

Education has not always been for the masses in Japan. Back in the third century when Chinese letters and Confucian books were first introduced to Japan, teachers came who became instructors to the young princes. Until the eighth century education was confined to the princes and court nobles. In 701 A.D., provincial schools modelled on the educational system of China were established and private colleges were maintained by powerful feudal families. Buddhist priests established schools for the common people. Admission was limited to scions of high rank, and the subject taught was restricted to the Chinese classics.

Then came the Ashikaga Period when school education suffered a decline and only two places of study were recorded, although there possibly were private lecture halls kept secretly by scribes and Buddhist monks.

During the Tokugawa Era, Confucianism gained a new and independent footing and there arose many masters of Chinese culture. *Tera-kova* or temple schools for children appeared all over the country, mostly for the privileged classes. Japan's modern educational system was established in 1872 when elementary education was made compulsory. Schools were established throughout the country for both sexes and irrespective of class. A passage in the

Imperial Rescript inaugurating the new scheme reads: "Henceforward education shall be so diffused that there shall be no ignorant family in the land and no family with an ignorant member." Today education in Japan is controlled by the Government, schools having been "nationalized" in 1941. There are more than 45,000 schools of various kinds and grades which are attended every year by nearly 13,000,000 pupils. The ratio between teacher and child is 1 to 44.

More than ever before greater emphasis is placed on health, both mental and physical. The year 1941 marks a new era in primary education in Japan. Hereafter they will be called national schools, the course of which is divided into two sections, primary (6 years) and higher (2 years). The fixed curricula of the national schools are as follows:

National course to include ethics; national language; history and geography; arithmetic and science; physical training course, which includes traditional military arts and gymnastics; music; penmanship; drawing and painting; and domestic science for girls. A higher industrial course includes agriculture, technology, commerce, and marine industry, each pupil being required to choose one of these subjects for study.

In order to foster and to cultivate the ancient spirit of "bushido," the "way of the warrior," beginning with the fifth year boys are taught *jujitsu* and *kendo* or Japanese fencing. Girl students are given training in the art of using *naginata* or halberd.

Under the 1941 reforms greater stress will be placed on physical training than ever before. Greater importance is attached to extra-curricular activities such as State ceremonials and school functions, and how to act on such occasions. Classroom work generally will be limited to the forenoon. The afternoon will be devoted to open-air exercises and activities. Men and boys will be formed into organizations modelled upon the Hitler Youth of Germany. An effort is being made to foster in the next generation the self-consciousness of the status of Japan in East Asia and in the world as a whole.

Radio plays an important part in schools throughout the country. Daily the government-owned radio system broadcast special programs for the schools.

I visited a large, modern Normal Training School where 2000 young women are trained as future teachers. After graduation they are required to work two years as apprentices without pay. After that the pay begins at seventy *Yen* a month. If they are willing to teach in Manchukuo or Korea they get 60 to 70 per cent more pay. The students were clad in foreign-style clothing—white middy blouses and navy pleated skirts.

Two cultures mingled. The girls sat at regular desks in school, and their dining room was equipped with tables and chairs, but they ate Japanese style from bowls with chopsticks. Students are required to live in the dormitory. It was a long double-story building with a hardwood corridor dividing it in half with rooms on either side. Shoes are checked at the entrance. I visited the quarters of several students. Four girls share an eight-mat room, sleeping on *futons* on the floor, living Japanese style. However, a study room containing regular desks, tables, chairs, and a wash room separate the sleeping rooms, eight girls sharing the light and table space. They take care of their own quarters. Windows were draped with blackout curtains.

In the dining room, which they enter in soft slippers, one end is fitted up as a shrine to which they bow and say words of thanks. After the meal is finished the girls pass in a line before a row of faucets, each washing her own bowl, placing it in a basket at the end of the line where it is sterilized. The cost per month, which includes food, tuition and sleeping space, is *Yen* 40.

The teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic may be the same the world over, but only in Japan could the class in culture such as I saw be found. I was visiting the Girls' Middle School. The class of forty girls sat in a single row, buttocks on heels along three sides of a large *tatami*-covered room with sliding paper *shoji*. Forty pairs of shoes were parked before the sliding entrance. I tiptoed in and sat on the floor in a corner. The sole furniture in the classroom was forty flat 2' x 2' white cushions and a foot-high table at which the master sat.

The students were being taught grace and etiquette, how to bow correctly, how to place a flat cushion on the floor, how to pick it up gracefully, using both hands, and the correct motions to go through in sitting upon it. In greeting a guest they learned what to do and

what not to do. It is impolite for the hostess to rise from her cushion.

"To whom do you make salutation first?" the teacher asked.

"*Okusan*" (madame), they answered in shrill girlish voices.

They then enacted hostess and guest scenes, the greeting, and placing of cushions. In a Japanese parlor it is impolite to remain standing.

"Don't stare," admonished the master, "or allow your eyes to rove about. Keep the eye fixed on one place, cast down. Pay attention to your guest. When moving, slide on the floor, thus," he demonstrated, sliding gracefully and noiselessly along. "It is very rude to place your hands on the sill or panel," he admonished.

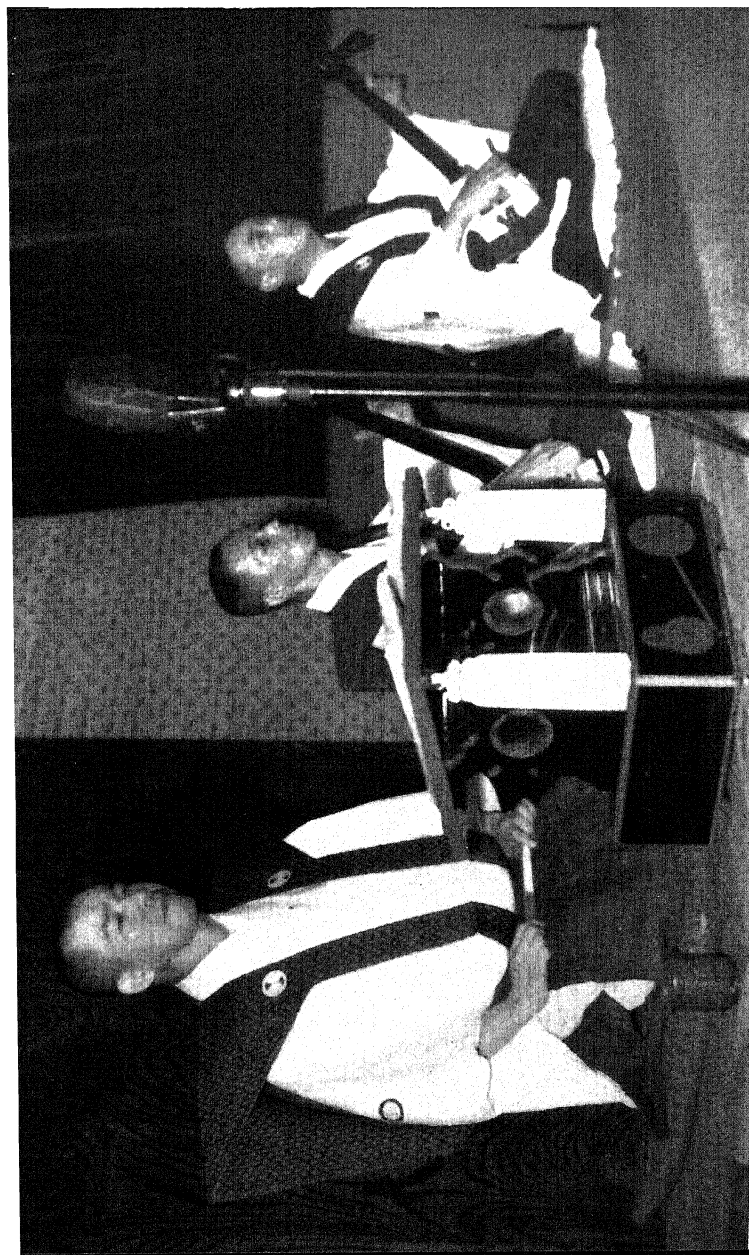
After watching the class I began to understand why the Japanese character for foreigner means "barbarian." A foreigner in a Japanese home must appear to them about as graceful as a hippopotamus. When I left, turning at the door to bow to them, the girls with graceful motion managed to face me and bow from their cushions simultaneously.

Nagata-san, who was interpreting for me, said, "Girls from the Middle School make very good wives." His marriage had not yet been arranged.

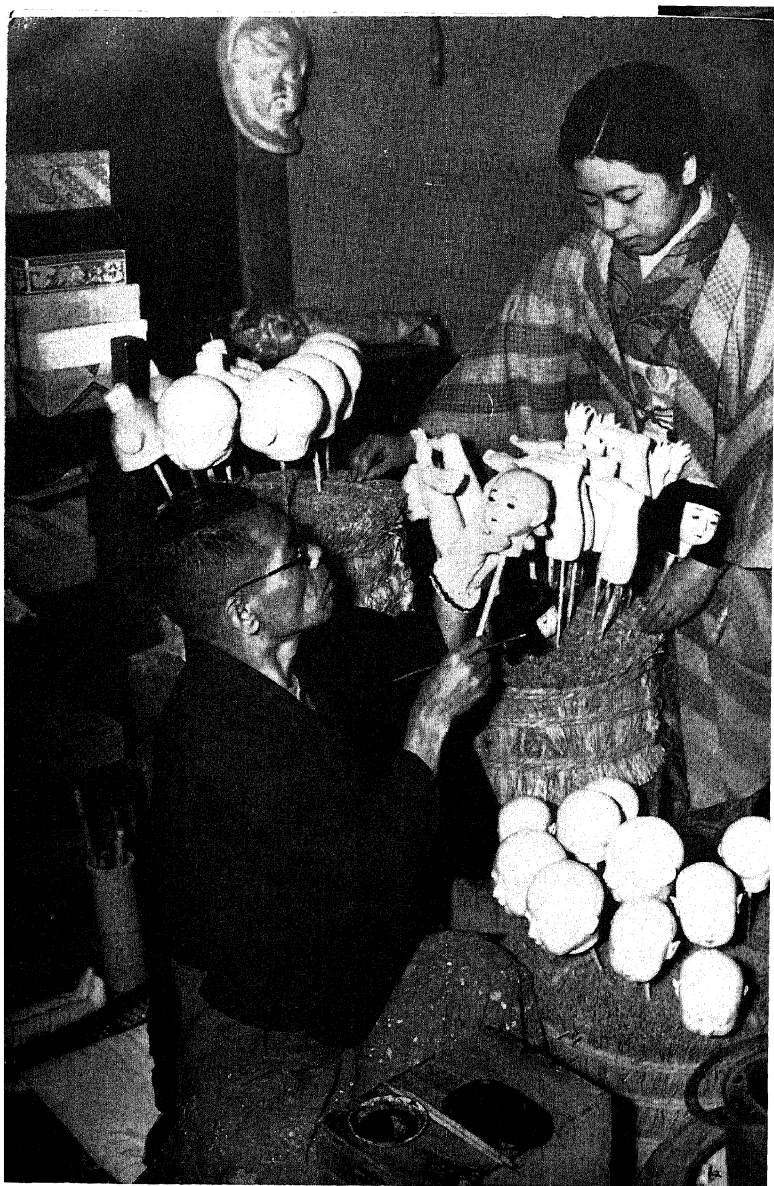
The School for Brides, catering to daughters of well-to-do parents, is a new idea, a new addition to cultural life as taught in the schools. It is in the experimental stage, there being but two or three in Tokyo, and there is the possibility that there will not be room for this educational "frill" under the new Economic Policy. Yet the Brides School conforms to the new spirit in education in fostering the spirit of Bushido and the arts of ancient Japan.

The school was a Japanese-style building set in a garden. In contrast to the students in the public schools, who wore foreign-style clothing, the girls here were clad in exquisite kimonos with decorative *obi*. It was like a finishing school, the purpose being to occupy a girl's time between Middle School and marriage, training her in the art of gracious living.

Leaving my shoes at the entrance, I shuffled along the narrow highly polished hardwood corridors and visited several classes in session. The first was a group of girls learning to play the *koto*.



Reciter and musicians clad in Classical costume who accompany the Japanese Puppet Drama.



Yoshito, the most famous doll maker in Japan, uses Mizu Tani Yaeko, a well-known Japanese actress as the model.

This musical instrument is a long, slightly curved board which rests on the mat before the performer seated on the floor, and has thirteen movable bridges. The finger protectors are cut either elliptical or square, and when a duet is played both *koto* play identically. Japanese music is best enjoyed in a small Japanese room with a small audience. It is calm and quiet, reflecting the characteristics of the people. It is strange to occidental ears, but the sight of the pretty kimono-clad girls playing is a treat to the eyes.

In the next room I attended a formal tea ceremony. Every movement made was stylized and the tea served was a thick substance like green pea soup.

It was difficult to believe I was in a school when I watched the class in flower arrangement, one of the most important arts in the national life. Two dozen girls sat on cushions on the *tatami*, their backs to their instructor, a man in dark silken kimono. Before each were instruments for the task, a vase, holders, a tray of cut flowers, and scissors. As the master lectured they worked, each making an individual arrangement carrying out the principles he expounded. Two years are required to become proficient in the art of flower arrangement.

Another class sat on flat cushions and learned embroidery, and kimono making.

Before we departed the headmaster served tea and *yokan*, a soft square of raspberry and bean paste wrapped in a fresh cherry leaf.

"There are some very pretty future brides in that school," I said to Nagata-san.

"Yes, but only a rich man can afford a girl from the Brides School," he said, smiling ruefully.

A puppet show (Japan's marionettes) came to Tokyo and I did not miss seeing it. Lost in the mists of antiquity is the origin of puppets as is the ballad-dramas enacted by the puppets. The combination of a minstrel who intones the ballad and his accompanist on the *samisen* is peculiar to Japan. The puppets, richly clad in costumes of old, ranged from four to five feet in height and were so made that their lips, mouths, eyes and eyebrows, as well as legs, arms, and fingers move. It takes three men to manage a single

puppet. With three puppets on a stage and nine operators in full view, it was difficult to keep my attention fixed on the marionettes. I was reminded of radio's Edgar Bergen and his dummy Charlie McCarthy. And Charlie could well be jealous of those puppets, too. I watched a lady puppet stab her lover to the heart with a dagger and then calmly cook and serve a meal on the stage. To the right of the stage the minstrel who recited the drama intoned all the emotions of the puppets, aided by his accompanist.

After the first performance ended I was invited backstage to meet the star puppeteer in his dressing room. He was a bald-headed man of seventy, beloved of all the performers. The following was his rather than that of the puppets. He demonstrated how the puppets were made to wink, lift a forefinger, or an eyebrow. I was fascinated by the stilted padded wooden sandals, some as high as eighteen inches, which puppeteers wore to increase their height. Upon seeing a dozen pairs of this odd-looking footgear standing in the wings I almost expected to find a few giants lurking backstage. At the big theatres it is no longer necessary for theatregoers to check their shoes at the entrance. Floors are made of sterner materials than *tatami* and can stand rough usage. And seats are the regulation theatre seats such as one finds everywhere.

You can't induce a Tokyo foreigner to attend a Kabuki play oftener than once a year. The theatre is luxurious and is equipped with a modern revolving stage which facilitates a quick change of scenery. But the play lasts from seven to nine hours. I went at three o'clock in the afternoon. After the first play which lasted three hours, a half-hour intermission was allowed for dinner in a restaurant within the theatre. After that the play continued. During the evening three separate dramas were staged, two classics and a modern play glamorizing the military in Manchukuo.

I attended a Noh Dance at the Peers Club as the guest of Count Kabayama; I gave a radio broadcast to America over Station JOAK; I ate in the largest restaurant in the world, and in the smallest. I found Tokyo an infinitely fascinating city.

Chapter Thirty-three

PINK SLIP . . . CORMORANT FISHING . . . GIFU

The human being is a peculiar animal. With life becoming more difficult and a yet darker future promised by the authorities; when color was most needed to lift the spirits, the women of Japan perversely started a campaign against bright colors, permanent waves, and elaborate dress. The woman of Japan in her gaily colored kimono and flowing sleeves is a delight to the eye. Put her in a sombre dress with clipped sleeves and take the wave out of her hair and she is not a creature designed to take a man's mind off his troubles. The leaders organized themselves in committees and began the work of toning down the nation's dress. Members took their places at strategic corners and handed out pink slips to women they considered too brightly or too elaborately dressed. Their ire was also directed against native women in foreign-style costumes.

Permanent waves, which were so widely criticized, are considered an economy rather than a luxury by the majority of the women. Leaders interviewed agreed that during the emergency women of Japan should co-operate by not wearing expensive kimonos and ornaments. But those in charge of the campaign are wasting time on unessential details, they said.

The ire of the committee was not aimed at foreign women and I was surprised and delighted when by mistake a pink slip was thrust in my hand as I passed through a wicket in a crowded station. It read:

BEHAVE YOURSELF

If you dress in foreign style you think yourself smart. You are not. You look ugly. If you have time you should go to

a farm and help the farmers. Don't go to summer resorts. Don't use gasoline. Don't ride on trains and buses or wear fine dress or eat rice or wear silk clothing. Women who do these things are just helping Chiang Kai Shek in China. Please do not wear kimono with long sleeves and ornate Japanese hair dress and also European dress, permanent waves and high heel shoes. And do not paint your face! Don't forget you are a Japanese woman!

If you think yourself smart wearing European dress, well, it looks very ugly.

Go and help the farmers!

JAPANESE YOUNG WOMEN'S SOCIETY

It was like being fired at with bird shot. I was hit in several places. I had a permanent wave, wore European costume, heels, silk hose, paint on my face and was about to travel on a train to a summer resort.

I suspected a group of men had started this campaign as a red herring directing attention away from their own extravagances. The newspapers repeatedly hinted that although the use of telephones had been restricted the number of calls and phones in the Geisha quarter had not been altered. Expensive restaurants, houses of prostitution and Geisha houses, all under the patronage of the male, prospered as never before. The intake of the Yoshiwara was more than two million *Yen* in excess of the previous year.

A few bold housewives suggested that men should be called upon to spend money less lavishly. One woman, married twelve years, said that her husband felt the same way about economy. However, for business reasons he is forced both to give and to attend expensive Geisha parties because it is a long-established custom to do so.

"These parties have kept the average standard of living in the Japanese home on a lower level than it would be otherwise," she added significantly.

If the men of Tokyo gave up the Yoshiwara more money would be saved than if all the women in the land relinquished their little extravagances, their gay colors, long-sleeved kimono, tinsel ornaments and curls.

Paradoxically, while the Japanese Young Woman's Society clamors for woman to abandon her foreign petticoats and go back to kimono and straight hair, her husband has stepped out of his kimono and into trousers with so little fuss she has scarcely noticed it. Even a child in kimono is becoming a rare sight on the streets. A new national dress, a uniform of olive drab patterned after that worn by government officials, has become practically a uniform for civilians. With the armed service, school children and civilian men already in uniform, and women returning to their native kimono, it appears to be but a matter of time until all East Asia will be in uniform.

Amidst the apprehension of some friends and envy of others, I was at last ready to begin my travels on mainland Asia. With the season at its best, I planned to stop off at Gifu in south Japan for the fishing, and to tarry in Korea long enough for some climbing in the famed Diamond Mountains before going north, west, and south on the continent. In Japan there is a saying that only fools, diplomats, and millionaires travel first class. Third class may be compared to a free picnic on a holiday; second to a five-dollar opera, and first to a Park Avenue church on Sunday, with seats for every one and to spare. In the first-class observation car I had a close-up of the upper class at leisure. They were like a similar class of Americans or Europeans. I am frequently forcibly impressed with the likeness of people in the same walk of life the world over. The rich man in Japan faces the fundamental problems of a rich man anywhere; telephone operators in Tokyo and in New York have about the same set of troubles.

Many upper-class Nipponese have long, thin patrician faces and are taller than average, their increased height being evident in their longer legs. Researches made on Hawaiian-born Japanese have disclosed that they increased an inch in stature in one generation in a salubrious climate with proper diet. With the modified diet (addition of wheat, barley, beans, and potatoes to standard polished rice), change in dress, and emphasis on gymnastics and health, the Japanese youth of today is already outstripping its parents in height.

The new food regulation specifying how much a patron shall be

permitted to spend and the maximum a restaurant may charge for a meal was in effect on the dining car. The chef put on a surprisingly good luncheon for *Yen* 1.20 (30 cents) which was well within the *Yen* 2.50 permitted.

I was en route to Gifu on the Nagara River northwest of Nagoya. The district is famous because one of the two national shrines of Japan is situated between the two cities. On occasions of national importance, such as the declaration of war or the signing of an important treaty, the Emperor travels from his palace in Tokyo to report the matter to the Spirit of his Ancestress, the Sun Goddess to whom the Shrines of Ise are dedicated. In simplicity the unpainted shrines represent the archaic Japanese architecture which prevailed before the introduction of the Chinese style of temple structure, the crossed beams on the roof and wooden frames being patterned after structures of pre-historic Japan. The shrines were already five years old when the Christian Era began. There is never a lack of tourists in this section of the country for it is the dearest wish of every subject of the Mikado to make a pilgrimage to the Great Shrines at Ise.

Nagoya, with a population of 1,083,000, the largest industrial city between Tokyo and Osaka, is frequently called the "little Germany of Japan," and the Kisco River the "Rhine of Japan."

After the bustle of the city and the hot sticky train journey, Gifu was like a breath of cool mountain air. The inhabitants of the village are famed for their skill in making paper lanterns, parasols, fans, and writing paper. I watched men, working in small shops, seated on the floor with glue pots and bamboo turning out the most delicate oval collapsible lanterns with shadowy hand-painted designs. They are the lanterns best known abroad. During the hot weather they are widely used throughout Japan, the people deriving pleasure from their subdued light, cool appearance and decorative effect. Although electric light is employed universally, paper lanterns still hold their own and have been altered little in shape and design.

Although raw silk is the most important staple export of Japan, there are no large cocoon ranches. Practically the entire output is a subsidiary occupation for the farmer's wife and children. More

than two million households engage in sericulture. The farming area in the vicinity of Gifu produces cocoons and raw silk. The discovery that the hatching season of the silk eggs could be controlled by regulating the temperature has made it possible to rear silkworms during spring, summer, and autumn. In the farm districts near Gifu it was fascinating to watch the farmer's daughter feeding tender mulberry leaves to silk worms on trays. The noise of their chewing was like fine rain on a paper roof. Many cocoons are taken to market, but much of the raw silk is unwound in the home. Instead of knitting, the farm woman busies herself unwinding cocoons which she has first killed by submerging in hot water. Silken filament is attached to a bobbin with handle on it and the unwinding continues. Several hours of patient labor are required to transfer the silk from a single cocoon to the bobbin. The swiftly flowing streams in the district were a rainbow of color where the farmer's wife had dyed material, weighing it down in the water with a rock. The individual efforts of each family add up to a national industry which reached a peak in exports to the United States of \$381,000,000 in the boom year of 1929. Paradoxically the value of the hand-tended silk worms in Japan is tied to the price of U. S. steel on the New York Stock Exchange boards. In 1929 when U. S. Steel sold for \$260 a share, raw silk touched \$700 a bale; when steel dropped to \$26 in 1932, raw silk fell to \$153 a bale on the Yokohama Silk Exchange.

Gifu is the perfect tourist resort. The traveller can sight-see in the country all day, return to the luxurious Nagaragawa Hotel, situated on the Nagara River for dinner, and later spend the evening watching the cormorant fishing on the same river.

It was East Asia Day, a day upon which Japanese are adjured to give up fish and vegetables and to economize on rice. There is danger that this day, set aside to make the people of Japan conscious of their role in the destiny of East Asia, may become a fast day and not a feast day. A Japanese proverb runs, "A warrior picks his teeth even when he has had no meal," *i.e.*, he is expected to rise above privations. The hotel provided a satisfactory though not elaborate evening meal.

After dinner, with several Japanese, I climbed into a canopied

barge with paper lanterns swaying gracefully in the evening breezes. Even in the barge we had to remove our shoes and leave them in the prow. The flat bottom was spread with matting and we sat on cushions. Two men poled the boat up the river, keeping close to shore. Other lantern-lit pleasure barges made a pretty sight bobbing in the night. Music mingled with the lapping of water against the boat. I felt as Cleopatra must have when she went for an outing on the Nile. We were to watch the fishing, a spectacle by no means staged for our benefit.

Cormorant fishing has been continuously followed as a regular business at Gifu for more than a thousand years. The Chinese have fished with cormorants even longer. The oldest master fisherman operating at Gifu (the number is limited to twenty-one) is the eighteenth head of his family to hold the position. Each year the master fishermen are granted the honor of presenting some of the fish they have caught to the Imperial Household.

Fishing is done at night, and late in the afternoon the men load their cormorants into boats and go several miles up the river ready to begin work at nightfall.

It is no hit-or-miss affair. The head fisherman, in keeping with the dignity of his position, wears a ceremonial costume, and his birds, each numbered, have definite positions on the gunwale, and rank. The Number One cormorant rates being the last to be put into the water and the first to be taken out. When standing erect, wings folded, he resembles a large black dumbbell; clipped wings spread he looks like a vulture with a rubber neck. A ring at the base of his throat prevents him from swallowing the fish. A string tied about the body, passing beneath wings and over the back, is held by the fisherman, who can manage a dozen birds if he is an expert. The driver of a coach and six had an easy time of it compared with this man.

It was a mild starlit night. We joined the fishing boats, racing downstream, carried along by the current. A dozen cormorants swam and dived ahead of each boat in a circle of light cast by a torch held in a swinging iron pot in the prow. Other pleasure craft anchored along the route poled out and joined the procession, crowding about us. On the gunwale the cormorant looks like an

ugly gawky thing, but in the water he is all grace and symmetry, diving for the small mountain trout (*ayu*), swallowing the fish head first. In each boat the master, clad in hula skirt and ceremonial headdress, was kept busy. When a bird swims aimlessly about, the fisherman knows its throat is full. He hauls it aboard, opens the beak, and forces it to disgorge and tosses it back into the stream. A fully distended neck of a cormorant will hold as many as seven *ayu*, usually from four to seven are caught by a bird on each hunt. This totals about 150 fish per bird per hour, or about 450 in a three-hours' drift.

The exciting trip was soon over, the fishing boats drew up on a sand bar. The cormorants disgorged, perched solemnly on the gunwale in order of seniority. I watched the catch sorted and placed in narrow, flat boxes. It was iced and shipped the same night to Tokyo and Osaka where *ayu* are considered a delicacy. Definitely a luxury fish, the *ayu* bring about fifty *sen* each at the market.

The cormorants, trapped by means of bird lime during autumn migration, are of value only after arduous training extending over a period of two years. Although good for about fourteen years of work, after a bird is eight years, old age begins creeping on, slowing down its work. A good cormorant is valued at from 200 to 500 *Yen*.

The hotel manager showed me an old wood block print of cormorant fishing in China.

"The birds swim free," he said. "And they're so well trained that if a bird catches a fish too large for it to manage alone, another swims to its assistance. They are trained to bring the fish and drop them in a net."

It was too big a fish story for me to swallow. I obtained the name of the place in China where these remarkable cormorants were found. To him China was another world; I was already on my way there.

Chapter Thirty-Four

GRASS ROOFS . . . KOREA

Rising at six A.M. to catch an express holds no terrors for me. I received my training in Lapland where I arose at three A.M. to drive a frisky reindeer all day in a forty-below-zero temperature. The day was hot and sticky and it was good to get an early start. On the train the only other first-class passengers were some foreign embassy staff members and several German tourists. It was a fourteen-hour journey from Gifu to Shimonoseiki, but the trip was not without interest and beauty, as the rail line followed the shore of the famed Inland Sea. At one station two policemen checked my passage; at another three reporters waited for an interview. We passed a large salt project, one of the simplest of all industries. Workmen merely filled narrow shallow pools with sea water, allowed the sun to evaporate it, scraped up the salt and refilled the pools.

Arriving at Shimonoseiki we debarked at the ferry at nine P.M. The humidity and heat were unbearable. Crowds of sweating, odorous humanity, laden with bundles, pressed in double lines two blocks long. In an endless stream they poured into the maw of the steamer. They were Korean peasants interspersed with assorted Asiatic nationalities including several Russians in native dress. The temperature within the glass-enclosed pier sizzled.

The interior of the upper first-class deck was a different world. There were a few fools, diplomats, army officers and myself in the uncrowded, air-conditioned, spacious public lounge. A steward handed tea around to newly arrived passengers. I went at once to my cabin, a large outside room equipped with two single beds. It was my luck to draw a man as cabin mate. Women travellers were few, mostly Nipponese wives accompanying husbands to posts on the Asia mainland. A single foreign woman travelling alone is a nui-

sance to transportation companies. However, without a protest from me, the gentleman and his luggage vanished and I had the cabin alone.

Japan has owned Korea for thirty years, yet travellers from Japan have to submit to all formalities of entering a foreign country.

The clean, white, air-conditioned steamer was a far cry from the *tatami*-decked tub in which I crossed the same channel in 1927. There were other changes too, and the traveller must be wary or she will find herself in a place and won't know where it is. The passion for changing the names of towns, cities, countries and bodies of water continues unabated. Since my trip Shimonoseiki had become Simonoseki; the boisterous Chosen Straits, Tyōsen Straits; the port of landing Fusan was now Husan; the name of the country had evolved from Korea to Chosen to Tyōsen. But the end was not yet. Only a native could distinguish between the principal cities. The capital, formerly Seoul, then Keijo, was now Keizyo. The three next largest cities bore the names Heisyu, Kaizyo and Heizyo. Although Korea was familiar to me, I found myself travelling from one unfamiliar name-place to another, and only by carrying two maps could I locate myself. Arriving at Husan, at dawn we transferred directly to a waiting express for Keizyo. While the train was standing in the station, I took part in a brief but impressive ceremony. A siren shrieked. Passengers and train crew stood, faced east, toward the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, bowed and prayed in silence for one minute for the spirits of the soldier dead. Prayer over, the train started on its journey and I went to the diner for breakfast.

The tail of a typhoon which had expended its fury along the coast of the China Sea lashed southern Korea, flooded rice paddies and fields. I watched families, house-bound by the rain, enjoying leisurely breakfasts. Clad in the traditional white, seated about a circular foot-high table placed on the open porch, they ate with chopsticks. Seen through the slanting rain, a family looked like stage figures and appeared as oblivious to the downpour.

Ninety-five per cent of the houses in rural Korea had woven grass roofs tied on with ropes, which clung lovingly to the mud walls, the eaves draping gracefully, if a bit unevenly.

I arrived at Keizyo (Seoul) in a downpour and went directly to

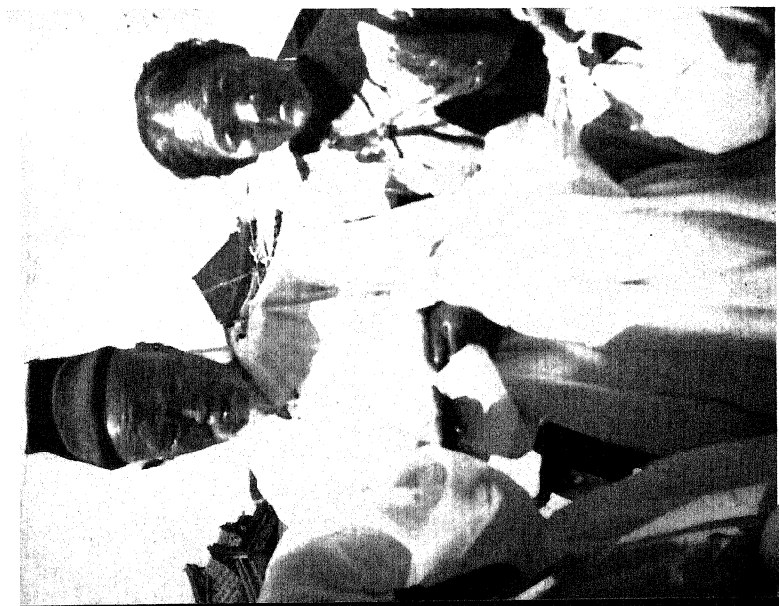
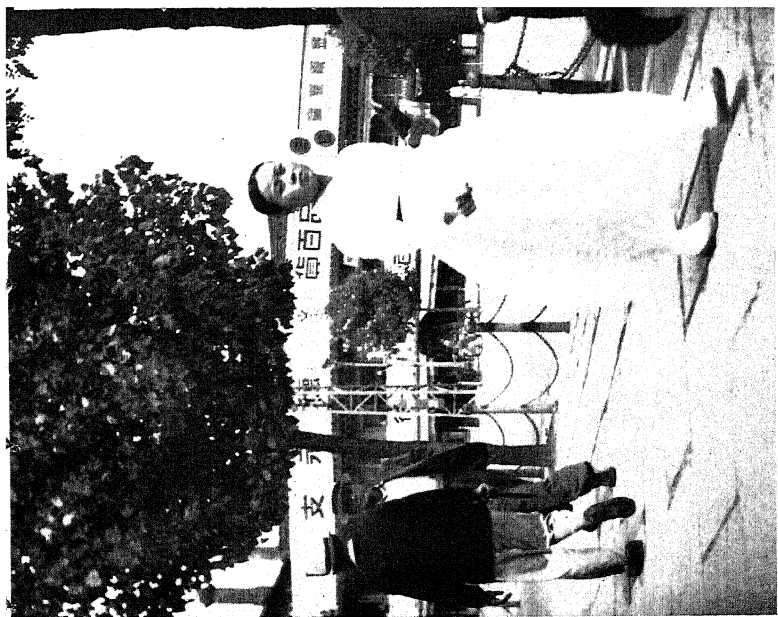
the Tyōsen Hotel, planning to leave for the Diamond Mountains the following day. Held sacred by Koreans the mountains, a cluster of some 12,000 lofty peaks in the central part of the peninsula, are the center of Buddhism. When Buddhism was ascendant there were as many as 180 monasteries nestling in the mountain fastness. Today but 32 of them remain. The typhoon continued for three days. Telephone messages from the interior reported canyons filled with raging torrents, trails washed away and bridges out. I was forced to abandon the trip.

When the rain let up, Keizyo was washed clean and the air was fresh. Restrictions on the making of photographs were even more stringent in Korea than in Japan. At the Governor General's office the English Secretary, Mr. Yasuma Oda, telephoned to the gendarmerie asking permission for me to make a few street scenes. The gendarmerie in turn telephoned instructions to the police box on the corner and under the watchful eyes of three police I attempted to film Keizyo from a street corner. All I got was a few white-clad pedestrians and the passing traffic, ox carts mingled with motor cars, bicycles and street cars.

Korean department stores modelled on the style of those in Japan were well stocked with goods and food. Koreans will be driven to wearing silk when their present stock of cotton and hempen clothing is worn out. I saw only two or three lengths of hemp, enough for a costume, priced at *Yen* 48. There was no cotton.

Few Japanese and Koreans ever see within the studios of JODK, Keizyo's radio station, under direct control of the Japan Broadcasting Company in Tokyo. Programs originating in one of the three studios consist of music, lectures, and news. One studio was fitted up as a Japanese room, with *tatami* floor, and was reserved for native music and dancing. JODK is on the air from 6 to 7:30 A.M. and from 6 to 10 P.M. Broadcasts in Japanese are repeated in Korean. About 200,000 owners of radio sets pay a tax of 75 *sen* per month for the privilege of listening. Listening on short-wave broadcasts was not permitted.

Although Korea was recovering from a famine caused by drought two years previously, the country appeared more prosperous than when I last visited it.





The Author visiting with students at Keisang School for Geisha, P'yongyang, Korea.

No one knows exactly how old Keizyo (Seoul) is. Encircled by double walls, one formed by surrounding mountains, and the other built along the ridges, it served the Yi dynasty (which came to power by means of a *coup d'état* in 1392), as a safe capital for five hundred years. The Emperor's palaces were surrounded by thick walls. The Great Bell, ten feet high and twenty feet in circumference, cast in 1468 housed in a red Korean-style belfry in the heart of the city, now silent, is one of the relics of the Korea of old. For five hundred years it sounded twice daily, heralding the dawn and the opening of the eight gates of the city, and announcing the sunset and the closing of the gates. The latter chimes were a signal for men to withdraw from the streets so that women could walk abroad.

Korea, about the size of the main Island of Japan, has a population of 23,000,000, with 99.9 inhabitants per square kilometer, while the population density of Japan proper is 180.9. Although annexed by Japan in 1910, ostensibly for the purpose of relieving population pressure, there are today less than 630,000 Japanese living in Korea. They are for the most part engaged in commerce, transportation, and public service.

It seems strange that a nation, independent for forty-two centuries, could be so easily conquered by a younger country to which it had given a language, a culture and a religion. Korea's downfall may be blamed upon America. Many European nations blame their collapse upon us, too, but Korea's case is genuine. It was Admiral Perry who knocked on the door of an unwilling Japan, demanding she open her ports to world trade. She opened. She embraced Western ideas. While the older nations of Korea and China clung to their Confucian culture and concerned themselves with philosophy, Japan was busy learning about Western armament.

Without fanfare she used the pattern familiar today, credited to Adolf Hitler. The Mikado might well shake his finger at Adolf and shout "copycat!" Japan began by demanding passage for her troops through Korea during the Russo-Japanese War. She even signed a treaty asserting she had no designs upon Korea. But her troops remained. Japan seized unofficial control of Korea, and in 1910 openly declared the country annexed. Koreans are still philosophers, but the realistic Japanese are their masters.

For centuries a Korean child's education consisted of a study of the Chinese classics and brush writing taught in schools held in huts and small rooms called *Soh-tang*. Today there are nearly 6000 *Soh-tang* accommodating 170,000 pupils. When the Japanese became the rulers of Korea, they revised the educational system, introducing such new subjects as arithmetic, geography, and the Japanese language. Korean parents strongly objected to this revolutionary method, especially to the forcible teaching of the Japanese language. They did not wish their children to be "Japanized." Even though no tuition was charged, the Government found it difficult to enroll pupils until the 1920 reforms were instituted introducing Korean language, history, and Korean geography. The average Korean receives his education in the common schools which is six years.

More than two million Korean children living in remote agricultural and mountainous districts where it is not possible to provide educational facilities are unable to attend school. For these children the Government has established schools with a two-year course which have proven popular.

"Originally it was planned to have 30 per cent of the children of school age go to school," said Mr. S. Nonaka, principal of the Jusuo Primary School which I visited. "In 1937 the plan was changed. By 1942 60 per cent of the children of school age must now attend."

The Jusuo Primary School was housed in a large brick building which accommodates 2500 children who pay a tuition of 8 *sen* per month. A 1938 law requires Japanese and Korean children to attend the same schools without discrimination against the Koreans, but it has not yet been put into effect.

"The Spirit of Education," said Mr. Nonaka, is: (1) The clarification of National Policy; (2) National Unity, *i.e.*, Japanese and Koreans are one body, one mind; and (3) Service to the State, with emphasis on physical education.

Both instructors and children wore uniforms. Petite serious-faced little girls were demure in ankle-length pleated navy skirts and the daintiest, briefest jackets of transparent hempen material crossed and tied in a bow at the side. Boys wore gray, with short straight pants. Teachers wore the national dress of Japan.

When the children arrive in the morning, they bow toward the

east in the direction of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, and offer a silent prayer. The principal repeats and the children chant after him the Oath of Allegiance: "We are Imperial subjects. With patriotism and loyalty we must serve our country. We must be loyal to our Emperor. We must have patience and endurance and we must make our body strong."

In the arithmetic class I watched the children adding using *sorobond* (abacadabra) boards. The singing class stood and sang "New Asia—The March of the Japanese Nation," a stirring march written to commemorate the 2600th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire. The members of the writing class each used a block of ink in a stone writing box and a brush instead of pen or pencil.

Classroom windows were draped with blackout curtains. Racks filled with wooden swords for practice fencing lined the walls of a long corridor. Students clean their classroom as part of national service.

Only 660 of the brightest graduates of grammar school are permitted to enter the Korean Girls' High School. We left our shoes at the door and entered in soft slippers. Students go barefooted indoors. Although many of them come from well-to-do-families, they learn moderate living and each takes turn at cleaning. The sixteen subjects which comprise the curricula are all designed to train the girls as home makers and mothers. Each furnishes her own books. The girls enjoy less than a month of summer vacation, which may be interrupted by a call to labor service. Physical exercise, a new idea in the Orient, is stressed. Girls learn to make their own shoes of straw. They aid the Empire by helping harvest crops.

In a large *tatami*-covered room the Korean girls learn etiquette, flower arrangement, tea ceremony, *samiesan*, and the Japanese art of living. There was an embroidery room, and a sewing room equipped with Singer sewing machines, the importation of which had now been forbidden. The library contained books in Japanese with the exception of a full set of *Encyclopedia Britannica* in English. Many of the books were heirlooms.

There were a number of taboos such as one finds in any girls' school. No lipstick or face powder was allowed. Wearing of shoes

was not permitted in the school rooms. There was no rule against smoking. No Korean girl would think of such a thing.

The girls impressed me as quite handsome, with sweet mild dispositions and attractive uniforms.

Many varieties of pepper grow abundantly in Korea and the cook uses it freely in seasoning soups, fish, meats and salads. Because the native food is so very highly seasoned, few foreigners care for it. Technically a Japanese is not a foreigner in Korea although the Korean considers him as such and he acts the part. Native food is not to his liking.

The modern two-story brick building where I went for a Korean dinner looked too new and I feared we would not get the genuine native food. But when an expensive ricksha drawn by a coolie in long transparent white plus-fours drew up before the entrance and a Korean gentleman got out, I realized at once that it was a place of class. The man was modishly clad in white. A starched, transparent ankle-length coat stood out stiffly. Silken sandals turned up at the toes, and a tall black buckram hat was tied beneath his chin, the bow half hidden by his long sparse black whiskers. We followed him, checked our shoes at the entrance, and shuffled along the corridor behind a boy who escorted us past a petite courtyard of dwarfed pines to a room overlooking a garden. He placed about the stone floor covered with oiled paper some square, flat cushions for us to sit upon, and brought me an arm rest. In winter Korean rooms are evenly heated by means of a fire built beneath the stone floor.

The first course was long in the coming for the chef does not lift a finger until the guests are seated and have placed their order for dinner. Hors d'œuvres consisted of a bowl of thinly sliced dried beef, small dried fish, smoked eels surrounded by pine seed. A second bowl contained pickled daikkon soaked in red peppers. The soup made of fried bean curd, mushrooms, boiled egg and abalone, which appeared in a smoking brass toureen (*sensori*) heated by live coals, was the best part of the meal.

This was followed by a course of boiled beef seasoned with red pepper, a bowl of thinly sliced white fish fried in batter and slithers

of carrots and meat on skewers fried in batter. A bowl contained highly seasoned minced meat wrapped in dumplings. For dessert we each had an apple sliced, with some of the peel left on as decoration, followed by tea.

This was a fine farewell dinner. I planned to leave the capital city on the morrow and travel north.

Chapter Thirty-Five

PYENGYANG . . . A DAY AT THE RACES

Japanese expresses are usually clean, tidy, and crowded. From Keizyo, to Heizyo (Pyengyang), the oldest city in this ancient country, the railroad passed through the famed ginseng-growing section. When the people in China can afford to buy, this district prospers. When war kills trade, ginseng farmers suffer. This delicate plant cannot bear the direct rays of the sun and ginseng farms with straight rows shaded by lean-tos made of reed resemble the tents of an encamped army.

Pyengyang (population 185,000), as Koreans call their oldest city, although on the main railway line is seldom visited by travellers for the reason that pamphlets and tourist information limelight the capital which has modern improvements and first-class hotel accommodations. But Pyengyang represents the real Korea of other days. There is a single small hotel operated by the railway, and only the main street is paved. But Rome was not built in a day. Give the town time. It has been established only since 2333 B.C. In that year King Tangeon, "the father of Korea," made it his capital. Pyengyang, one of the oldest cities in the world, was prominent in Stone Age days, and axes, daggers, hammers, and arrow heads left by the Stone Agers are still found buried in the neighborhood.

Archæologists have recently made a find calculated to give themselves heart failure. Pyengyang's grass-covered hills which dot the city, they discovered, are not ordinary hills at all, but the tombs of royalty which contain treasures of antiquity. Any other town with a find such as this would have shouted the news to the world. But Pyengyang is old and sophisticated and unexcitable. The tombs have been there for tens of centuries and are certainly nothing new.

An ageless old Korean opened the crude wooden door which closed the entrance to a beautiful domed tiled tomb. Mural decorations were surprisingly similar to modern figures. The coffins were made of thick slabs of lacquered wood, placed one within the other. Another tomb, made of hewn timbers notched and stacked, was probably older than the tiled one and I marvelled at the wonderful state of preservation of the wood. However, I was told that this particular tomb was of the Rakuro Era which began in 106 B.C. and was therefore not so old. Two thousand years impressed me as old and I continued to marvel. The tomb was divided into two chambers, each made with a double wall of foot-thick hewn timbers. The coffin in this sepulchre was also of hewn logs, lacquered, one coffin within another. Evidently a fine forest of giant trees once grew on the hills surrounding Pyongyang, for a single board sufficed for a wall of each of the double coffins.

Nothing delights a woman as much as to examine feminine paraphernalia. Even though the owner lived two thousand years ago, the interest is the same. And ideas concerning beauty did not vary greatly, either. I was fascinated by some rare objects of high historical value removed from the sepulchral chamber of a noble lady who lived during the Rakuro Era. There was her toilet kit—quite a revelation to one who considered the beauty kit a modern idea. I was charmed by the contents—a dainty powder box of finely wrought gold, a lacquered rouge box half filled with pigment, a petite box of eyebrow paint, some combs, ornamental hairpins, and a mirror similar to the ones used by the Ainu women on Hokkaidō. Candelabra to light her dressing table were designed at a time when wicks stuck in a small dish of oil furnished illumination.

A mural (now removed and placed in the museum), which adorned a wall of the tomb, depicted a tiger guarding the entrance. Another showing a phoenix (symbol of angels before angels were thought of) beautifully wrought in color was well preserved.

On the day I arrived in Pyongyang the hotel was filled and I found satisfactory accommodations in a native *yadoya*. One evening, when I passed the serving room adjoining the kitchen, I was surprised to see the floor of one entire room completely hidden by trays

laden with bowls. Each tray contained a dinner for one guest. When later I moved to the hotel and forgot a pair of shoes checked at the entrance of the *yadoya*, I found them brushed and cleaned standing before the door of my new quarters.

The local gendarme was alert and scarcely allowed me out of his sight. He earned his salary the week I was in Pyengyang. I took him to the market place, to the ruins, old palaces, to the schools, boating on the river, and to the horse races. The only place he really enjoyed was the school for geisha. Pyengyang is famed for its beautiful women and the cream of the crop come to the Keisang School for Geisha to learn the art of entertaining. It was like being surrounded by two hundred Hollywood beauties with this exception: the Korean girls were young and shy.

There is no other school like Keisang in the world. Classes are held in pagodas open on four sides, topped by graceful upturned red-tiled roofs and overlooking the river. A balustrade with yard-wide hardwood balcony surrounded the padded *tatami* floor upon which instructors and girls sat while in class. Leaning over the railing a student could see her pretty face reflected below in the green waters of the beautiful Daido River, where many pleasure craft were anchored. When a student finishes the three-year course in dancing, singing, music, art, and conversation, she is a full-fledged entertainer.

The class in *koto* sat on the *tatami* in an open pavilion and twanged away on their long-bowed instruments, the music mingling with the lapping waters and breezes sighing in the willows. The instructor sat on a flat cushion before a foot-high desk. His charges, shoes left on the balcony, sat on the *tatami* before him, demure in brief transparent white jackets and ankle-length green skirts, their sleek black hair plaited, coiled, and pierced by golden spikes.

Footwear consisted of the traditional Russian boot type of sock made of white cotton material and shallow turned up at toe sandal.

We climbed to the third floor of one of the pagodas to visit the singing class held in an enclosed room. Seventy beautiful linen-clad girls were seated on the floor in rows before the singing master, who stood beside a large green drum. Doctor Kim Shoki, clad in full transparent white grass linen Turkish trousers, and a starched white

coat which reached to just above his ankles, was an exotic professor. Like the rest of us, his shoes were parked outside the door and he stood in his bare feet. He pointed with white baton to the words of a new song written in characters on a blackboard high above him, then beat the drum and led the singing of ancient Korean songs.

With the professor's permission I set my camera for a difficult photograph. The gendarme leapt to his feet, grabbed my camera and insisted upon aiming it into the sunny side of the room. In vain I protested the light must come from the rear. He insisted I could not have the windows in it because a bit of the Daido River might show. Self restraint prevented me from hurling both the gendarme and the camera into the river below. Fortunately the singing drowned the row and Professor Shoki thought the gendarme was being helpful.

I did not get the photograph, but I evened the score the following day, insisting upon going into the country far from rivers, harbors, public buildings and remaining on the ground to photograph a typical Korean farm with grass roof. We rode to the end of the trolley line and walked miles and miles and miles. Unfortunately for the gendarme there was a slate pit near this section and the roofs were made of tile. I wanted grass. We trudged along the dusty road, sweat trickling in little muddy streams down our faces.

Having three men under foot at all times shouting "No, no, no" at everything I proposed to do was irritating. The day was hot and I watched their spirits dragging in the dust. They removed their coats and I saw that Mr. Sakurai wore heavy woolen underwear. There was dust, dust, dust, and our damp faces became a muddy yellow.

We overtook a funeral, a gaily decorated coffin borne on a palanquin by eight men. Farther along we passed another funeral, that of a really poor man. The coffin swung along between four coolies and the mourners clad in dark hempen mourning clothes and straw sandals followed on foot. The rays of the sun beat down upon us and the dust rose up to clog our nostrils. Any one of my companions would gladly have exchanged places with the corpse stretched out in the coffin hewn from a log with a thick lid on it to keep out the heat and dust. We climbed a hill, followed a footpath into the next

valley, and there I found a typical farmhouse. It had a grass roof with gourds growing on it, the fruit carefully anchored in straw holders.

The day grew warmer. On our return journey we darted from one side of the dirt road to the other, seeking shelter from the hot rays in the shade of the low shops. The majority of the shops had dirt floors and their tiled roofs were held in place by mud. Small stocks of grain and beans in large flat round baskets were placed in front of the establishments. Children played stark naked. Men were clad in tidy white garments tied on with bows.

We met a third funeral.

The best place to see native life is in the public market place. Beneath white canopies stretched across an area between red-tiled buildings, vendors gathered daily and spread their wares. Whenever I think of Korea, I think of white, clean white. Both men and women at the market were clad in freshly starched grass linens, the swinging coats and voluminous transparent skirts were a sea of billowing white. Men in starched white linen squatted on platforms half hidden by unrolled white silks. Each wore a diaphanous linen jacket neatly tied on one side with a tailored bow, a black buckram stovepipe tied beneath a sparse long beard, and smoked a petite brass-bowled pipe with bamboo stem two feet long, unmindful of the bustle of buying and selling going on around them. Women squatted on the ground, neck deep in billowing silks, and bolts of linens. Vendors in transparent Pilgrim's hats walked about with yards of soft snowy silk unrolled and clutched in their hands, seeking buyers.

A vendor sold golden ears of boiled corn on sticks. At noontime several competitors arrived, each with a little mobile kitchen on four wheels containing piles of raw corn, a *hibachi* and pot and set up business. Soon cooked corn festooned their carts like lollypops. Presently half the vendors were gnawing on ears of corn. Mothers shelled some off and placed it in the mouths of babies. Another small stand sold boiled sweet potatoes and millet pancakes six inches in diameter. Korean mothers wear their babies strapped astride their hips instead of on their backs. I saw one busy mother shopping. A

young baby sat astride her hip and she held the hand of a naked child.

One half the market place was reserved for foodstuffs. Counters and shelves and tables displayed the most interesting products. I saw dried cod, dried sword fish, tiny dried fishes—some almost microscopic—dried whole red shrimp no larger than a bean, hillocks of powdered green seaweed, ground pepper pods piled in crimson mounds, long rice, pure white and crisped like seafoam. I saw a customer buy a goodly sized bundle, several yards long, and coil it like a snake fitting it in a round basket. Ginseng on strings hung from pegs on the poles supporting the midrib of the canopy. Long slender edible roots of burdock lay in piles alongside bundles of white *daikkon*. A vendor sat atop a stack of seaweed, calling his offers to sell. There were skins of white rabbit and tawny tiger, piles of yarn, entrails of animals, fresh meat and fish. The market place was clean. The pungent odor of red pepper mingled with that of dried fish and seaweed, but it was not unpleasant. The Korean shoppers were good natured, orderly and clean. I was surprised by the seemingly plenty of linens, silks and foodstuffs. Pyongyang children appeared well fed and happy and I saw no evidence of *beri beri*.

I have won and lost on the horses in New Orleans, Miami, Yokohama, Shanghai, Paris, Honolulu, and Auckland. I can stand in the rain watching a good race and not know that it is raining. When I learned the races were on in Pyongyang, with horses kicking up the dust that was part of a race track before the present breed of horses came into existence, inconvenience of transportation was as nothing. We took a taxi out. Returning we struggled for places on a bus and street car.

Neither Mr. Sakurai nor the gendarme had ever seen a horse race and their enthusiasm was less than lukewarm, but they were good sports. After we entered the gates, it was necessary to walk several hundred yards along the rim of the track where horses were lined up ready to begin a race. I looked them over.

"I pick Number Six to win," I said jokingly. By the time we arrived at the covered concrete grandstand the race was over. Number Six had won first place. My companions were impressed.

The grandstand was crowded with Korean gentlemen in white starched clothing, long coats, baggy transparent trousers. A few of them wore regular hats, others black buckrams tied under their chins. A few Japanese had on the "national dress" and there were several men in simple business suits. I was surprised at the number of women and the interest they took in the horses. All were clad in long skirts with brief blue or white transparent jackets. Those in bouffant diaphanous white skirts wore long cuffed pantaloons beneath. The first time a foreign missionary made his appearance in Seoul at the end of the nineteenth century, the children, astonished at his dress, cried, "Oh, look, he's wearing a woman's pants."

It was a colorful and agreeable crowd, the surplus men squatting in front of the grandstand. The dirt track was fair and had an automatic starter. A pari-mutuel was in operation, but it was a sucker's game, the limit allowed on winnings being *Yen* 100 (\$24). Tickets were ten *Yen*. I led my companions to the paddock, looked the horses over, picked Number Nine to win and backed him with a ten *Yen* ticket. To the amazement of my friends and myself Number Nine won by a length. I stood in line and collected my winnings, twelve *Yen* on ten *Yen* to win.

I bought a ticket on every race, and each time I won. By the simple method of picking the horse with long slim legs and mettle enough not to drag his tail in the dust when on parade, coupled with natural luck, I was able to choose the winner. It was as thrilling as a bull market to watch my stock go up in the estimation of my companions. Fortunately it was the final day of the races, otherwise I would not now have a reputation in Korea as a consistent winner.

Chapter Thirty-Six

RURAL KOREA . . . ON THE DAIDO RIVER

The average Korean farmer's budget resembles my own in that the expenditure is always greater than income. The remarkable thing is that people keep right on farming under such conditions. Out of 23,000,000 Koreans, 17,000,000 are engaged in agriculture, forestry, stockraising, and fishing.

The average size of the Korean farm is four and one half acres, which is larger than farms in Japan proper, which average about two-and-a-half acres. However, due to worn-out land, lack of fertilizer and poor method of cultivation, the Korean farmer with the aid of his family is able to glean a yearly income of slightly less than 100 *Yen* (\$24). His average annual deficit amounts to *Yen* 23.20. According to official statistics, 80 per cent of the farmers may be regarded as having debts bearing interest at the rate of 3 or 4 per cent per month. These figures refer to a Class A farmer with a family of six persons. Class B is a tenant farmer working three acres of land with a cash income for the year of *Yen* 52.70 (\$13); and Class C is a farmer with five persons in his family who rents two acres of land and has a cash income of *Yen* 48.40 (\$12). This is just enough to buy that length of grass linen I saw in a Keizyo department store.

The farming community is a poverty-stricken group, and the farm household generally suffers from a shortage of food stuffs. The average Korean farmer cannot afford to eat rice, but must subsist upon millet and potatoes. The annual deficit of *Yen* 23.20 (\$6) accruing to a Class A farmer may appear ridiculously small, but it is a great burden to a petty farmer who is altogether unable to make out any plan for liquidating it. Landlords, agents, and high taxes keep him in the position of the frog in the well. He may keep on struggling but he cannot help himself.

The climate of Korea is continental, similar to that of the Southern States of the U. S. A. and is suitable for stock raising, fruit farming, the growing of rice, cotton, soy bean, silk, tobacco and ginseng. Korea produces fine apples, and Korean beef sold in Japan as "Kobe" beef is a superior product. When Korea suffers a poor rice crop the pinch is felt in Japan proper. The waters around the peninsula abound in such fish as mackerel, sardines, herring, shrimp, pollock, sea bream, cod, oysters, and eels.

Korea has plenty of minerals such as gold, pig iron, coal, copper, graphite, silver, lead, tungsten, zinc, and steel. The total output for 1936 was valued at *Yen* 110,500,000. Coal in almost unlimited quantities lies buried in Korea. Any profits which are to be had, however, do not accrue to Koreans. Japanese and foreigners exploit the mineral wealth of the nation.

I hail from a state famed for its long staple cotton, and when I saw the runty matured cotton stalks averaging ten inches in height, growing in poor red-clay soil drained of its fertility by centuries of cultivation, I took a second look before I recognized it as cotton. With good seed and proper fertilizer the cotton yield could be increased a thousandfold in a very short time.

If Japan diverted the money spent on armaments in prosecuting the Incident in China, to fertilizer and farm seed for Korea, Manchukuo and Hokkaidō, she could relieve her own food shortage and population pressure.

Seventy-three per cent of Korea remains forest land. Spruce, birch, larch, pine, oak, alder, bamboo, and maple cover the hills, valleys, and mountains. In a pinch Koreans can always clear a little more land.

I can quite imagine an American and a Korean farmer meeting and comparing notes and the conclusions they would reach regarding the sanity of their respective governments.

The Daido River, which empties into the Yellow Sea, reaches back for 250 miles, rising in the northeast, has been used as a traffic artery by Koreans from time immemorial. The river, which flows through the city of Pyengyang, serves to transport freight barges, sailing ships bearing coal, and rafts of timber and farm products from the in-





Botanda, five-hundred-year-old Imperial banquet pavilion overlooking the Daido River, Pyongyang, Korea.



Typical Korean farm home. Ninety-five per cent of the homes in rural

terior during the day. In the cool of late afternoon many canopied pleasure boats laden with merry-makers and singing girls float happily upon its surface and the strum of the *koto* is wafted on the breezes. Youths dart swiftly past paddling shell-like boats so light they seem poised briefly on the wavelets. Women with something besides pleasure to think about bring their washing down to the river, dip the linens in, place wet garments on a flat rock and flay them with a paddle. They squat with skirts tucked up, pounding and exchanging gossip while naked young children splash in the water, and older ones swim nude in the river. A houseboat passed with a dozen white-clad people seated on a mat-covered deck feasting from a foot-high table.

Two coal barges sailed by with square black sails. A single coolie at the helm rowed the heavily laden craft upstream against the current.

Pyongyang is a city with a glorious past. The little pagoda with upturned tiled roof atop a hill commanding a prospect of the Daido River where the court nobles were wont to take the view still stands high above the city wall. The marble banquet pavilion of the Emperor, built more than five hundred years ago, remains standing in a good state of preservation by the river's edge. Perhaps the ghosts of all the Emperors who called Pyongyang their capital since 2333 B.C. (up until five hundred years ago when Seoul usurped the place) still gather for a ghostly banquet in the old pavilion. What a wonderful sight it would be to see them clad in the costumes of the periods! Royalty enjoyed taking its pleasures on the beautiful Daido River, so too perhaps do their ghosts.

I was in no hurry to leave this quiet, fascinating old city where one could poke about discovering new interests the whole summer long. However, I am a disciple of the old Chinese philosopher who said, "Do not act as though you had a thousand years to live." The gendarme came to the railway station to see me off when I headed north for Manchuria, crossing the border at Antung.

Geographically Korea has a natural northern boundary—two rivers separated by a mountain range. The Tumen flows into the Sea of Japan, while the other, found on the map under any one of the following names, Yalukiang, Amnokgana or Cryokko, flows

into the Yellow Sea. It is usually referred to simply as the Yalu. Four hundred and thirty-five of its five hundred miles are navigable.

From Pyengyang I sped north over the South Manchuria Railway bound for Mukden, crossed the Yalu River and left white Korea behind.

Chapter Thirty-Seven

MUKDEN . . . FUSHUN COAL FOR ASIA . . . HARBIN

Since my visit in 1934 Mukden had grown into a city and had undergone a change of names thrice. It evolved from Mukden to Fengtien and finally was called Hoten, Manchuria became Manchukuo.

As all the world knows, after the termination of the 1931 Manchurian Incident, Japan acquired Manchuria and set up a puppet government. Combining China's five richest provinces (Fengtien, Kirin, Heilunkiang, Jehol, and Hsingan) covering an area of 552,612 square miles with a population of 33,000,000, she called the new state Manchukuo. The territory acquired is twice as large as Japan including her possessions (Korea, Formosa, Hokkaidō, Karafuto). Casting about for some one to head the new state, the Japanese brought Pu Yi, heir to the Dragon Throne of China, out of seclusion where he was living in Tientsin. Clad in fox skins, with an orchid for his crest, amid imperial pomp and ceremony the "boy Emperor of China" ascended the throne of Manchukuo as Emperor Kang Teh.

Until the Japanese took over the country Mukden was the capital and political center of the "Three Eastern Provinces" and the largest city in Manchuria. The new capital at Hsinking is now the political center. However, Mukden remained the industrial hub of the new empire as well as a travel center between Europe and Asia. Her population jumped from 400,000 to 1,100,000 and the town has long since spilled over the ancient great wall which surrounded the imperial Mukden.

The city may be roughly divided into three sections, first the

Chinese-walled city where Chinese merchants and nationals live. This section also contains the Royal Palace which has been denuded of the royal relics which were transferred to Peking. Then there are Shamputi, the foreign settlement, and the New City where the Japanese live. The new section was planned with broad streets intersecting at right angles, and the huge housing projects and new factories were of modern design. The rows of two-story modern homes half hidden behind low walls and trees were occupied by the families of Japanese officials. The houses had foreign exteriors in deference to the Manchukuo climate, but within the floors were of *tatami* and the occupants lived Japanese style.

Although Manchukuo lies in the same latitudes as Japan, France, and England, it has no tempering ocean currents and therefore enjoys a dry bitterly cold climate with long severe winters when the thermometer drops to 49 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and short hot summers. Little wood is available for building and Mukden is practically a fireproof town with stone, brick, and concrete buildings predominating. The buildings of the South Manchuria Railway's central offices would fit with pride into any city in the world.

Manchukuoan economy is tied to that of Japan as is her currency. Rationing was not yet in effect, but economy was encouraged and rice was "official" (mixed). Shops appeared to be well stocked with materials, including *sufu* and fur. Taxis were scarce due to the gasoline rationing. Three gallons per day were allowed each taxi. The *ricksha* was still used extensively in Mukden. A newly invented vehicle, a bicycle-drawn *ricksha*, had the advantage of speed and was popular. The scarcer the taxi, the more in demand were the *bashi*, a horse-drawn victoria.

A traveller was permitted to take out or to bring into Japan but 200 *Yen*. It was necessary to change it into Korean *Yen* and again into Manchukuoan currency. However, these countries form a *Yen* Bloc (including North China) under the domination of Japan, and regardless of real value the money was traded one for one. This resulted in great hardship for the traveller from Japan where the value of the *Yen* is greatest. For the man able to obtain a bit of gold, the temptation to bootleg the currency is great. Few Japanese, unless on government business, travel beyond the border of Japan proper.

I encountered several parties of Japanese youths being taken on a government-sponsored educational tour of Manchukuo. Other groups had spent the summer working in the fields.

The South Manchuria Railway showed me every courtesy. At my request permission was secured for me to visit the famous open-cut coal mines at Fushun, two hours by rail east of Mukden. The railroad cut across a rich farming area. In the country both men and women were universally clad in blue cotton coats and trousers. Farmers travelled along the dirt road, driving shaggy ponies hitched to two-wheeled carts. There are no fences in Manchukuo. Cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep are herded and have for their constant companion a boy or girl whose duty it is to see that they do not invade forbidden fields. Boy herders, mindful of their own comfort, ride upon the back of the tamest cow or horse in the lot, guiding others by ropes fastened about their necks. A pig herder had to walk.

In the year 1300 some Koreans discovered the coal deposit in this region and worked it in a primitive manner to obtain fuel used in baking their earthenware. Later mining was prohibited for the curious reason that the coal deposits lie near the ancestral tombs of the Manchu Dynasty. Chinese continued the operation at a later date. Mining was again interrupted by the sudden appearance of Imperial Russian troops in this territory. As a result of the Russo-Japanese War China's rich coal mine was ceded to Japan by Russia. Under the management of the South Manchuria Railway Company mining was begun on a large scale. Located on the Hun River, the vast coal beds cover 16,500 acres, the vein being ten miles long and two and a half miles wide. It is the largest "open-cut" coal mine in the world. Operators have only to blast the coal loose and haul it away. Blasting is done by the same stoping method I saw used in the famed Kirunavarra Iron mines in Swedish Lapland. Fushun collieries were like the mountain of iron in reverse. The terraces were like steps for a giant extending down into the earth.

The company has a capital investment of *Yen* 148,000,000. Thirty-six thousand Chinese coolies toil with shovels and picks, mining coal beneath the blue sky, for an average daily wage of 80 *sen* (20 cents). The deposit is estimated to contain more than a *thousand*

million tons of coal—enough to keep full-time shifts busy for more than a hundred years. The railway company began the operation of the Fushun coal fields in 1907 with a daily output of 350 tons which was increased to 5000 tons daily by 1912. Today the mine produces 25,000 tons of coal per day, with an annual output of 8,000,000 tons. At the east end of the open cut there are four shaft mines 370 meters deep, the largest in the world with a daily output of 5000 tons. When the second shaft is finished this tonnage will be doubled.

It was evident that the company itself was unsure of the extent of its underground wealth. The old town of Fushun proved to be over the present big cut and had to be moved to a new site. Within the space of fifteen years two entire towns have been removed and rebuilt.

I was deeply interested to learn how a worker, even a frugal Chinese coolie, could exist on 80 *sen* a day. If 80 *sen* is average, then there are many coolies who do not receive even that wage. In the residence section the long two family one-story houses and barracks were built along short streets. A blue-clad Chinese pedlar squatted, keeping an eye on a flat round basket of peanuts while some thirty ragamuffins, many naked, stood around. Their hungry expressions were enough to wish the peanuts right out of the basket.

The majority of the miners, brought from beyond the Great Wall in China, are bachelors. A bachelor lives with thirty or forty other men in barracks. The community bed is a raised platform six feet wide extending the length of the room on either side. The dirty ragged mats could scarcely be termed bedding. The pot-bellied iron stove on a dirt floor in the center of the room serves for both cooking and heating, and two pipes, one running beneath each of the sleeping platforms, carry the smoke off and at the same time warm the beds of the sleepers. Upstairs there were also sleeping quarters. Any clothing not on a miner's back was hung on a nail at the head of his space on the sleeping platform. A coolie miner has as much privacy as a sheep in a crowded stockyard.

A cook prepared and served the food. Rice is definitely in the luxury class for the workers, who are too poor to eat even the lowly potato. Their fare consists of a bowl of soup and a few cakes made of *kaoliang* flour. It struck me that an improved diet would speed

their efficiency and both the company and worker would profit. But the miners themselves cannot manage it.

The overseers with a higher wage were better off. I visited in a home consisting of two narrow rooms perhaps a dozen feet long, with a sleeping platform in each occupying half the room. The only other furnishings were a small mirror, two small chests of drawers and a few eating bowls. Cooking was done outside the house. This house like others was heated by an *ondol* beneath the floor, and compared to the bachelor's barracks, looked fairly comfortable.

The peanut vendor refused to sell his entire stock which I wished to buy for the children because he would have nothing to do for the rest of the day, he said.

The office buildings of the Fushun company were modern and an air of prosperity prevailed about the headquarters. The village contained stores, a post office and bank. On almost every corner a vendor sold roasted corn to passersby.

In the new section of Fushun I lunched at a luxurious modern hotel set in a large formal garden. The hotel was on an eminence with a view of distant hills which broke the monotonous level plains. Homes of Japanese officials occupied this exclusive residential district. Catherine Omizo, a *Nisei* educated in America, was assigned to show me about the mines. Upon her return to Japan she had migrated to Manchukuo seeking greater opportunity and found a post in the documents section of the mine. I gathered that she preferred the mild climate of Japan to the bitter Manchurian winters although she did not say so.

I returned to Mukden and caught the night express travelling north to Harbin. The South Manchuria Railway performed a world-famous feat in speed in engineering when they changed the line between Mukden and Hsinking from the Russian five-foot gauge to standard broad gauge. In the early hours of the morning, crews of workmen tackled the job and completed the transformation laying 150 miles of tracks within the space of six hours. Train service was not interrupted.

I entertained pleasant memories of Harbin. I broke my journey here to shop after repeated warnings by travellers to take food on my trans-Siberian trip in 1934. I filled a basket with tinned pheasant,

Russian bread, butter, tomato juice. I remembered. I gave up coffee upon discovering a small tin of George Washington would set me back \$14. The food proved an excellent idea.

If there was a shortage of food in Manchukuo the news had not reached Harbin. In fact Harbin is of another world. It is the place where East meets West, the only town in the Orient where a foreign woman can window shop with her mind on a personal wardrobe. Shops displayed fur coats, fox skins, and beautiful silks. The leading department store dealt almost exclusively in foreign-style ready-made garments for men, women and children. A shoe department handled leather shoes instead of clogs. Food stores had plenty of everything in stock.

Harbin was like a carefree wanton woman living in opulence when the less fortunate look to their rice bowls. Established by the Russians, Harbin was modelled after Moscow. With a population of nearly half a million, it is the most important industrial and traffic center of north Manchukuo. Annually more than 4,000,000 tons of soya beans, wheat and bean cake pass through the city. The Europe-Asia traveller must pass through Harbin. There is but one other city on the Asia mainland classified as "gay." Poor old Shanghai, her only rival, is now battle scarred and prices have soared.

Liquor stores advertised domestic and foreign brands. Prices were not cheap, but almost anything could be had. A biting breeze gave the first indication that winter was on the way. Passing a fur store, I was impelled to go in. Quality for quality, the prices matched the Fifth Avenue stores in New York City.

We stopped at one of the oldest Russian churches cared for by a black-robed priest with pre-Bolshevik whiskers. Many church treasures and ikons have filtered down from the north and lodged in Harbin churches.

I did not tarry long in Harbin, although it was a most interesting city. I had much travelling to do and did not wish winter to catch up with me on continental Asia. I headed south for Hsinking.

Chapter Thirty-Eight

HSINKING . . . A MANCHU FARM

On the observation car of the crack streamlined air-conditioned express from Harbin to Hsinking my companions were prosperous Japanese business men and a number of young Germans of military age accompanied by their wives. Their appearances belied shortages of food and clothing in the Reich. They wore well-cut British tweeds, and some of them might have gone on a diet with good results. They had come across Siberia and were en route to Japan.

The Yamato Hotel, a modern foreign-style structure set in a garden surrounded by trees was crowded. While waiting for a room I drove to the Palace to pay my respects to the Emperor. Standing before the Imperial gateway my companions and I bowed three times.

Hsinking, formerly Changchun, is a planned city modelled after Paris and Washington. For some two hundred years the walled Manchu city was the seat of the local government of this district. It retained its name and position until 1932 when Japan, starting from scratch, built on the plains a new city to occupy the position as capital of Manchukuo. Broad tree-lined boulevards, circles, parks, and massive government buildings of modern design built of marble, stone, and concrete comprise the layout of the capital. The ugliness of telephone wires and sewers is hidden below the surface. Streamlined houses for Japanese officials have foreign exteriors. Hsinking is a capital any country in the world could be proud of, but it is a "foreign-style" capital. No one criticizes it, but the people do not like it. They prefer the narrow crooked streets of the walled town to the broad tree-shaded boulevards. It requires time to change a nation's taste in architecture.

Due to the gasoline shortage and distances in Hsinking, the horse-drawn *bashi* was popular. The problem of horses littering the clean

streets of the new capital arose. A sanitary official solved the delicate question by inventing a canvas bag attached at an angle to the horse's rear. It is now standard equipment.

Blackout curtains which drape the windows of hotel rooms in the Orient give them the appearance of being always in mourning. Hsinking was safer from air raids than many cities because of the wide space between buildings. To do real damage the bomber would have to make direct hits.

Radio Station MTYC invited me to do a broadcast to the United States on my "Travels in Asia" and Harold Funada, the newscaster, a Japanese born and educated in Hawaii, came to my hotel to discuss the script. Upon coming to Japan, Harold gave up his American citizenship and was immediately inducted into the Army and sent to the front in China. After a year and a half of service, he was discharged, not for disability but to make room for other youths.

Manchukuo is to the Japanese what the West was to the United States a half a century ago. It is a pioneer land of opportunity. Salaries which are 70 per cent higher than in Japan offer an inducement to the young men of Japan to emigrate, but the biggest inducement is his escape from a parasitic family which usually remains in Japan.

MTYC was situated in the Communications Building on the ground floor, and was fitted out like a sumptuous Arab's tent. The announcer said that he had heard rebroadcast to Europe that same morning the broadcast I did over JOAK in Tokyo in August.

I found it more fun to wander in the old walled city and to poke among the tiny shops on crooked streets than to drive in a taxi to the huge department store on a broad street, so exclusive it appeared almost isolated.

To enter Hsinking it is necessary to come over one of several boulevards. One day I saw a farmer going to market driving a herd of pigs. Unaccustomed to pavement, the porkers became exhausted and staged a lay-down strike on the grassy parking strip, resting in the shade of ornamental trees. Again I saw a herd of a hundred hogs asleep in the shade cast by a large government office building in the heart of the city. The herder was also taking a siesta.

I have never been able to learn whether or not crows and magpies

are sacred, or if there are just too many of them to hope for extermination. The Yamato Hotel had the same magpie problem as the Royal Hawaiian in Honolulu where a "bird watchman" patrols the gardens shaking the noisy mynah from the trees. In the morning the pests fly away to raid the grain fields, consuming enough food to keep many a Manchu family from starvation. At dusk, as they converge upon the hotel garden, the blue sky is completely hidden by their black wings, and their music is like that of a million air raid sirens.

In the large well-appointed foreign dining room of the Yamato Hotel 95 per cent of the guests wore uniform, either of the Army, school, or government, or national dress. But three women wore kimono.

On several occasions I had heard mention of the government's experimental village where families from Japan were settled. I wished to get the views of a native Japanese settler and expressed a desire to see the "model" farms. To my surprise I was taken to the South Manchuria Railway's Experiment Station at Koshurei, an hour by rail from Hsinking. It was an orthodox agricultural experiment station engaged in improving the breeds of stock and plants for the past thirty-seven years. The manager, deeply interested in the progress of agriculture in his native Manchuria, showed me a collection of farm implements used by present-day Manchu farmers. Primitive wooden implements are still in general use. A forked sapling serves as a pitchfork, a sharpened wooden beam is a plough, a log between two runners covers the seed planted from a gourd with a hole in the bottom. With the use of modern farm implements, instead of the present ten-hour work day the manager said the Manchu farmer could cease work at noon and obtain the same results.

Farmers live almost exclusively on *kaoliang*, a Chinese sorghum, saving their more valuable soy beans for export. *Kaoliang* is made into flour, the leaves into silage, and the stalks serve as a foundation for his grass thatch, the left-overs being used for firewood. The growing of *kaoliang* within one-half-mile of the railroad was banned because it afforded ambush for bandits bent upon wrecking the

trains and robbing and killing passengers. Wood is so scarce the farmer usually plants a windbrake of willow which can be pruned annually for firewood. I had read about denuded forests, had seen vast plains and mountains without a single tree, but it took the sight of a farmer nursing a small willow tree to bring home to me the real importance of wood to man.

An isolated Manchu farm, surrounded by a wall slit with loopholes, resembles a small desert fortress. During troublesome times the strong reinforced gates can be shut and barred. I had a greater respect for the ingenuity of man when I saw that farmer Wang, starting with nothing, had made a home from sticks, mud and grass. Mr. Wang, clad in his best blue satin frogged jacket, was on the verge of departing for the village when we called, but delayed his trip to show us about his place.

The farm buildings were designed to fit within a square surrounded by a high mud wall built as protection against bandits. Long narrow living quarters ran the length of three sides of the wall. At a glance the home life of a Manchu farm family appeared the acme of simplicity. The section along the rear wall was the abode of the master, his wife and concubines, while lesser members of the family including sons and their wives occupied the remaining space.

We crossed the courtyard where children clad in red trousers and jackets played. A donkey hitched to a post waited to take Mr. Wang to the village. A dozen hogs grunted in pens near the gate. Women sat on mats busily slicing green beans and peas and placing them to dry in shallow circular baskets. One low roof was laden with red peppers and a clothesline was festooned with purple egg plants drying in the sun. Fall was already upon us and the Wang family was busy laying by food against the bitterly cold winter. Wang's quarters consisted of two main rooms separated by a narrow hallway which served as kitchen and dining room. We had to brush past the cook who was busy baking *kaoliang* cakes in a huge shallow iron cauldron for luncheon. His stove was made of mud, and smoke was piped beneath the sleeping platforms and exited through a chimney standing four feet from the house. This method of heating is called *ondol*. The house had dirt floors and the only furnishings

were two chests of drawers and reed mats covering the sleeping platform. A concubine's baby was asleep in a flat cradle made of boards hung by a rope from the rafters. It was similar to the Ainu cradle which Fosco cherished as an heirloom.

Along one wall were jars containing bean paste in which were pickled cucumber, radish and turnip. Other jars contained eggs pickled in brine which are eaten boiled or served as a tidbit with wine.

The family system prevails, the more affluent a man, the greater the number of concubines he is able to keep. Women of the middle class are not expected to work in the fields and they looked down upon Japanese settlers whose womenfolk did so. The farmer trusts no bank. If he has any surplus cash he buries it.

I wondered how so many women beneath one roof could live in harmony, but farmer Wang said they managed very well for they have been trained to do so from childhood. His small family of twenty-five was insignificant.

Enviously he told of the Su family at Huhuangssu in Liaoyang who had more than 300 members living in a single large courtyard. There were so many children the family maintains a private school. What constitutes the family's especial boast is that five generations live beneath the same roof.

Marriage customs among the farm people are rigid and conventional. A boy and a girl are betrothed in infancy. While mere babies they go through the ceremony of "seeing each other." In this ceremony the parents of the future bridegroom take four kinds of souvenirs and expenses for tobacco to the abode of the girl where a feast has been laid. The infant future bride offers tobacco to her future father-in-law, who gives her a sum of money which is called "tobacco money." In relatively well-to-do-families this sum ranges between five and ten *Yuan*, but between poor families larger sums are offered, frequently as much as 200 to 300 *Yuan*. The poorer a family the more difficult they find it to get brides for sons.

When the children are seventeen or eighteen years of age they exchange gifts, and nuptials are celebrated. A week after the ceremony the bride and groom proceed to her parents' house to exchange greetings, and on New Year's day following their union they visit

again bearing gifts. The marriage convention is thus completed.

During the year their first child is born. It usually dies within a week after birth. The high rate of mortality prevailing in Manchu farming villages is due partly to the fact that country families regard child delivery as unclean. The young mother-to-be is not allowed to bear her child on the *ondol* warmed platform but is forced to squat on the cold dirt floor. The midwife refers to her business as "going to pick up the child." The baby is picked up only after she has taken care of the after-birth of the mother which requires nearly a half an hour. Often the child is dead of exposure before the midwife gets the mother attended to. Some do not survive the first night, others linger a week. The lucky baby which has survived every handicap of birth is bound hand and foot stiff and straight and laid on hard bran bags with hard circular pillow under its head. Surprisingly enough these babies grow into tall and handsome men and women, by far the best looking in Asia.

Any one could see that the Wang family was well off by the huge pile of fertilizer stacked beside the gate. The bigger the mound of fertilizer, the more affluent the household. It is a subtle way of boasting.

Farmer Wang walked to the station with us as he was going to the village on business.

One could not soon forget this little railway station, for on the crest of the roof silhouetted against the cloudless sky ten fierce golden dragons, their metal whiskers waving in the breezes, guarded it from evil.

I gave a small unkempt Manchu girl clad in blue trousers twenty *sen* and pointed to a corn vendor. She ran over and presently returned bringing me eight large ears of roasted corn. I made her understand the money was for herself. She promptly returned the corn to the vendor, retrieved her twenty *sen* and ran away before anything happened to it. Other children stood about eating roasted or boiled corn, the standard lunch for the poor who are travelling.

I noticed a few graves in the fields, but they are not the curse in Manchukuo as they are south of the Great Wall where the bones of ancestors which no one dares disturb occupy one per cent of the arable land.

Chapter Thirty-Nine

KIRIN . . . CORMORANTS . . . AND CHOLERA

No one was able to understand my desire to go to Kirin, and I would have felt silly admitting that it was inspired by seeing a wood block print on the wall of the hotel in Gifu. The print depicted a blue-robed giant Manchu astride two small long boats engaged in fishing with cormorants. Both the picture and the manager's story of the birds actually bringing the fish and depositing them in the net stirred my "I'm from Missouri" impulse. Kirin is off the beaten track and travellers do not customarily go there. But neither that fact nor the threat of bandits was sufficient to discourage me. Knowledge of the current cholera epidemic in Kirin might have deterred me, but luckily no one thought to mention that. According to a Chinese prophet, "A woman with an idea is like a flight of steps leading to a calamity." I went to Kirin.

Kirin, with a population of some 175,000, is the administrative and commercial center of the large and fertile Kirin Province lying due east of Hsinking about halfway between that city and the Sea of Japan. It was a propitious time for travelling in the Province for it was at the change of seasons and I had a good chance to observe the country people making ready for the winter. Since my arrival in north Manchukuo I had watched the fields change in color from deep greens to the warmer mauve, red, yellows. As far as eye could see across the limitless flat plains the fields of ripening grain undulated in the gentle breezes.

The nippy weather served to remind me that time was drawing nigh for me to be heading south. Along the right of way men in conical straw hats and loose blue garments stooped cutting hay with hand scythes. In near-by fields of stubble where grain had been harvested, boys herded their cattle and horses. With naked feet the

herd boy stood on the ox's back while through the holes in his coat the river winds blew. Girls herded the pigs, an inferior job.

All houses were alike, made of straw and mud and bricks, with thatched roof, the high round mud chimney minaret invariably several feet from the house. Only well-to-do-people like Mr. Wang could afford tiled V-shaped roofs to protect their walls. In the hinterland farmers planted tough grass along the summit to prevent the wall from melting in the heavy rains. A lengthy downpour can completely disintegrate a house in disrepair. All along this line and on other lines too I have observed near the station, houses with circular buttresses the same height as the walls, slit with loopholes for the guns. The more substantial were made of brick. But the protection of a mud wall is superior to no protection at all in a surprise battle. Many individual homes were enclosed with loop-holed walls.

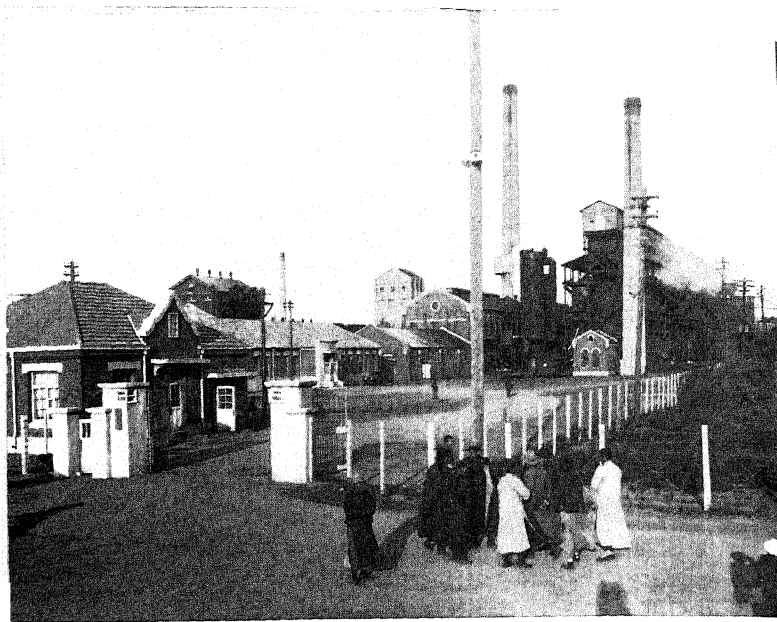
Manchukuo has long been afflicted with mounted bandits who ravage the country. Under the old military regime even regular soldiers turned to banditry, and bandits were enlisted among the regular troops when needed so that it was difficult to distinguish which was which. Bandits in Manchuria once numbered as many as 200,000 after the Manchurian Incident. The number has been reduced to an estimated 20,000. In 1934 an intensive campaign was directed against outlaws in Kirin province and efforts are still being made to confiscate weapons illegally possessed by the people.

One day the walls and loopholes may be unnecessary but for the present every farm has its protective wall, for Kirin is still the hang-out for brigands.

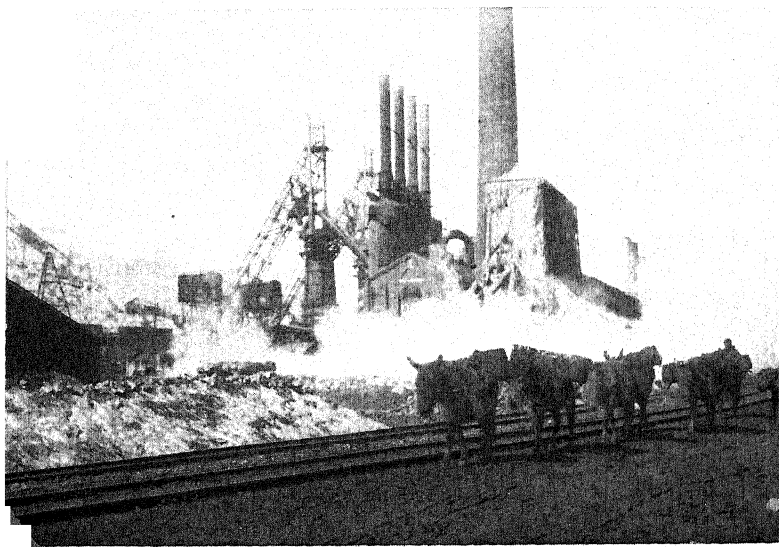
Kirin, situated on a branch of the Sungari River, has been called the "Kyoto of Manchukuo" because of its many old temples and the beauty of the hilly surroundings. The city was on one bank of the river and there was no bridge spanning the broad, shallow stream. The eastern bank is cultivated. The principal products marketed in Kirin are lumber, tobacco leaf, hemp, furs, and vegetables.

Kirin will certainly not become a tourist resort for quite some time, for the single foreign-style hotel was in process of having its front remodelled and was in a sad state. There are but 15,000 Japanese in Kirin and they are not sufficient to exert much influence





Entrance to Fushun Coal Mine, largest open-cut coal mine in the world at Fushun, Manchukuo.



at present. Kirin is strictly a Manchu town with unpaved crooked streets, a rambling market place. The ugly spire of a Christian church attested the presence of foreign missionaries. From the appearance of the church the missionaries' endeavors were an uphill struggle. The populace of Kirin tend to be individualists. Of the seven million native Manchus living in Manchukuo most of them speak Chinese, with the exception of those living in Kirin province. They cling to their own dialect although Chinese is the official language of Manchukuo.

From the amount and variety of foodstuffs I saw for sale in the markets, Kirin had no food problem. In a Chinese restaurant overlooking the river I lunched Chinese style on an eighteen-course meal beginning with roasted pine nuts and ending with chestnut soup. In between there were varieties of pork, sausage, chicken, duck, fish, ancient eggs, salads, dried meats, sliced cold meats, squid, puddings and rice and tea. A circular table ten feet in diameter was completely filled with dishes used in serving three people.

A rock retaining wall reached thirty feet from the street level to the water's edge. A slanting staircase led down to the place where a canopied barge waited to take us on the fishing excursion. Once more my shoes were parked in the prow of a boat and I sat on a matted floor anticipating the pleasure of watching clever cormorants at work. For it is a fact that cormorant fishing is a lazy man's job. The fisherman just sits back and allows the birds to do the work. Life along the river was interesting. On rafts of logs anchored to the banks, many blue-clad Chinese squatted, fishing patiently. Perhaps they were thinking up a lot of good useful philosophy; they certainly were not catching anything. A few women washed their family laundry in the river, flaying it well with flat paddles. Passersby hung their chins on the protecting iron rail at the top of the retaining wall and enjoyed the river, the cool breezes and the life below them.

Our oarsmen had little to do but guide the boat as we floated downstream. We passed the riverside market, where wholesale goods were brought on sailing barges and deposited on a concreted area extending for a quarter of a mile along the river bank. A couple of hundred men were busily unloading the boats and carting away

the produce. A small dugout ferried people across the river to a tiny dock on the opposite bank. There a farmer drove his oxen until they stood belly deep in the river and unloaded his fresh vegetables directly from cart to boat.

Finally we came to the hangout of the cormorant fishermen. Baskets used to transport the birds were empty, but standing sedately in two even rows like cut-out paper figures were the cormorants. I hastened to get a photograph of them before they began to walk about. They never did. Two men passed along tying a cord at the base of each bird's throat. This finished, they began releasing them, picking the birds up by the necks and transporting them to the boats. I saw that the poor things had been fastened by the foot to a rope laid flat along the earth and secured at each end with a stake. When the cormorants were in order on the gunwales, oarsmen shoved off. The master, a tall Chinese in long blue robe, had put a single white cormorant in his boat, which true to tradition was the last to enter the water and the first to be taken out. When we were up the river each boatman shoved his cormorants into the swift water and the fun began. The birds began to dive and to swim about. In order to excite them to greater effort he pounded two boards together. Sometimes a man beat on the boat with his oar. Unlike the Japanese cormorants at Gifu, Chinese birds were not made captive, but were allowed to swim about freely. They were well trained and needed no restricting cord. When their throats were filled with fish they swam idly about. It was the signal for the fisherman to cast out his butterfly net on the end of a long pole and capture the successful bird, haul it aboard, turn it bottoms up, shake out the fish from its throat and toss it back into the water. After a bird's throat has been emptied several times and he begins to realize his work is fruitless as far as food for himself is concerned, he slows down. But the eagle eyes of the boatman are watching. When a bird is just swimming about he beats the surface of the water. Sometimes the cormorant grows angry and takes to wing, rising gracefully from the surface like a miniature seaplane, his webbed feet folded back pressed against his body. Since his wings are clipped he cannot fly far, and finally lands feet first, wings held almost perpendicular above him until his feet rest on the rippling

waters of the river. After a brief run-away flight he goes back to work. They caught silver mountain trout from four to six inches long, and the fishing was on a commercial scale. We followed them a couple of miles down the river, and then turned, waved farewell and left them.

I was satisfied. Chinese cormorants did not bring fish and deposit them in the net. But they fished during the daytime which was more difficult than night fishing when the torch light lures the *ayu*.

I was well on my way to catch the train back to Hsinking when I learned of the cholera epidemic. Apparently the city was not quarantined and no one was much disturbed about it. Although cholera outbreaks are growing less frequent, they are still common enough that no one becomes excited so long as it does not reach the epidemic stage.

Chapter Forty

JEHOL . . . UNCENSORED GODS OF MONGOLIA

Hidden in the mountain fastness away from a troubled Asia, Jehol, a little Mongol town on the fringe of the Gobi Desert, contains religious sanctuaries—monasteries, lamaseries, and temples—the equal of which is not found elsewhere in the whole world. As far back as the Stone Age the valley of the Harchin Mongols was famed for its settlement. This resting place for camel caravans and hangout for Mongol nomads on horseback remained completely inaccessible to the outside world until 1936. During that year the Japanese built a railroad connecting Jehol with Manchukuo for the purpose of transporting troops to the frontier of Mongolia.

To reach Jehol, I travelled from Mukden on an armed train through bandit-infested Western Manchukuo. Soldiers in adjacent seats polished the steel bayonets of their rifles while I sat and dreamed away the twenty long hours in thrilled anticipation of the golden pavilions and priceless treasures of the Temple City of Jehol. The railway line follows along the gorges and ravines winding among the foothills of the Great Khingan Mountain Range which protects fertile Manchuria from the encroaching Gobi Desert. Whenever my train halted, armed guards stood at attention before the tiny station ready to protect us from any surprise attack. As we travelled west, the character of the country changed; soil became less fertile, houses were made of mud. Isolated farms surrounded by high mud walls and green willow wind brakes were real oases in a treeless land. Blue-clad farmers were busy harvesting fields of golden millet, wheat *kaoliang* flax and cotton by hand. On the mountain slopes nomads on horseback herded cattle, droves of shaggy ponies, sheep and black goats. The donkey served as a beast

of burden. Completely concealed beneath piles of grass they looked like moving haystacks as they trudged along the trail.

I noticed that the barracks housing soldiers whose duty it was to guard the railway were protected by stone walls slit with loopholes. Their guns bristled with steel bayonets as they snapped to attention when the train halted. During leisure hours their artistic temperament found expression in the growing of beds of flowers about the bare little railway station where familiar four o'clocks, red prince feathers, and vari-colored cosmos blossomed. The soldier's sole consolation during his lonely vigil in the concrete blockhouse atop the hill which guards the tunnel is the magnificent view.

Passengers on my train were Chinese, Mongolians, Japanese soldiers, and civilians. Apparently all the world was hell-bent for Jehol, I thought. Yet, later when we met a train from Jehol, it, too, was laden with assorted humanity.

Few passengers agreed upon the name of the city of our destination. Some maps printed the name Jehol; others Raihol. Our train going there was labelled Chengte. When we arrived I noticed that the name written on the station was Syōtoku. It had been freshly painted over the old name, Shotoku. Merchants doing business in the town spelled the name Jō Hō.

The Jehol railway station, recently completed, was a handsome piece of architecture resembling a Lama Temple. Its gracefully curving roof was made of imperial yellow tiles which in the days of the Monarchy were reserved exclusively for royalty. Two stone Chinese dogs brought from a near-by temple guarded the entrance. More effective protection was had from barbed-wire entanglements which screened the windows, and the concrete buttressed end walls, each of which was pierced with loopholes for twenty machine guns. From the size of the hotel, which occupied one end of the station building, not many travellers were expected in this part of the world. It had but three guest rooms—two Japanese style, one foreign. The narrow crooked streets of the town, flanked by small shops with adobe walls, dirt floors and tiled roofs, were designed for rickshas, carts and palanquins. Many urchins in padded faded blue garments played about the dirt road used by camel caravans en route to Peking after crossing the Gobi Desert. Rows of permanent new

army barracks made of stone and brick were in process of construction on level ground between the precipitous mountain wall and the levee of the river. Khaki-clad Japanese soldiers, awaiting the signal to move into the battle raging to the south, lived in tents.

Jehol has a past like no other town. At the dawn of the eighteenth century, the Manchu Emperor in Peking bestirred himself to prepare a place of refuge if the worst happened and he lost his Dragon Throne. By camel caravan he travelled from Peking to the northeast beyond the Great Wall. In the mountain fastnesses of Mongolia he found a suitable site on the Jehol River, a branch of the Luanho which has its source in Inner Mongolia and debouches into the Gulf of Chihli. Here the Emperor built a summer palace on the slopes of the hills overlooking the river, and it became the fashion for the Imperial family to spend the hot months in Jehol. For comfort in travelling, the Emperor's Road was built. It extended from Peking to Jehol and every foot of its 115 miles was freshly swept and sprinkled before the Emperor began a journey to Jehol. In an effort to keep those of high rank near the Throne physically fit, the Emperor staged annual hunting parties on so vast a scale they were more in the nature of army manoeuvres. With aching muscles these men of luxury, aided by falcons, dogs, and beaters, hunted tiger, panther, leopard, bear and deer. Tradespeople, attracted by the needs of the tens of thousands engaged in the hunt, built low mud-walled shops in long crooked rows. Under Imperial patronage, Jehol became the most prosperous town beyond the Great Wall and second in importance to Peking.

The first act of the Manchus, encouraged by the Emperor to migrate to this region, was to cut down the forests in order to lay out their settlements. Heavy rains caused washouts on the denuded soil. Thus were fertile wooded regions laid waste.

The Summer Palace, founded by Emperor Kang-hsi, was six years in the building. It is the least impressive of the colorful architecture so artfully set in mountain scenery. A high, thick rock wall encompasses the Palace, its many gardens, deer park, and three lakes upon which wild geese, storks and ducks come to rest. A triple-storied theatre, kiosks, summer houses, pergolas, private temples, and view towers nestle among the deep green foliage of pine

and fir. A "Terrace of Fairies" on the Island of the Blest was one of the Emperor's favorite retreats. Spotted deer and hart darted among the ten thousand trees, rare birds sang in the accacias, and swallow-tailed gold fish swam in the lakes which mirrored the clear desert sky.

A moon gate in the wooded park was a boundary beyond which no living man was permitted save the Emperor and his eunuchs. Hidden in this secret garden were the yellow-tiled palaces of the six Empresses, princesses and the many Imperial concubines and slaves. It was here the beautiful captive, Hsiang Fei, unwilling concubine of the Emperor, surrounded by her trousered Turkish hand-maidens, pined for her native Turkestan. Made prisoner when her consort, the Khan, was slain, the Princess, who was famed throughout central Asia for her beauty, was brought to the Court of the Manchus over the road taken by Marco Polo 500 years earlier. The proud Turkish woman defied the Son of Heaven. She begged to be sent back to her native land. Failing that, she begged to be allowed to die. The Empress Mother, fearing her son's life was in danger from this foreign concubine, took occasion to send for her one day when the Emperor was at prayer in a temple. She listened to Princess Hsiang Fei's story. Touched by the proud Turkish woman's request, the Empress Mother graciously permitted her to be strangled in the Moon Flower Gate.

The seventy-two pavilions, temples, monasteries, lamaseries and colorful religious structures which, like bright jewels, stud the purple mountains sloping into the Lion Valley were not erected merely as an Imperial whim. The Emperor caused a temple to be built on occasions of commemoration and jubilee such as the visit from the Tashi Lama from Thibet, the surrender of an enemy tribe, or an Imperial birthday.

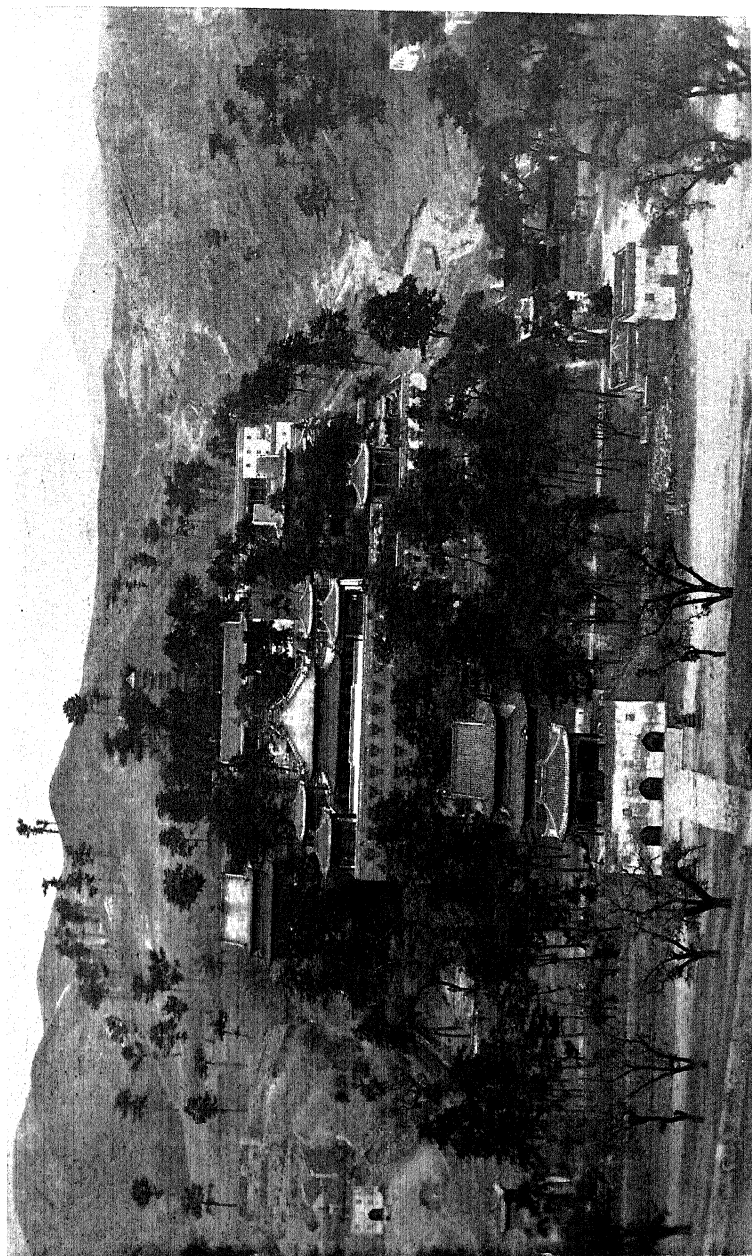
Of all the sanctuaries in this summering place of Emperors, the Potala is the most famous. It was erected to commemorate the return of the Torgot tribe of Mongols, whose flight from Russia is one of the most dramatic and tragic mass migrations in history. The graceful buildings in shades of soft pink and yellow, designed to harmonize with the landscape, set in a park of pine and fir, rest like a gorgeous palace against a background of bare purple moun-

tains. On a vast scale, the Potala is a replica of the Potala at Lhasa (Thibet). In the background the dormitory, a castle-like building 300 feet high and 500 feet square, housed hundreds of novices and Lamas. Two seated life-sized stone elephants guard the three carved arches topped by five emerald stupas which form the entrance to the delightful Elephant Courtyard. There were many pavilions, including the famed Golden Pavilion, with golden carved columns inlaid with colors, supporting upturned yellow roofs. The Potala contains the memorial tablets, vertical blocks of highly polished stone inscribed in four languages. Of magnificent proportions, the equal of the Potala is not to be found in the whole of China. At the height of glory it was served by 800 Lama priests. As late as 1911, 600 Lamas took care of religious worship. Today, alas, the courtyards are overgrown with grass, the buildings are in disrepair. Already many of the Imperial yellow-tiled roofs have collapsed. A single robed priest, living in abject poverty in one of the buildings, invited me to his bare cell for tea which he brewed over a brazier, heating the water with dry cornstalks. His bed was a wooden platform warmed from beneath.

The Hsin-kung Temple Monastery adjacent to the Potala, built to commemorate the visit of the Tashi Lama from Thibet, has been called "the most splendid of Jehol's Temples, and one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity in the kingdom of China." It contains many temples, pagodas, pavilions and a large dormitory within its walls. The most beautiful double roof in Jehol shelters one of the temples. Eight scaly dragons, backs arched, heads upraised, ornament the upper tiled roof while eight sea elephants, trunks upraised, adorn the lower.

Smaller but of amazing magnificence was the Ili-miao, the "Temple for the Pacifying of the Far Dwellers" built in 1764 as a compliment to the Dzungar Tribe. It was set in an elm grove at the end of the valley and contained the Green Goddess of Tara resting upon a massive pedestal.

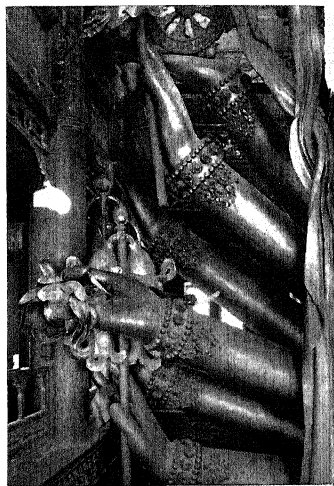
To the south of the Ili-miao I visited the strange Temple of Universal Delight, built in 1767 by order of the Emperor for the purpose of propagating Lamaism among the Torgots. On the topmost terrace was the chief temple, its shape reminiscent of the re-



Temple and Monastery Buildings of Hsin-kung called "One of the most beautiful monuments of the past."



Interior, Hall of Buddha's Lohans showing three of the five hundred larger-than-life figures of the Disciples. Jehol, Mongolia.



Left: Head of the Great Buddha, seventy-two feet high, in the Hall of Gods, Ta-Fo shu Temple, Jehol, Mongolia. *Right:* Photo shows only seven of the thirty-six arms (eighteen

nowned Temple of Heaven in Peking. In front was a beautifully ornamented marble with a shrine of brown wood on top of it. Within, hidden from the prying eyes of man, was the God of Copulation with a female beauty in his arms.

Ta-fu-szu, the "Temple of the Great Buddha," a massive building of reddish brown wood with five roofs, one above the other, diminishing in size toward the top, houses the largest figure of Buddha in East Asia. At the entrance a yellow-robed priest stepped forward, handed me a lighted incense stick which I placed before a seated figure of Buddha. In the dimly lit center of the pavilion I hardly noticed the giant figure of Buddha, so tall that it was impossible to see the entire figure at once. From the floor, looking up at the seventy-two-foot wooden Buddha, I could see only as far as his navel. From the second rickety gallery I saw his belly, and from the top had a view of his huge face and eighteen pairs of arms. Two forty-foot gilded praying figures, male and female, flanked him. These figures were of wood, glittering with gold, each made of a single tree trunk. Along the wall to the right were ranged large wooden *Lohans* (disciples) draped in cloth-of-gold robes. To the left of Buddha, in the end of the Temple were a thousand niches, each of which once contained a golden Buddha. All but one of the figures have been filched by impious pilgrims who have carried away just about everything movable from the temples.

The Hall of Five Hundred Disciples of Buddha was in a sad state of disrepair, the roof propped up with poles. Five hundred larger than life-sized gilded wooden figures, many clad in yellow silken robes, were exposed to the winds and snows. It is said that a pilgrim will surely discover the likeness of a loved one in some one of the faces of these *Lohans*.

The atmosphere was spooky within the silent, dusty, dimly lit pavilion which sheltered three gigantic gilded and painted figures—the famous fat pot-bellied Laughing Buddha, and two *Lohans*.

The walls of a near-by temple were decorated with what a foreigner regards as lascivious paintings. A group of larger than life-sized brightly painted wooden figures of humans and animals have engaged in an orgy for more than two hundred years. A shocked Uncle Sam refuses to allow photographs of the interior of

this temple to enter the United States. The sight of skins of men (with heads left on) serving as drapery along with pelts of the bear and tiger caused my own flesh to creep.

The temple which housed a variety of Buddha images built in the sixteenth year of the Ch'ien-lung Era has been reduced to ruins. Only the nine-storied octagonal pagoda rising 300 feet against the sky remains. A copy of the famed Hangchow pagoda, the topmost story commands a full view of the palace grounds and the colorful monasteries and lamaseries set in green gardens against a backdrop of purple mountains along the Lion Valley.

In this valley of temples literature was not neglected. A poet and man of culture, the Emperor caused a magnificent library to be erected upon a flagstone terrace surrounded by sweet-smelling shrubbery and filled it with the finest collection of literature in the world.

Jehol was sponsored chiefly by two Emperors who hoped to strike awe into the hearts of nomad tribesmen by the magnificence of the religious structures and thus to link the followers of Lamaism to the Dragon Throne by means of golden chains of faith and worship. The last Emperor of China died in Jehol. From this town his concubine Yi fled with her son to Peking and by her own cleverness forestalled plans to assassinate herself and heir en route. By her iron will she crushed all political opposition and climbed to the highest office in the land. As Dowager Empress Ts'u-hsi she ruled China for fifty years. But she had little time for Jehol. In 1911 a revolution upset the Dragon Throne. To maintain the religious pomp of the Temples of Jehol requires a steady stream of gold from the bottomless purse of an Emperor. Today, the great "Fountainbleau of Asia," neglected, crumbles in disrepair.

But hold! Is history about to back-track? Can the new conqueror, using religion as the chain, also bind the vanquished to an alien throne through their temples? The Japanese Government will try. Recently it appropriated a million *Yen* to be used in restoring the religious structures in Jehol.

Chapter Forty-One

BORDER INCIDENT

I was up early to catch the slow express for Peking, a trip which is made only by daylight because of the danger entailed. Glancing out my window I witnessed a touching ceremony, a sending-away party. A contingent of two carloads of soldiers were already entrained ready to depart for the front. Delegations of women clad in kimono, and long Manchurian robes, with white bands to distinguish them as the women's committee, stood in a straight row on the platform in line with a squad of uniformed Army officers. "*Banzai!*" they shouted in unison to those on the train. As the train slowly moved away the men and women bowed to the departing soldiers; the women turned in a body and bowed to the officers, the officers returned the bow and the party dispersed.

The troop train preceded the express by an hour. Peking was but twelve hours distant, almost due south beyond the Great Wall, but the route lay across a mountain range and the plains beyond where military activities were in progress. Coaches were crowded, with officers and soldiers predominating.

Mongolian mornings in early fall are unforgettable. The air was crisp and clear, the shadows on the mountains a deep purple and the dome above cobalt. It was a pleasure just to be alive. But that was at the beginning of the journey over the mountains. By the time I reached Peking, dirty, gritty and tired, I marvelled that I could have so recently felt such joy in life.

The railroad leading from Jehol to Peking is a marvel of construction. Engineers planned the crossing of the mountains with the minimum number of tunnels by following the valleys, climbing up and switching back. When they built it they had not reckoned with the dread *hunghutze* (Chinese brigands) who found the capture of a train the easiest thing in the world. They merely lay in ambush at the bottom of the switchback, and when the engineer

after backing downhill was in the process of getting his engine rolling forward, they sprang out and held up the train. Everybody was robbed, obstreperous passengers were murdered, and the most important, those likely to yield ransoms, were kidnapped. Since the Japanese have penetrated North China and Mongolia, they have erected concrete-loopholed guard houses atop a commanding precipice overlooking each switchback, and soldiers are stationed at the point where the train halts before going forward. Soldiers on the train kept their shining bayonets fixed to their guns, ready for instant action. I settled back in my seat to enjoy the scenery for I knew not if I would ever come this way again.

Bare purple mountains devoid of forests were cultivated by the farmers until the terrain became too steep for the worker to cling to the hillside. Dry river beds served as highways for carts and travellers on foot. The blue cotton costumes universally worn were attractive even when faded and blended nicely with the landscape. A blue-clad farmer harvested by hand his millet, the golden heads drooping under weight of precious grain was a delight in harmonious color. In the clayey back yards I watched the age-old method of husking the grain. The tops were severed by hand, threshed with a hinged paddle, and then spread on a canvas. A donkey hitched to a stone roller was driven in a circle until the poor beast became dizzy. The grain was tossed into the air, and the wind blew the lighter chaff away.

I saw the grain being ground into flour in a primitive manner. It was placed on a circular flat stone and a stone roller drawn over the grain by donkey power. In Kirin I sampled millet bread and found it good.

A few of the humble farmhouses had tiled roofs, but for the most part they were of thatch. Every establishment was surrounded by a wall, brick if near a kiln and the owner happened to be a prosperous farmer, otherwise the wall was made of mud.

The people living in the mountains were settled nomads and their chief interest lay in herding their cattle, goats, sheep and horses which grazed in the mountains. There was not a pasture fence in all Mongolia.

Manchu and Mongolian women have attained a certain inde-

pendent status and are rarely required to work in the fields. Yet one could not say that they were an idle lot, for they were always busy about their simple homes, drying eggplants, corn, grinding grain, pickling vegetables and performing a thousand and one jobs. I saw many trousered women, some quite young, with bound feet. Proud of their tiny V-shaped feet, no larger than the end of the thigh bone, they wore tiny blue satin slippers intricately embroidered. These women hobbling on the end of their thighbones and their European sisters hobbling on their spike heels alike sacrificed a graceful carriage for the sake of a small foot.

I could hardly believe that I was in Asia where woman ranks as an inferior being when on several occasions I saw a husband and wife travelling together with but a single donkey, the woman riding on the beast's haunches, while the man walked behind.

As the train slowed its speed climbing a grade a bullet-spattered multi-colored, camouflaged, passenger bus which had been racing it caught up and passed. I saw three dozen similar buses, battered and punctured beyond repair, in Jehol, their zigzagged painted patterns spattered with gunfire. A trip on one of them would not lack for excitement. With my soldier companions I felt safer on the train.

Finally the grade became so steep in solid rock tunnels that we climbed through one tunnel and went into reverse in another, coming out into the open beneath a concrete pillbox. After negotiating the steepest grades on the longest switchback, we stopped at a tiny station guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets.

Passengers had to provide their own food. With foresight I brought a *bento* from the hotel. It contained cold rice, some dried fish, pickles and a pair of chopsticks. I had barely finished eating when the country levelled out and we came to the border.

The train halted. Passengers got out and stood in line to change their Manchurian *Yuan* into Chinese dollars at par. This was a hardship. Their money was worth four times as much as money south of the Great Wall yet they changed one for one. With foresight to avoid loss, I spent my last *Yuan* in Jehol, giving the few cents left over to a porter on the train so that I could truthfully say that I had no money with me. Travellers cheques rate as plain

paper until countersigned. My clever plan succeeded only in arousing suspicion.

After going through my bag as if he were hunting priceless pearls in a garbage can, the customs official attacked the money question. I was the only foreigner on the train and the customs men concentrated their attention on me for the half hour we remained for the examination.

Having filled in three full-sized sheets of paper, stating my object in travel, name and nationality, age, amount of money together with half a hundred other inconsequential answers, I faced an oral quiz for fifteen minutes.

"I have no money," I stuck to my story. But it did not make sense. My questioner attacked another subject, then like a trained lawyer he snapped, "How much money have you?" The two men consulted, and the man who had examined my bag came over and began at the beginning. It was unpleasant but necessary, I suppose. Reluctantly they gave up as the train started to move.

A travelling police boarded the train at this station. I recognized him by his manner, his conversation, his associates, and the fact that he took pains to find a seat across the aisle from me.

With a sigh of relief I settled back when the train actually began to move. I had crossed the frontier and still had my camera and films with me. My heart sank when the train slowed down and stopped. We had merely halted at the station a hundred yards beyond the frontier on the China side of the boundary. From this station on the buildings were all one design, oblong structures with semicircular abutments just higher than a man's head, with small loopholes like multiple sinister eyes. Soldiers stood at attention before the station. We had entered the war zone and the military were in charge. At the next station I had my first glimpse of a Chinese brigand, that dread cruel adventurer, sometimes a patriot, more often just a plain robber. He was far from the romantic creature of my imagination. Clad in rags, his arms trussed mummy-like, a rope suggestively about his neck, his head hanging probably from weariness and not from shame, he stumbled along between two armed Japanese soldiers. A third soldier led him by the rope while two more brought up the rear, giving him a prick with a

bayonet by way of aiding him up the steps of the train. A second brigand, bent double with pain from a wound, had to be carried. Really, the miserable creatures did not look worth bothering about.

At the rear of the station large new barracks made of wood housed a company of Japanese soldiers.

Walled cities were designed before railroads were thought of and in China the Iron Horse is not permitted passage within the city. Railway stations are usually within a half mile of the city walls. On all the stations the Chinese names had been freshly painted out and Japanese names substituted. Impatient Japanese couldn't even wait until the fighting stopped to get at the business of changing names.

An hour's ride from the Mongol frontier I saw the first of a series of walled cities now in the hands of the enemy. It was somewhat of a shock to see the Rising Sun flag of Japan floating above an ancient Chinese city whose walls remained intact. However, in the age of modern warfare a wall affords little protection. Already the citizens of the land were feeling the boot of the oppressor. Every Chinese leaving or boarding the train was frisked by Japanese soldiers. Men's shirt tails were lifted up, and all had to go through baggage inspection, a hot, tedious, inconvenient and humiliating procedure. It was not my affair, but it angered me to see helpless Chinese women frisked and shoved about by armed alien soldiers.

I saw a thousand Japanese troops encamped along the railway near a walled city. The walls of their fifteen-by-twenty-foot khaki tents were but a couple of feet high. They practiced the method of the pit dwellers by excavating first and erecting their tents over the hole. Evidently they had just returned from a successful raid. In an excavated place, so deep their heads could not be seen, thirty-five or forty spirited horses were tethered. One of them broke loose and the foot soldiers, terrified by the animal, tried to capture it. Above, on a level spot a captain was engaged not very successfully in the business of transforming foot soldiers into cavalrymen. The recruits tumbled from the horses at the most ludicrous angles. War was not much fun but they looked as if they preferred it to facing a horse.

Troops were moving southward. We sidetracked to allow a troop

train to pass and I had my first sight of a "40 and 8" made famous by the Americans in France. A Forty and Eight is nothing but a plain box car with sliding doors. Inside as many soldiers as could find room were seated on straw on the floor. Though Japanese are not given to laughing and chatting in public, soldiers appeared cheerful enough especially in view of their destination—the Front. A station attendant plucked a small fragrant rose and handed it up to a boy who looked as if he should be in high school. He cherished it. Another asked for a bouquet and got it. He divided it among fellow soldiers and they smelled and played with the flowers and enjoyed them unashamed.

I asked Sakurai the name of the city and he inquired of one of the officers who told him a name, but I recognized it as Japanese.

"But it is a Chinese city. It couldn't have a Japanese name," I commented.

The travelling police across the way had been engaged in training a young Chinese in the profession of spying upon passengers. Here was his chance to demonstrate his skill.

"The name is . . ." he said indignantly, mentioning a Chinese name. "Do you think Manchuria is as nice as *this* country?" he asked, intimating that this was his country. I replied diplomatically that I was a newcomer and had not yet seen the country. His chest swelled perceptibly as he turned to the Chinese as if to say, "That's the way to do it." When we came to Peking, and I was ready to leave the train, I evened the score.

When I passed his seat I leaned over and whispered, "It must be very tiring for you shuttling between here and the border every day." He couldn't have been more surprised if I had tweaked his nose.

The railway station outside the walls of Peking was unutterably crowded and confusion reigned. All Chinese had to be frisked and their baggage examined and I had to be checked in and registered with the police. The situation looked hopeless until the smiling face of Mr. Lee from the Bureau met me and having him was like waving a magic wand. The way opened and I passed regally through, into a waiting cab and was whisked to the Hotel Wagons Lits in the old Legation Quarter.

Chapter Forty-Two

WAR-TIME PEKING

The Imperial City of Peking has had many masters since the foundations of its great walls were laid back in 1271 by the Khan Kubilai Sechen just 221 years before Christopher Columbus set out upon his American adventure. Marco Polo in writing of the new city which the Khan caused to be called Taidu or Cambaluc (the city of the Khan) says:

"As regards the size of this new city you must know that it has a compass of twenty-four miles for each side of it, a length of six miles, and it is four square. And it is all walled round with walls of earth which have a thickness full ten paces at bottom, and a height of more than ten paces; but they are not so thick at top, for they diminish in thickness as they rise, so that at the top they are only about three paces thick. And they are provided throughout with loopholed battlements, which are all whitewashed.

"There are twelve gates, and over each gate there is a great and handsome palace . . . the streets are so straight and wide that you can see right along them from end to end, and from one gate to the other. . . ."

Within the walls of Peking the walls of the Forbidden City which contains the palace of the Khan rise. The Imperial yellow-tiled roofs gleam among the tree tops. In describing the Palace within the Forbidden City whose walls stretched a mile square, Marco Polo has this to say:

"The roof is very lofty, and the walls of the palace are all covered with gold and silver. They are also adorned with representations of dragons sculptured and gilt, beasts and birds, knights and idols and sundry other subjects. And on the ceiling too you see nothing but gold and silver and painting. On each of the four sides there

is a great marble staircase leading to the top of the marble wall and forming the approach to the Palace. . . . The hall of the Palace is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people; and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides. . . .

"The roof is all colored with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent luster to the palace as seen for a great way round. This roof is made, too, with such strength and solidity that it is fit to last forever."

The many palaces and halls and chambers and pavilions are on a like grand scale but the trappings are no more. When last in Peking, I visited the Forbidden City preserved as a museum and saw the Peacock Throne and many of the relics of royalty. Then grass was growing in the courtyards and the place had a run-down-at-the-heel appearance. When Peking fell into enemy hands the movable things in the palace were transferred elsewhere or looted. But I noticed this: Some of the buildings had been repaired, and the grass cut, but only a few were open to the public.

No doubt remains that the Japanese are masters in Peking. Khaki-clad Japanese soldiers have replaced the tall Chinese policemen at street intersections. They control the customs, the post, the railway and telegraph. The name Peking had been changed to Peiping, so they changed it back to Peking. They also renovated Time. Peking time which is one hour later than Tokyo was changed to coincide. Thus, when it is 7 P.M. in the homes of the Chinese it is only 6 o'clock by the post office, railway and town clock. Add Daylight Savings and the confusion was great. I allowed my watch to run down and ceased to bother about time.

If one could have passed a magnet over the city and lifted out all Japanese soldiers and officials, Peking would have looked the same as of old. Streets were unutterably crowded with blue-clad Chinese on foot, in rickshas, carts and taxis. Coolies carried everything from swinging wooden coffins to live pigs in baskets through the streets. Dainty Chinese women in long silken robes went efficiently about their business.

Japanese travellers were astonished at the abundant supply of food and at the elaborate menus found in the hotels.

Peking was a foreign woman's Hell. She could shop to her heart's content, and obtain the most fabulous bargains. Exchange was favorable, American travellers cheques bringing slightly more than \$17 *Mex* per Dollar. Magnificently carved Chinese furniture could be had for a song; the fast disappearing hand-woven Chinese rugs famed throughout the world were cheap when bought with American dollars. The Hell of it was the Japanese allowed nothing of value to go out of Peking. A good 9' x 12' first class hand-woven Chinese rug which would cost the American customer \$100 gold or the equivalent of 400 *Yen* cost the Japanese customer forced to change his *Yen* into *Mex* at one for one, *Yen* 1620. What to do about the boomerang was a real Chinese puzzle and while they were busy solving it the export of Chinese rugs from Peking was banned unless purchased with gold at the rate of 4 to 1. However, it is difficult to suppress a Chinese merchant, and a trickle of rugs out of Peking via Shanghai was transhipped abroad.

Business was at a complete standstill. Every one said so. Many merchants in the Chinese city were so discouraged they did not bother to open their shops for business. The Street of Jade, Street of Flowers, Street of Brass, once lively marts, were abandoned.

"Business is dead," merchants said. "There are no tourists."

"Business is dead," the cleaning shop manager said to me. "Business is dead," the furrier and the camera shop owners reiterated. Indeed, in many of the larger shops once thronged with crowds of buyers, I often found myself the only customer. In the huge British tobacconist's, three British men clerks rushed to greet and wait upon me. I bought some tobacco at \$2.50 *Mex* an ounce only to have it confiscated later. I had intended it for my friend Doctor Munro in Karuizawa.

I arrived in Peking late at night. The following morning when I emerged from my hotel a clean Chinese man with large moon-shaped face stepped confidently up and spoke to me, "Are you Misse Neill James?" he asked. I was so surprised I almost forgot to answer. He was a ricksha man. A foreigner he had served had told him I was coming to Peking. This enterprising man had been the first to spot me before a rival could make a deal. He attached himself to me and hauled me everywhere, guarding me against

shops which he called "foreigner shops." I discovered later that he only took me places where he could return and collect his *kumsha* for having brought a customer.

"Down with Britain" in huge letters five feet high marred the bullet-spattered wall near the Hatamen Gate. I saw the posters elsewhere, "Down with Britain."

"What have the Chinese against Britain?" I asked a native.

"The Japanese put the signs up," he answered with a noncommittal smile.

I renewed acquaintance with some friends who had remained in Peking since my last visit. In company with some Chinese we dined at a very fine Chinese restaurant. It was the best Chinese food, seven courses of it. The outstanding dishes were the famous Peking Duck, the duck nicely browned, cut from the bones skin and all and served in small bits to be wrapped with sliced scallions in thin pancakes and eaten hot dog fashion. What a savory dish! In true Chinese style, the soup was served last. It came in a brass chafing dish with lighted alcohol lamp beneath it. It was sweet, made of chestnuts with dumplings floating in it. By the time soup arrived no one was able to take another bite. But to keep from hurting the feelings of the chef we sampled the soup. "Just a spoonful," every one said. Each came back for a second helping.

Seated next me at dinner was a flower-like Chinese beauty, her shining black tresses coiled like a halo about her head. She was clad in ankle length silken robe and short fox jacket. Of the upper middle class her one ambition was to attend college in America, but a stern father kept her near him. I questioned her about her life and how the occupation of Peking affected her personally.

"Hardly at all. I go to parties, dances and dinners," she said. "My family lives in the same house. Our lives go on as before. Of course prices have risen, but that is about the only change."

The owner of a laundry said that trade had shifted. Forty thousand Japanese officials had recently come to Peking and they were spending. "Of course," he said, "the export business is dead. But expensive furs such as sable, ermine and fox, you can take out without question," he added.

I had already learned that the price on such furs was controlled. Silver fox was more expensive in Peking than in the exclusive New York fur shops. Peking shops bulged with cotton, fine linens and silks. Wool was scarce. The famous camel's hair cloth was no longer to be found. I bought some cotton material for my Ainu friend on Hokkaidō. There were plenty of foreign films and foreign cameras. Because travellers brought cameras from China for sale in Tokyo customs were meticulous about a camera. I secured a permit to bring my own back into Japan before leaving the country.

I visited the famous Fette Rug Company set in a Chinese courtyard and enjoyed looking at Mrs. Fette's stock of beautiful rugs. She at one time enjoyed a large export business to America. She designed and made rugs to order for her customers. Now business was dead.

The owner of the largest rug factory in Peking (Kwei-ho Rugs Factory) was a friend of my ricksha boy who insisted upon taking me there. It was a fascinating place. The manager and his wife, a pleasant Chinese couple, owned the entire courtyard. At one end were the display rooms, material and dyeing rooms were to the right and their living quarters to the left. The large looms were in the rear. Loops of wool, hundreds of pounds of it, hung on poles drying in the sun. In one of the work rooms five boys sat on a platform before a loom containing the beginnings of a 9' x 12' rug in an all-over pattern with nine different colors to be woven in. The design was stamped upon the woof strung on the loom and balls of colored wool hung from the ceiling. The boys whose ages ranged from twelve to fourteen years tied the knots and clipped the thread with sharp knives. They made ninety hand-tied knots per square inch of rug. Working ten hours a day it would require the five of them six months to complete the rug. In an adjoining room the loom was set up for making small circular scatter rugs with intricate design. They were done four in a row, one boy working alone on each. They worked at the same speed, for instead of rolling the rug down, the platform upon which they sat was raised. This factory employed 150 boy workers, carefully selected by the owners. For a ten-hour working day each received *Mex* \$1 (six

cents). I pondered about the lack of education, but in this world one must be a realist. Had they no work they would probably have starved.

It is most difficult for an American observer to retain an unbiased opinion because it is an inborn trait to champion the underdog. It was impossible not to sympathize with the Chinese because they had lost not only Peking but the whole northern section of China to the invader. However, the average Chinese in Peking appeared indifferent. The Chinese let the Japanese deal with the tedious business of managing the city while they tended their shops and went about their business.

All manner of restrictions were imposed but the Chinese managed to outwit them. For instance, it was decreed that every Chinese doff his hat to a sentry. One day I saw a gendarme asleep at his post. A coolie bearing a heavy bundle about to pass slowed up and finally stopped. Uncertainly he set his bundle down, walked over, tapped the sentry on the shoulder waking him. Then he doffed his conical straw hat, picked up his burden and walked on.

Just often enough to keep the invaders uneasy, Chinese soldiers lure groups of them into the mountains, fall upon and annihilate them. I saw a place just outside the walls of Peking where 200 Japanese had been slain. The Chinese worked silently. They simply surrounded the enemy, slit their throats and left them in a pile.

After reading the fascinating history of Ghengis Khan and the Golden Horde and the march of the Barbarians across Asia, of their cruelties and ruthless slaughter of untold hundreds of thousands, and realizing that in the present war it is Mongol pitted against Mongol, the absence of prisoners of war is understandable.

In one instance the Japanese had advanced to within a short distance of a trapped enemy and lay in wait. Firing continued intermittently from a trench and after several days they decided to go over the top. Yelling and shouting they lunged across no man's land. They found that the Chinese Army had withdrawn, leaving a few coolies and women chained in the trench to keep up the gunfire while they escaped. Not a manacled Chinese escaped death.

Another example of Chinese trickery was that of a fake air field. Daily the enemy bombers flew low and bombed planes on the

ground. After a time they became suspicious because no effort was exerted to save the planes. A scouting party discovered they had been tricked into wasting bombs on papier maché planes.

One day while I was in Peking a crisis developed. Telephone connections were cut, taxis were not to be had, rickshas vanished and shops shut up. During the night ten thousand Japanese soldiers surrounded the city and camped without the walls. The day following, the incident was apparently forgotten. Business was as usual. When my ricksha boy arrived I said, "What happened? Why are the soldiers encamped without the city?"

"Oh," he said, stopping the ricksha and turning his calm Buddha-like face toward me, "Japan send soldiers. They get killed. Now Japan send more soldiers." So saying he turned in his shafts and trotted along.

North China is famed for its perfect October weather when the atmosphere is crisp and the sky above is the color of Peking *lui*. I paid a farewell visit to the Temple of Heaven where in former days I delighted to canter on the Mongolian polo ponies of an early morning around the park within the walls. The bridle path was still there but I saw no horsemen. The main Temple, a huge circular marble altar with the sky for a dome, is one of the most starkly simple and impressive places of worship I have ever seen. When last I strolled through, it was falling into disrepair and grass was growing between flagstones. For some reason the Japanese have chosen to restore the Temple of Heaven and they have done a good piece of work. It was more beautiful than ever. In the main audience pavilion the huge columns have been newly gilded and painted. When the Temple burned some years ago the cedars from which they were hewn had vanished from China. The present massive columns are made of Oregon fir.

Before leaving Peking I was interested in getting as many comments and reactions of people who had lived long in China concerning the present China Incident. Those whose business interests lie in the Orient do not care to discuss such a controversial subject. I talked with many old China hands. The widely held opinion was voiced by one old timer who said:

"Japan can never conquer China. The Chinese have never had

anything. You can't take from them luxuries or necessities they have never had and cause them to suffer. The Chinese may give way, and the Japanese move in, but the moment they relax and withdraw the guards, the Chinese will surge back and take over the place. It is like fighting a wall of feathers."

The theory sounded well. But when the enemy has control of the chief cities, the transportation, radio, post, telegraph, taxes and customs as Japan has in North China, to me it looks suspiciously like they have already conquered this territory.

A few intelligent Japanese, however, are inclined to agree with the foreigners in Peking. In Japan one said to me, "It took ten years to get Manchuria. China is larger. It will require longer."

In Manchuria a responsible Japanese said, "It will take ten years to conquer China." Another said, "It will take twenty years. China is large. It is difficult to make the Chinese engage in battle." Yet another Japanese said, "It will take forty years to completely conquer China." After discussing the pros and cons, a Japanese in the Kwantung Leased Territory said, "I think the fighting is a permanent thing."

Chapter Forty-Three

BLACKOUT IN DAIREN . . . PORT ARTHUR . . . BEPPU SAND BATHS

At the Peking station communism in reverse was being practiced. The attendant at the wicket took more interest in fur coats than in punching tickets. Proud ermine and silver fox or mink went unchallenged, but let a traveller in lowly lamb, caracul or rabbit approach and she was asked to step aside and wait. Only the more expensive furs were allowed to leave Peking.

The railroad from Peking to Tientsin is bombed regularly at least once a week. But it is quickly repaired and traffic moves as usual. The longest period of time it has been out of commission was a whole day after an unusually severe pounding. Usually the train moves again within a few hours. Passengers felt not the slightest apprehension, for the road had received its weekly bombing two days earlier. As it is advisable to travel only during daylight hours, the train was crowded. We arrived in Tientsin without incident. After being checked out of China by passport officials, I had a few hours before boarding my boat bound for Dairen. It's a real crossing of the bar at the mouth of the river and a captain times his sailing to coincide with the tide at Taku Bar. Otherwise he is delayed.

A Tokyo foreign correspondent had said to me, "Champagne is thirty cents a bottle in China. Bring me a case and I will reimburse you upon your return." A Japanese girl asked for sugar. I went shopping for sugar, champagne and a shampoo.

Tientsin, created a German concession in 1895, once a thriving commercial city and home of many foreign traders, has the air of a foreign town. But the life has gone out of it. It was a dead city. Shops were well stocked, streets were clean and everything was set

for doing business, but there were no customers. Prices soared. I went into a well-stocked liquor store. Champagne was \$65 a bottle. Paying in Tokyo *Yen* a case would cost my friend \$195 gold. I did not buy. Sugar was \$2.65 a pound, the equivalent of 65 cents gold when paid for in *Yen* in Tokyo. I paid \$10 for a shampoo. *Mex* and *Yen* being on par this was the equivalent of \$2.50 gold. Tientsin is not a shoppers paradise. The Germans lost Tientsin after defeat in the World War. As long as Japan holds North China she exercises sovereignty over the city. Although the town has suffered bombardment, few battle scars were visible.

Customs inspectors came aboard ship and examined luggage again before the boat departed. I have travelled down the Pei Ho River on other occasions. It is always an interesting trip. The banks are barely sufficient to contain the broad expanse of muddy water and when two large vessels pass in midstream the wavelets lap over, irrigating the cultivated fields. Golden corn and red peppers spread to dry on flat roofs of mud houses, children clad in red to keep the devils away, blue-clad men and women added splashes of color to the landscape as we moved slowly down the river. Square-sailed Chinese junks passed and I could see the family life aboard. Many boats fished with square nets stretched on frames. They just dipped the nets in the river and took out the fish. The salt industry flourished and piles as big as small mountains glistened in the sun. The scenery was like a Hiroshige wood block print. Our captain was late and we anchored at the mouth of the river for four hours waiting to travel with the outgoing tide.

Cholera regulations were so strict that neither inoculations nor certificates of examination prior to sailing exempted a passenger from a physical examination. Regular travellers accustomed to the regulations requiring a specimen after boarding the boat usually paid the cabin boy to supply such until the authorities put a stop to it.

I met a British nurse formerly in charge of nurses at a large Shanghai hospital who was now living in Dairen. She told of her experience after the bombing of the Chinese department store in Shanghai when so many pedestrians were blown to bits. A patient was brought in. He had been passing when the bomb exploded.

The nurse worked a whole day picking glass from his body before taking 300 stitches in his face alone. When China found herself at war, the British head nurse called in her Chinese nurses and made a patriotic speech. She closed saying, "Now I am sure many of you will want to go to the aid of your country. Rest assured that your positions will be waiting for you when you return from serving in the Army." To her astonishment not one Chinese nurse volunteered to aid China.

Wives of businessmen find excuses to travel to near-by towns along the China coast to glean a few luxuries. The former nurse brought a crate of ham, sausages and bacon. Another woman brought in two bolts of cotton material for coats for the Chinese servants at her club. This the customs promptly confiscated. Dairen is in the Yen Block. Any traveller who possesses gold or pound notes can profit enough on the exchange to pay for a trip. The 200 *Yen* he is allowed to bring in costs about \$10 gold down the coast. When exchanged at Dairen it has a value of \$50 gold. As in Russia the exchange had wonderful possibilities.

The typhoon which lashed the coast as I was entering Korea played tricks on Hongkong. Large ocean-going ships were washed upon the Bund. One 5000-ton boat was set squarely on the street. An enterprising Chinese merchant bought it as junk. He put hundreds of coolies to work. Like ants they hovered about it, *lifted* the ship bodily and slid it back into the water undamaged. The purchaser found himself the owner of a perfectly good ship.

The night preceding the typhoon two British men went on a binge, staggered home and fell into bed in a drunken stupor. They did not even hear the roaring winds, and driving rain poured in an open window. The next morning, observing his bed floating in water, one remarked, "I say old chap, I don't remember spilling anything."

They went out on the street to get an eye-opener. They got one, but not what they expected. The Bund was littered with craft blown ashore, even large ships were aground on the pavement.

"I'll say, old chap," said one rubbing his eyes. The ships were still in the street. "I say, old chappie, I've a terrible hang-over!"

We docked at Dairen, key port of Manchuria at the extremity of

the Liaotung Peninsula early in the morning. We were held on board while cholera stools were sent ashore and tested.

Cholera ends with summer, but smallpox comes with the cold weather so there is no respite. We sidled alongside an enormous modern dock and went ashore after cholera reports were returned giving the ship a clean bill of health.

Dairen is situated on a peninsula between the Gulf of Liaotung and Chosen Bay and has excellent harbor and pier equipped with facilities regarded as the best in the Far East. Dairen and Port Arthur, chief cities in the Kwantung Leased Territory, are plums which fell to Japan as a result of the Russo-Japanese War (1904-1905), a war which had two profound effects upon the Far East. One was the collapse of the Russian ambition to create a Far Eastern Empire with warm-water outlet; the other was the acquisition by Japan of a foothold on the Asiatic continent. By the terms of the Portsmouth Treaty signed on September 5, 1905, ending the war, Japan took possession of the rights and properties formerly held by Russia in South Manchuria, consisting of the Kwantung Leased Territory and the railway lines between Port Arthur and Changchun (Hsinking). In addition to the southern half of Sakhalin these were the fruits of a war which cost Japan 120,000 killed and two billion *Yen*.

The "Gateway to Manchuria," Dairen was modelled after Paris and called Dalny by the Russians. The main streets radiate from several circles in spider-web fashion, the central circle being surrounded by the main organizations of the city. It is a beautiful city in a superb situation and a favorite vacation place for people from both China and Manchuria. Foreigners like Dairen. This thriving city of more than half a million has had a checkered past, but it is undergoing for the first time the experience of dimming its lights. Naniwa-cho, the shopping center, is brighter than New York's Broadway. But in blackout practice, not a twinkle shows, not a street light is permitted to burn. Every home and office building in Dairen drew its black curtains, automobiles shut off their headlights. Pedestrians were warned off the streets. I stood on the broad veranda of the luxurious Yamato Hotel facing on the central circle and watched the lights of the city go out. Finally I was ordered to go inside, doors were shut and black curtains drawn. Hours later

with my lights out I ventured to open a crack in my window and peer out. A large lifeless city without a single light showing is a dramatic sight.

Dairen is the headquarters for the South Manchuria Railway Company, created in 1905 to take over the Russian holdings. It is more than a mere railway company. In addition to its extensive railway undertakings, the company operates as accessory enterprises coal mines, railway workshops, harbors and wharves, warehouses, and hotels. It conducts schools, libraries, hospitals and various hygienic institutions; it carries on chemical research and maintains an extensive reasearch laboratory. Before Japan recently relinquished her extra-territorial rights in Manchukuo it also administered the Railway Zone, conducted all primary and secondary schools in the Railway Zone, maintained a Geological Research Institute and maintained several agricultural experiment stations and farms. It has been instrumental in bringing Japanese civilization and culture to Manchuria. The company has constructed and maintains no less than thirty-five hospitals. It maintains a tuberculosis sanitarium at Beppu in Japan and another at Dairen as well as the large hospital in Dairen. The latter, built and equipped by the company at an expenditure of eight million *Yen*, is one of the best equipped and staffed in the Orient.

From an outsider's point of view Dairen missed its calling by not being the capital of a country. It has all the equipment and should have been the capital of Manchukuo. The only trouble is theoretically Japan is in honor bound to return the leased territory to China at the expiration of the ninety-nine-year lease which expires in 1997. This probably prevented Dairen from being made the capital of Manchukuo. Trade was at a standstill. Exports to Europe, save by rail across Siberia, have been cut off due to the war. The Yen Bloc increased Japan's exports. The exchange is favorable for Dairen to buy but not to sell to Japan.

Port Arthur is situated at the southern tip of the Liaotung peninsula, thirty miles to the southwest of Dairen and connected by a good motor road. It is one of the smallest, most beautiful and bloodiest battle grounds in the Far East. In a setting of green hills

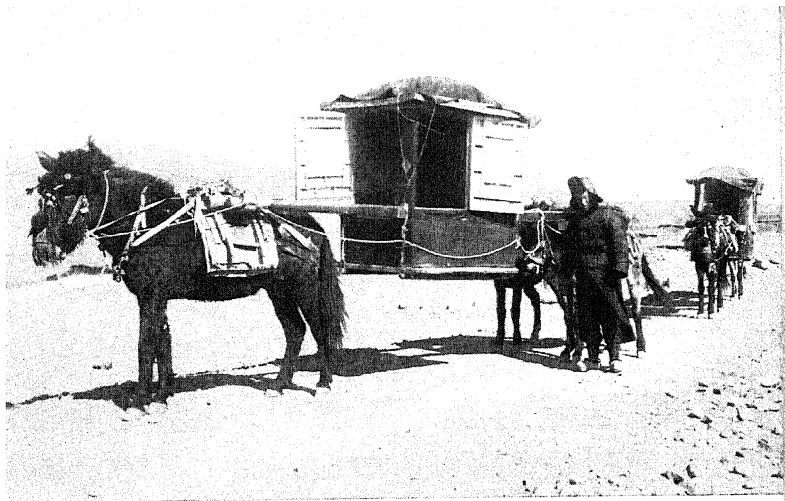
facing a waterfront which forms a port opening to the Gulf of Pechihli, this famed battle ground has been re-christened Ryojun. In 1644 when the Chinese awakened to the strategic value of the port they made it a naval station, but the squadron was later withdrawn and for the next two hundred years nothing was heard of the port. In 1857 when Great Britain and France declared war against China, Lu-shun was chosen by the foreign enemies as the base of their operations and rechristened Port Arthur in honor of the young Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught. When the war ended, China made Lu-shun the base of its Chinese Northern Fleet. In the war between Japan and China in 1894 Japan took the port in one desperate assault in one day. Under pressure from Germany, France, and Russia she was forced to return the port to China. It was later leased to Russia. When the Russo-Japanese War broke out (1904-1905) Japan laid siege to Port Arthur. Admiral Togo and General Nogi distinguished themselves during the siege. Nearly 40,000 men lost their lives in fighting for the possession of this small point of land. The Japanese have enshrined the ashes of 22,700 in a grand memorial on top of the main hill. Another monument is to the memory of the 14,631 Russians who died there.

Once the seat of the government of the Kwantung Leased Territory, Port Arthur's boulevards are eighty-four feet wide, while the standard width of streets is forty-two feet. Completely overshadowed by its sister city Dairen, Port Arthur is a memorial and a watering place for travellers. A comfortable hotel set among the trees is an ideal place for a vacation.

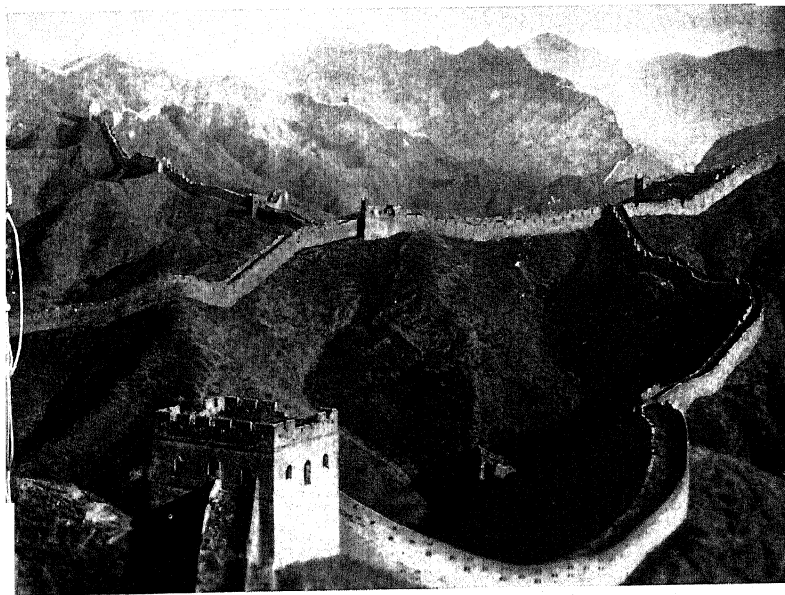
A drive back to Dairen landed me there just in time to dine and prepare for the blackout. A blackout is a nuisance to travellers as well as to residents. Night life is suspended, theatres and restaurants closed, and there's nothing to do but sit indoors behind closed windows and doors draped in black curtains.

But wars or no, ships come and go, and passengers travel on them.

I was eager to board the trim little white Japanese steamer which was to take me to Moji on the Island of Kyūshū where I planned to travel to famed Beppu for the sand bathing. I was even more eager to leave the ship. It was a comfortable steamer but already the typhoid season had overtaken us. With seven cases of typhoid de-



Mongolians use palanquins on pony backs to negotiate terrain too rough for a cart.



The Great Wall of China crawls like a dragon along the summit of the mountains between China and Mongolia



Beppu Beach at low tide, Island of Kyushu.



A Turkish Bath on the Beach. Sand bathing at Beppu, Island of Kyushu, Japan, where

veloped in two days, and many suspects aboard, ours was a ship *non grata* at all ports. After a delay we finally drew alongside the dock at Moji and the victims were carted off to the hospital. Healthy passengers were permitted to land.

I was back in Japan once again. How green and beautiful and friendly was Japan. Small wonder that Japanese dislike to live elsewhere. I entrained at once for Beppu. En route I passed through the village of U.S.A. Articles manufactured here and labelled "Made in U.S.A." caused a ripple in customs circles at one time.

Kyūsyū (formerly Kiushiu) is an Island of great thermal activity, and Beppu is called the "Wonderful hot-spring city." There one can enjoy bathing in the sea, and in the steam mineral baths. But the place is really famed for its sand bathing. The entire mountain is shrouded with steam arising from the many hot springs bubbling out of the earth which cause Beppu to enjoy a mild climate the year around. The largest hot spring is 400 feet deep with a temperature of 194.9 degrees Fahrenheit. The hot springs contain alkaline, sulphur, iron, and carbonated water, efficacious for various ailments. Hot water oozes out of the sands at the seashore.

I stopped at the Hotel Kamenoi. The first sight that greeted my eyes was a herd of alligators. Hot waters from volcanic Kyūsyū provide an ideal climate for these tropical reptiles and they have multiplied and flourished here in the hotel garden where they not only afford a never-ending fascination for visitors, but their hides have gone to make many hand bags, kits, bags, and belts. There were several hundred living in pools fed directly from hot springs.

Down at the beach where I went for sand bathing, I was timid at first about allowing myself to be buried. The spa provided knee-length kimonos. Outside on the beach, strong Japanese women armed with broad pick axes take charge of the customer. A Samsoness led me to a vacant place between two mounds where two miserable faces, perspiration streaming down, were all that showed. She began digging my grave, and before I could change my mind she had me in it and was shovelling the boiling sand on top of me. It is astonishing how sand retains heat. Only my head, resting on a wooden pillow, was left uncovered and there I steamed and per-

spired for forty-five minutes. I was but one among fifty other mounds. We looked like a Confederate soldiers' graveyard. When properly steamed, the woman, herself perspiring from the hot sand steam, and her own exertions, dug me out, and helped me up. A more bedraggled creature never graced a beach. I scurried up the steps into the cold shower and to dress.

However much I suffered while buried in the steaming sand heated by a genuine live volcano, I came back for more. The after effects were delightful. Sand bathing attracts about two million visitors annually to Beppu. Many come from abroad.

I drove up the valley past a thirty-foot statue of the Great Buddha, and visited the Little and Big Hells which were deep pools filled with boiling water.

One inn did its cooking over a stove heated by steam from the earth. At one place visitors boiled eggs by suspending them in the hot sulphur water.

I travelled from Beppu up the Inland Sea, a fairylike waterway dotted with green islands, to Kobe and thence to Tokyo.

Having collected my things and said good-bye to friends, I was hurrying to Yokohama to catch my ship bound for America when I was halted by an air raid practice in Tokyo. Yokohama was involved in a practice raid when I arrived. Men manned hoses, basket bombs fell from airplanes and people scurried to shelter. It was too realistic for comfort. Sailing was delayed. Finally at dusk, with port-holes darkened and lights out, the huge luxury liner *Asama Maru* made her way cautiously out of the harbor and headed for Honolulu and San Francisco. As we sailed slowly down the harbor, gradually the tip of Fujiyama emerged from a wall of mist and floated like a phantom peak above the clouds. Sacred symbol of the lofty, beautiful, ephemeral and artistic spirit that is Japan, it was a good omen. If Fujiyama shows her face when a traveller departs, he will one day return to Japan. I was glad.

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